

Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.

NOVEMBER 25, 1950

PRICE

6<sup>d</sup>

*The Australian*

Over 725,000 Copies Sold Every Week

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



*John Mills*

Mum deserves it — give her the BEST

Tired when you come home from work, eh?

Well, think of poor little Mum — with no help and all the cooking and housework on her hands, wrestling with shopping and high food costs and fuel bills as well. Give her a break! Buy her—not just an ordinary pressure cooker—but “PRESTIGE,” the world’s finest.



**Prestige**

THE WORLD'S  
Simplest, Lightest  
PRESSURE COOKER

for use on  
ANY TYPE OF STOVE!



AND LOOK!

*at these*  
**NEW REDUCED PRICES!**

Just in time for the gift season, we have pleasure in announcing new lower prices for all models:

7-PINT MODELS ——— £4 19 0  
9-PINT MODELS —from £5 3 9  
12½-PINT MODELS —from £6 4 3

Sydney and suburbs only.  
—slight variations country  
areas and interstate.

**FREE!**

Three aluminium  
food separators with  
every Cooker.

“PRESTIGE” SAVES  
75% TIME  
75% FUEL  
and ALL  
the flavour

Only THE “PRESTIGE” HAS ALL  
THESE ADVANTAGES:

- Two types of heat-resistant handles—“casserole” for easier handling, less stove and storage space; or long “saucepan” type teamed with a safe carrying-handle.
- Lightest of weight—made of lifetime lasting, drawn aluminium with mirror finish.
- Safety release plug fitted under locking crossbar for threefold safety.
- Simple control of steam pressure.
- Trouble-free design—can be opened with one hand, without tugging or straining.

100% SAFER, 100% MORE EFFICIENT

Sole Australian Agents:  
TALLERMAN & CO. PTY. LTD.  
60-62 YORK STREET, SYDNEY

Also at Melbourne, Brisbane, Perth and Adelaide.

SEE THE “PRESTIGE” COOKER DEMONSTRATIONS AT LEADING STORES

# New Formula

By TED SCHURMANN

21 NOV 1950

AT the laboratory, people come and go. These frequent staff changes have one advantage. If there's somebody on the staff you don't like, chances are he or she will move on soon and cease to worry you. Of course this cuts the other way, too. You take a shine to somebody, maybe a real shine, then all of a sudden an order comes from up top, and this somebody moves on. Jenny moved on like that.

That was a body blow, that order shifting Jenny. She and I had become workmates and playmates both. In working hours we would watch each other's experiments, help each other make notes, stop work at the same time so that we could leave the place together. After hours Jenny and I would dance and dine and dither and do dull things which weren't dull because we did them together. Then out of the blue came Jenny's marching orders. Jenny had to march interstate.

Instead of Jenny leaning over my shoulder as I scribbled at my table, I just had her photo standing on the desk, smiling at me.

I had begun to forget Jenny's habit of coming up quietly behind me and watching what I was doing, until the new girl did it. Her name was Dot, and she was the kind of girl you'd naturally pick from a bunch as the one you'd most like to come and peer over your shoulder. Only I had Jenny, so I wouldn't be picking from any bunch.

The first time I became aware of the new girl behind me was once when I was at my spot on the laboratory bench, peering into test tubes while on a research job. I turned round and peered at her, as though she was something out of a test tube herself, which she wasn't.

"Hullo," She said that.

"Hullo. My turn.

"Mind if I look?"

"No."

"Thanks."

I turned back to the test tubes.

She said: "What are you doing?"

"I'll show you in a minute."

In a minute I walked across to my desk and she followed me. I sat down and started making notes on graph paper. She looked over my shoulder. Just like Jenny used to.

I showed her a couple of sheets of notes on the research job. She glanced through these. She handed them back and nodded at Jenny's photo.

"The girl-friend?"

"Yes . . . Well, aren't you going to tell me I'm lucky?"

"Want me to?"

"It doesn't matter. I know already."

"I'd better get back to my own work. See you about."

"That'll make you lucky, too," I cracked.

I went on with my work and didn't think any more about her. Not until the next time she came and stood at my shoulder.

"How's the experiment going?"

I asked back: "Are you really interested?"

"No. Not in the experiment, anyway."

"What then?"

"You've got a one-track mind," Dot told me as I sat there looking at Jenny's photograph.

"I have my interests," she said.  
"Me, too." I nodded towards Jenny's photo.  
She said: "You've got her there to keep an eye on you?"

"No. So that I can keep an eye on her."

She changed the subject. "My name's Dot."

"I know. My name's Peter. This is Jenny."

"No, it's not, it's only her photo. Must you always get back to talking about her?"

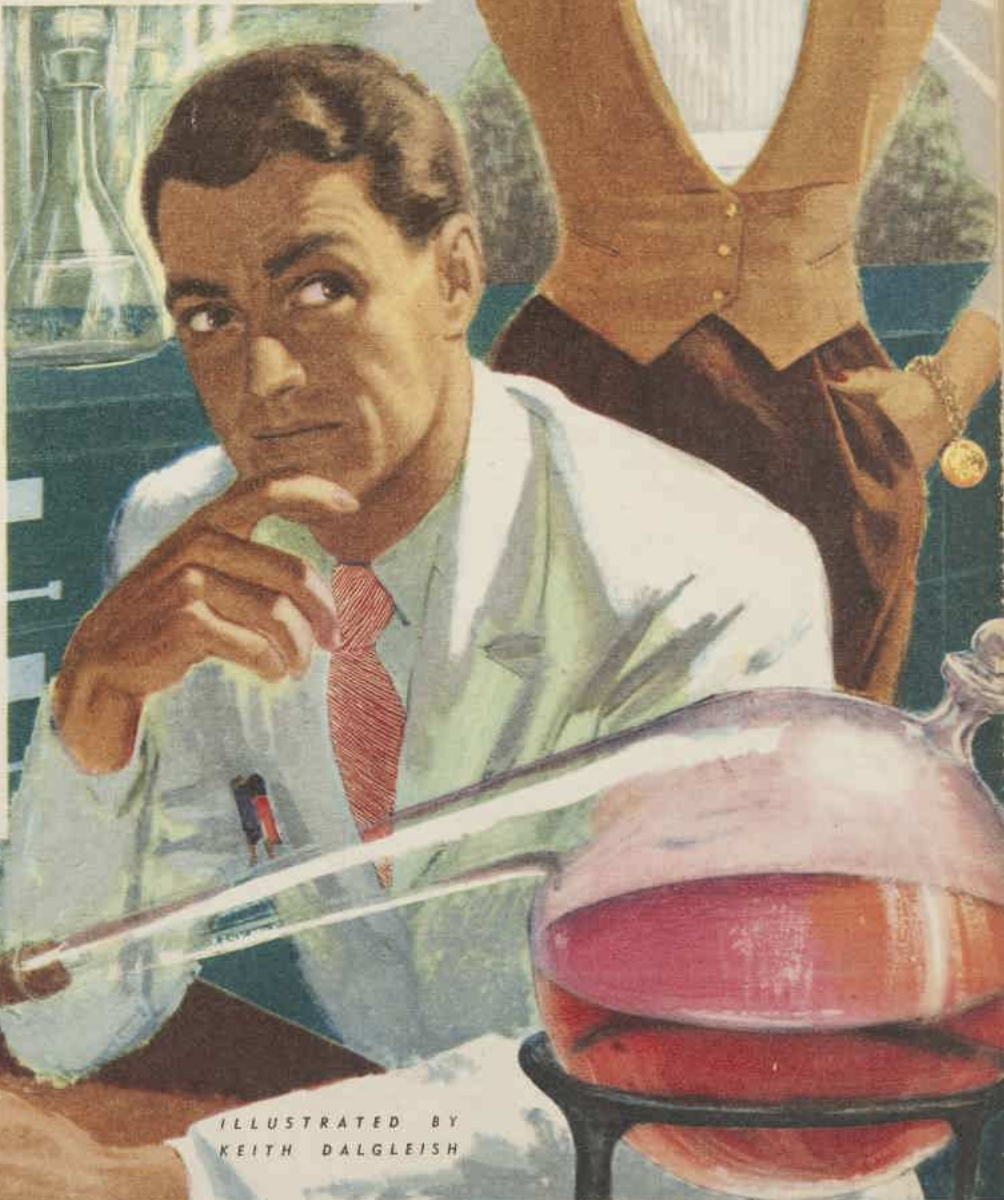
"Yes, always."

"Well, then, I must get back to my work."

I wondered whether she would come again. She did, a day or so later.

This time I was looking up and I saw her taking off her smock. She walked across the floor towards me, obviously on her way out to lunch. But she stopped at my table on her way out.

Please turn to page 22



ILLUSTRATED BY  
KEITH DALGLEISH

# A MISSION FOR FENWICK

**I**N the darkness on the shelving beach the five men lined up under Lieutenant Dawson moved off at the ready, while the boat, its rowlocks heavily muffled, stole silently back to sea.

In the morning there would be no sign of the destroyer. She'd be out over the horizon on her endless prowling. But forty-eight hours from now she'd be back, her boat nosing the beach again for a rendezvous with Dawson and his men, and—it was hoped—the two women missionaries who, so Intelligence had it, were in the area hiding from the Communist army that had recently been over this part of the coast.

Ten minutes from the beach landing Dawson called a halt. It was useless trying to march on in the darkness into unknown terrain. They lay down to rest. Some of them even slept, typical of Naval men that!

Dawson didn't sleep. Captain Brand was not the type of man to pick a leader for a dangerous shore expedition without due thought to that man's ability.

Dawson, in the youthful zest that was his, hoped to acquit himself with some degree of efficiency.

By  
**J. C. SHELLEY**

"It will be a highly dangerous mission," Captain Brand had said when the six men had lined up before him an hour ago in the hot, brightly lit wardroom. "I don't expect you to come back as heroes. If you all come back in one piece I will be proud of you! If you bring the women—or even first-hand news of them—then I will be doubly proud." He had looked at them individually, and concluded, "They are English women, men."

Dawson went over in his mind the details of the mission, found himself despondently wondering, now the whole affair was his sole responsibility, whether he could face up to it. He knew nothing about the terrain except that inland a bare half-mile lay a South Korean village. It was not known for sure if the enemy was in occupation. It was surmised that they had driven further south to throw their com-

bined weight against the tenacious line of the Americans.

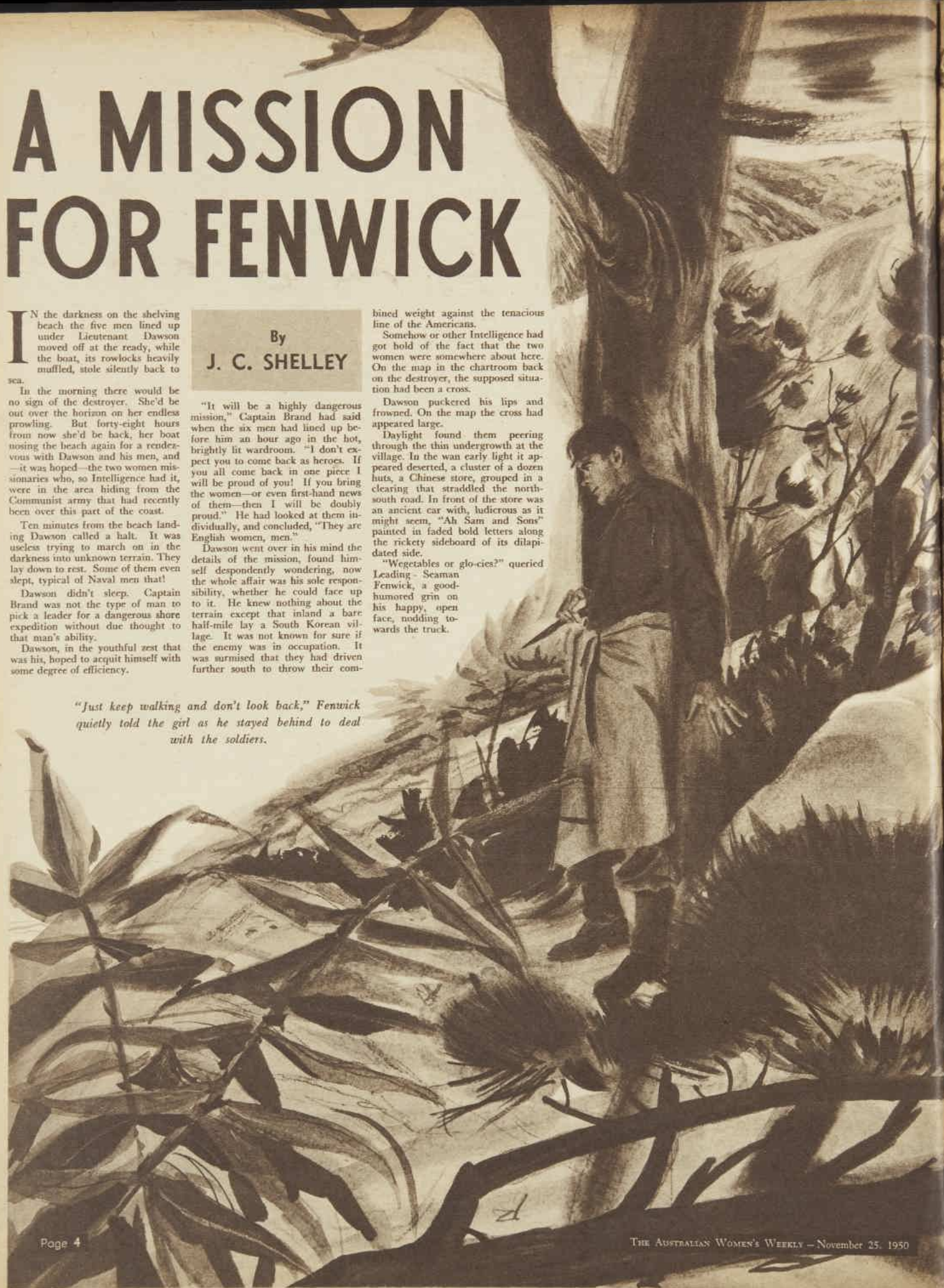
Somehow or other Intelligence had got hold of the fact that the two women were somewhere about here. On the map in the chartroom back on the destroyer, the supposed situation had been a cross.

Dawson puckered his lips and frowned. On the map the cross had appeared large.

Daylight found them peering through the thin undergrowth at the village. In the wan early light it appeared deserted, a cluster of a dozen huts, a Chinese store, grouped in a clearing that straddled the north-south road. In front of the store was an ancient car with, ludicrous as it might seem, "Ah Sam and Sons" painted in faded bold letters along the rickety sideboard of its dilapidated side.

"Vegetables or glo-cies?" queried Leading Seaman Fenwick, a good-humored grin on his happy, open face, nodding towards the truck.

*"Just keep walking and don't look back," Fenwick quietly told the girl as he stayed behind to deal with the soldiers.*



*He was familiar with naval strategy, but now he had to conduct a campaign against unknown forces in the wilds of Korea.*

"A little of both probably," said Dawson, vaguely pleased that Fenwick could still find the humorous side in life. It made a big difference, in tight patches, to grin and crack a joke.

"Two callot. One shimmy-shirt allee samee a Luropea nightee dress. One poundee lice. Two bob the lot," mimed Fenwick light-heartedly.

The crouching, watching men laughed softly, easing the tenseness perceptibly.

"You are wasting your talent off the stage, Fenny," young Black said.

Fenwick only grinned. The grin, like himself, expressive.

A half-hour passed. Nothing appeared among the huts or on the road except one old man wandering about in his loose white garb and funny looking hat, his hands clasped thoughtfully behind his back. He stood a long time looking at the truck, then a longer period staring into the store.

"Boy," said Fenwick disgustedly, "If I had half that old chap's chance I'd have 'Ah Sam' loaded to the plimsoil and be down among the works, making myself a fortune."

"I think," said Dawson at last, "we'll move down on the old man. We might learn something from him."

They approached, fanned out, rifles at the ready. The old man watched them come. He wasn't alarmed. Just waited near the shop for them as if this was an everyday occurrence.

"Good-morning, Britishers," he greeted them. "It is safe here. The Communists are twenty miles down the coast."

A wave of relief swept over Dawson. One of his worries had been, all along, the difficulty, after making contacts with the natives, to explain to them his mission. This old man spoke excellent English. And by the way he spoke—openly naming the aggressor of his country—immediately identified himself.

Dawson spoke to his men. "Stand easy, men." Then to the old man. "We are looking for two women missionaries."

"Ah," answered the old man softly. "It is sad. They were two fine English ladies. I feel so sad. Miss Grayson and Miss Bruce. Two very fine women."

"They are dead?" questioned Dawson abruptly, his mouth grim. "Can you show us their graves and anything that would lead to identification?"

"One is dead, I am told. The old one or the young one, I do not know. The elder lady was English. Of England she told me a lot. A very fine country, England. It would make me very sad if she had died. The other one came from Australia. I would be very sad if she was dead. She was so very young."

"Where are they now?" Dawson was impatient with the meandering of this old man.

"The dead one or the one who lives?"

"Both!"

"That is hard to say. Her friends took the one who died and buried her in some secret place where this present wickedness will not foul her resting place. The other one they took away to safe hiding. Where, even I do not know. It is down the road, ten, twelve miles. It is on top of a hill. When you come to the top of the hill there is a lake below. Just where she is I do not know. But I will come with you. It is better I come with you, for then my people will know you."

"Ten or twelve miles?" said Fenwick, screwing up his face in mock alarm. "How many knots is that, Skip? Say now, what about taking 'Ah Sam' for an outing?"

Fenwick drove. There was little, apparently, that versatile matelot couldn't do. The old man sat between Fenwick and Dawson. The others clung to the back, with two men scanning the road ahead. It was possible, in their elevated position, to watch the road far enough ahead to give an alarm at the approach of other vehicles.

Flat out "Ah Sam" could do twelve miles an hour, but going down hill "the sons" hopped in and gave a hand, and if there had been a speedo on the dash it might have touched fifteen for a moment or so. The trouble was there weren't many hills, and what there were were only small ones. Climbing these, it was plain to hear "Ah Sam" was very old, for he clamored loudly in all his parts.

Actually he performed best with a proud plume of steam bending backwards from his radiator cap. Repeatedly they had to stop to fill the radiator.

"There's one thing about it," laughed Fenwick at one of these stops, "it's cheaper than petrol."

Once they had to abandon the truck and hide in the low undergrowth while a long convoy from the south came up and swept by.

They came, in late afternoon, to the top of a low hill, and pulled up, for "Ah Sam" was both weary and hot. The old Korean became interested in the terrain. "This is it," he said, clambering up on the back of the truck the better to look above the low vegetation.

The road dropped steeply to the south, wound along the fringe of an inland lake, the still water cold and uninviting looking in the deep shade thrown by the hills. They listened.

There was not a sound to be heard except for the soft sizzling emanating from "Ah Sam." Up the shadowed ravines in the hills on the other side of the lake wraiths of white mist wandered eerily, like disembodied spirits.

"Yes," said the old Korean at last. "This is the place." He clambered awkwardly to the ground. "You wait here," he instructed them. "Perhaps if you turn the truck around it will help. It will save time later." He walked away into the undergrowth, just the part of him above the waist showing for a while. Then he disappeared completely.

Fenwick worked "Ah Sam" around till he was pointing back the way they had come. Then in the deeper undergrowth the six of them deployed to wait. They ate some of their rations.

I wonder how much the old man can be trusted, Dawson wondered uneasily, consciously aware of the odds stacked heavily against them.

"You know," said Fenwick abruptly as if reading his leader's thought. "The thing's going like wheels in oil. It seems like as if the old bloke was planted back there for our benefit. Now tell me, is he a goodee or a baddee?" He looked at Dawson shrewdly.

Dawson moved uneasily. "It's a bit of a gamble," he said quietly. "I can't think of anything I can do about it, though. Anyone got any suggestions? Believe me, I'll welcome them."

Fenwick chuckled, looking at Dawson with a new light in his eyes. Dawson had always stood out a bit from the others on board. No inferiority complex about Dawson. If he was in doubt about anything he never hesitated to ask, even if it was only a seaman. Men like that, Fenwick reasoned, were rare, and when you were under one it was natural to turn out your best.

"It's a matter for the cards," he said with a cheerful grin.

"If they turn up, then we are right. If they don't . . . well . . . We've just got to take what comes." He laughed infectiously. "Now I wonder, that old bloke, didn't he say the young one was an Aussie? I wonder if I know her?"

"Quite possible," said young Black. "I haven't yet been on a liberty boat with you where there wasn't one girl to welcome you at the steps and another one to wave you good-bye."

"That's personality, boy," Fenwick told him modestly.

"But a missionary?" young Black queried. "Surely not."

"You might be right there," Fenwick told him good-humoredly. "But don't forget, young feller, I'm a different person on liberty leave."

Darkness came and with it the evening rain, thin, slanting, warm rain. An hour passed and the rain moved on leaving the ground sweet smelling and the stars more brilliant. Then the old Korean came back closely followed by the thin figure of a girl in her shapeless country dress. They were almost one with the night, the old man and the thin girl. "Are you there, Britishers?" called the old man softly.

Dawson answered as quietly, his finger on the trigger of his rifle, thumb easing off the safety catch.

Please turn to page 36

Page 5

ILLUSTRATED BY  
JOHN MILLS

John Mills

# She'll love Lournay

Send your Christmas Wishes in this charming gift-box, containing Lournay Face Powder with the butterfly touch, and creamy-smooth Lipstick with matching Rouge. 20/-



Eau de Cologne by Lournay - to sweeten someone's Christmas! A gift that's bound to bring delight, for every woman loves this Spring-like fragrance. 6/9

A very special gift for a Very Special Person! Nestled into heaven-blue satin are Lournay's fragrant Face Powder, Lipstick with harmonising Rouge, Eau de Cologne, and a precious phial of Lournay perfume for Lasting Loveliness. 33/9



Three large luxurious cakes of Lournay's most delightful Beauty Soap, festively boxed and wrapped. 8/-

**FOR LASTING LOVELINESS - THIS CHRISTMAS, AND ALWAYS**

When playing Santa Claus to some delightful charmer, ask for a Lournay Gift Box in her colouring - Blonde or Brunette.



Another Beauty Box, containing a galaxy of glamorous gifts: Lournay Face Powder and fragrant Talc, Eau de Cologne and Beauty Soap. 22/6



A box with the glint of gold and a fragile gleam of lace, and within: Lournay Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder, Liquid Powder Base and Eau de Cologne. 33/-



Smoother than pearls, and as fine as mist... the famous Lournay Face Powder, in a gay Christmas dress. 5/9



Lournay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Gaiety Chemists throughout Australia. Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of leading Department Stores.

# LEGAL BRIDE

By ROBERT CARSON

Fourth instalment of a six-part serial . . .

**M**ADLY in love at first sight with her client, cowboy film star BEN CASTLE, youthful attorney ABIGAIL JANE FURNIVAL readily agrees to marry him the night they meet.

With JACK HALL, Ben's private pilot, as best man, they are married at once in Las Vegas, where they have flown to settle the case of Ben's gambling debt to racketeer HARRY KALLEN.

Only later, when she goes to interview Kallen, does Abigail discover that Kallen owed her father a debt of gratitude, and that Ben married her because of this, knowing that Kallen would then waive the debt.

Abigail goes straight home to her rooms, which she shares with ALICE NORMAN. Later she agrees to go to Ben's home, but declares that she will only stay to take him and his household in hand. Now read Col. 1.

**N**EXT morning ushered in what Abigail was pleased to refer to afterward, in recollecting it, as the "rat-race" stage of her marriage. The previous part of her life had been in rather slow motion, with a few high points connected by long flat spells.

Now everything consisted of pinnacles, the action speeded up to an impossible pace, and you simply couldn't take your eyes off what was happening.

She awakened at eight-thirty, and showered and dressed in nervous haste. As she applied lipstick in front of a mirror, there was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Nacio," the Filipino servant answered.

"Come in, Nacio."

He stood in the doorway and bowed to her smilingly. "Have breakfast in room?"

"No, I'll come down," Abigail said. "Is Mr. Castle up yet?"

"Always sleep late," Nacio explained. "Always have breakfast in room."

"Okay," Abigail said. "He's entitled to one last dream."

She descended to the first floor, and Nacio directed her to a terrace at the back. The fog of the preceding day was gone, the sun shone bright and fair, and birds rustled and sang in a nearby tree. Lighting a cigarette, she strolled about the grounds while Nacio ordered her breakfast and arranged the table.

The Castle estate covered a couple of acres, part of it hillside attractively planted and terraced, and dotted with tall sycamore trees. It had a separate detached guesthouse, a tennis court, and a swimming pool.

Nacio called her to breakfast, and she returned to the terrace and sat down with a feeling of luxurious pleasure. But the breakfast was terrible. Abigail's scrambled eggs were thick and curdled, her bacon uncrisp, and her toast soggy.

The coffee tasted as if it had been recently drained from an automobile crankcase. She ate little, inspected the greasy silverware, and noted that her napkin had a hole in it. Nacio apprehensively cleared the table.

"Is the cook a man or a woman?" Abigail asked.

"Woman, Miss Castle."

"Is this a fair sample of her cooking?"

"Yes," Nacio said. He hesitated, and appeared to decide to unburden himself.

"This is pretty good for her."

But Mr. Castle like very much. She have drink with him once in while. She boss."

"She was boss," Abigail replied, and rose and walked upstairs to see if her lawfully wedded husband was up yet.

The sound of a vacuum cleaner from her room attracted her attention.

She went inside and found a large, heavy, dark-haired, and dignified woman at work. The woman shut off the cleaner and grinned.

"You're the new madame, ain't you?" she said. "Glad to meet you, Mrs. Castle. I'm Mrs. George B. Harmony, the maid."

"Glad to meet you, Mrs. Harmony."

"I just work here in the daytimes, you see," Mrs. George B. Harmony said. "I've got a house and two kids of my own and nights I go home. My husband, Mr. George B. Harmony, is a professional truck driver."

"I see," Abigail said pleasantly.

"If you don't mind my saying so, Mrs. Castle, it'll be a better world for Mr. Castle now that he's got himself a beautiful bride and is settled down. I hope you take an interest in housekeeping."

"I'm beginning to," Abigail said, "and also in cooking. What's cooking here, to coin a phrase?"

"Well," Mrs. Harmony said, "I hate to be a stool pigeon, but I ain't going to get myself in wrong with the new madam the very first day I meet her. The food is terrible, the cook drinks a good deal, the market bill is being padded—and Mr. Castle thinks the cook is fine. I guess that's all I need to tell you."

"That's plenty," Abigail said. "Mrs. Harmony, could you and I handle this place alone if need be?"

"Mrs. Castle," Mrs. Harmony said, "we could give it the old college try."

Please turn to page 39

ILLUSTRATED  
BY RON LASKIE

"That's right, darling. A big smile, like you'd give the cowboy," the photographer encouraged Abigail.



There was no law that could help Marg in this problem, so she just worked it out her own way with the help of a melancholy dog and a few grapes.

# The End of TOWN

JIM THORNTON flung open the front door and whistled his customary evening greeting. No one answered. He whistled again and hung his jacket in the hall closet. Then puzzled by the silence he sniffed the air; no dinner cooking.

He walked through the dining-room and the kitchen, marvelling at the absence of small children clinging to his legs and enthusiastically recounting the triumphs of the day. At the back door he stopped. On the steps outside sat a tragedy-stricken group. The three children huddled, quiet and dispirited, on the bottom step, shoulders hunched, heads down. On the top step sat Marg, solemnly stringing beans. She was a slightly built young woman whose volubility usually matched her red hair; to-day she had all the sprightliness of Electra.

"I beg your pardon," Jim said, "I must be in the wrong house." As Marg turned around he waited for her to jump up with her usual smile and kiss.

"Hello, Jim," Marg said quietly, not moving and not smiling. "Dinner's going to be late to-night."

He opened the screen door and joined his family. "Regrettable," he said, "but not tragic. Hello, kids."

"Hello," Rusty and Jimmie chorused with alarming gentleness.

"Hello," Even three-year-old Patty sounded sad.

"Is this a private wake," Jim asked, "or may I join in? And just what are we mourning?"

Marg put the beans aside and patted the step beside her. He sat down. "It's Nick," she said, "Nick and that awful Pete." Her blue eyes were angrily cold. "And I've thought and thought and I don't see what can be done."

Jim shook his head. "It is a tribute to your personality," he told her, "that after living for nine years with a lawyer you still begin a conversation that way. Please—who is Pete?"

"Pete," she explained, "is the other vegetable man."

"Pete's a liar," Jimmie put in. Marg and Jim exchanged a glance, and the children were tactfully despatched to sandbox and swing.

"He is a liar too," Marg said. "He tells people he's working for Nick. He sold me a whole bushel of peaches that way. Poor Nick's just frantic. He's worked hard to get this route built up. This was his end of town, and now this fellow bursts in and steals his customers."

She sighed and went on, "And Nick needs the money dreadfully. It's not just his wife and children he's supporting. He has all those relatives in Greece, who are absolutely dependent upon him. And that shifty little Pete! All bustle and business. In and out, grab the money, zip to the next place. I'll bet he doesn't even send a spoiled carrot to his family."

"Well," Jim said, "if he's such a sour one I don't see what Nick's got to worry about. People won't patronise Pete."

"But some of them do! Enough so that Nick can't make the route pay."

"Maybe Nick should move to another district," Jim said, hoping that, if he made enough suggestions, he could by-pass the inevitable fate he read in Marg's eyes.

Marg just looked at him. "But he likes it here. This is his end of town. He belongs here, with his own drawer in our kitchen cabinet to keep his account book in and his own box under the ironer to put oranges in.

He doesn't want to move on but he doesn't know what to do about Pete. It isn't," she gave Jim a sidewise glance, "as if he were a clever lawyer and knew how to cope with things."

"I knew it!" Marg ignored the outburst. "I told him," she said casually, "that you were very smart and probably could think of something. And you will, won't you, Jim?"

He smiled at her. "I'll see what I can do." Marg jumped up. "Thank you, Jim. He—he can't pay, you know."

Jim smiled resignedly. "I didn't suppose he could, with half of Greece to support." He rose and followed her into the kitchen. "If you're going to round up business for me," he said, "I wish you'd work on the Jenkins." They live in this end of town. And, strangely enough, they could afford to pay their lawyer."

Marg sniffed. "Well, I don't know Mr. Jenkins but I've seen her. Very la-di-da. And Nick says she tried to argue him down on prices. I don't think you'd like working to him."

"For a fee," Jim said, "I would be willing to try."

The next evening Jim had no opportunity to whistle his greeting. When he was halfway up the front path Marg burst out the door.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're home!" she said. "Jim, can people be sued if a dog just—well—does something that's perfectly natural for a dog to do, only in somebody else's yard?"

Jim stopped in the doorway. "Is this a quiz-show question? Maybe," he suggested patiently, "if you'd begin at the beginning—"

Marg preceded him into the house. "Well, it's this dog that's visiting us while Amy Johnson is at her aunt's. He's a very nice dog but he—"

Jim stopped listening. Through the dining-room doorway paraded Jimmie and Rusty and Patty and a melancholy, waddling beagle. Its sides were distended; its stomach drooped heavily.

"He?" Jim asked. "I call all dogs 'he'," Marg said. Jim looked again at the beagle. "Singularity inappropriate."

The boys greeted him briefly, both talking at once and gesturing proudly at the dog. Patty could not be pried loose from the animal even to say hello. Single-mindedly she entertained the dog by rhythmically shaking a small box in the vicinity of one vast ear.

"Oh, my goodness!" Marg said, and made a lunge for the box. "No, no, Patty," she said, "mustn't touch this box. Sedative," she explained to Jim, "for the dog. He's afraid to ride in a car, so Amy always gives him a sedative just before she has to take him anywhere, and Gladys goes right to sleep."

"Gladys," Jim repeated. He looked gloomily into the dining-room, where Rusty was sharing a biscuit with the dog. "And that is the animal over which we are going to be sued?"

Marg shrugged. "Oh, I don't think Mrs. Jenkins would really sue us—"

"Mrs. Jenkins!" Jim stared at her in disbelief. "Why, tell me, why did you have to antagonise Mrs. Jenkins?"

Marg looked a trifle hurt. "Well, I didn't mean to antagonise her. But there was that poor old mother dog in a strange neighborhood, and he followed Nick's truck because Nick had given him some grapes. And he ended up in Mrs. Jenkins' yard. I realised that Gladys must be with Nick so I walked down to where the truck was parked. That woman was shoving the poor dog with a broom. So naturally, I said, 'Oh, please don't do that!'"

"Naturally," Jim said. She looked so distressed that he patted her shoulder. "The moon was shining," he said reminiscently, "and the music from the casino across the lake wafted to our canoe. Your hair smelled sweet and spicy, and I said, 'Say yes to this question, please. Couldn't we make a pair?'"

She rubbed her cheek against his shoulder. "Darling."

"I should have phrased the question differently," he said. "I should have said, 'Couldn't we make the nucleus for a humane shelter? Unwed mother beagles and vegetable men enter here.'"

She lifted her head. "That reminds me. Nick's coming over to-night. We'd better get dinner over with."

"Nick?" he said. "To-night? Why?"

"Because you're going to help him."

Jim tried to adopt a stern court-room manner. "I said I'd think about it."

Marg patted his arm. "Darling, either you help somebody or you don't. Either you act or you sit like a bump. That's what you're always saying about our foreign policy. It has to be forceful or it's nothing."

"O.K.," he said, "I will have a forceful foreign policy. Bring on the ambassador from Greece."

They ate quickly, and the children ran out to sit on the steps. To watch, they said. Through the dining-room window Jim could see Rusty, one hand shading his eyes, peering Indian-scout fashion down the street.

"Here he comes! Here he comes!" Rusty shouted.

The truck pulled slowly to a halt. In the driver's seat sat Nick, resplendent in chalk-striped suit and stiff collar, and next to him reposed Mrs. Nick. Lined up across the rear of the truck, their brown legs dangling, sat the three children, big-eyed and silent.

Jim rose from the table and went out to join Nick.

Marg followed him and invited Mrs. Nick into the garden.

At last Nick beeped grandly on the truck's horn. With a final smile Mrs. Nick separated her children from the assorted half-dozen and herded them into the truck. In a moment Jim came up the driveway, his body bent under the weight of a huge watermelon. "Retainer," he said.

The next evening when Jim came home the boys were eating slices of the melon and practising spitting the seeds. Ordinarily he would have stopped to enter the contest box to-night he just patted their heads and moved toward the kitchen with the gait of a mail on a mission.

In the doorway he began to speak at once, eyes carefully averted from Nick's drawer, Nick's box for oranges. "Marg," he said, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to tell the vegetable dispenser there's nothing I can do."

Trying not to notice the swift disappointment that crossed her face he went on doggedly. "I had hoped I could help him. There are a lot of crazy laws in this town, and I thought one of them might apply. They don't. And this Pete's licence is in order. A loophole there. The only thing you can do is talk Nick up to the neighbors. And if he gives better service or sells better stuff they'll stick by him. After all, competition is the basis of our system." He tried to look as if the discussion was ended.

"But this is such unfair competition!" Marg protested. "Nick's timid and shoves around easily. It would be ever so much better if he hit Pete."

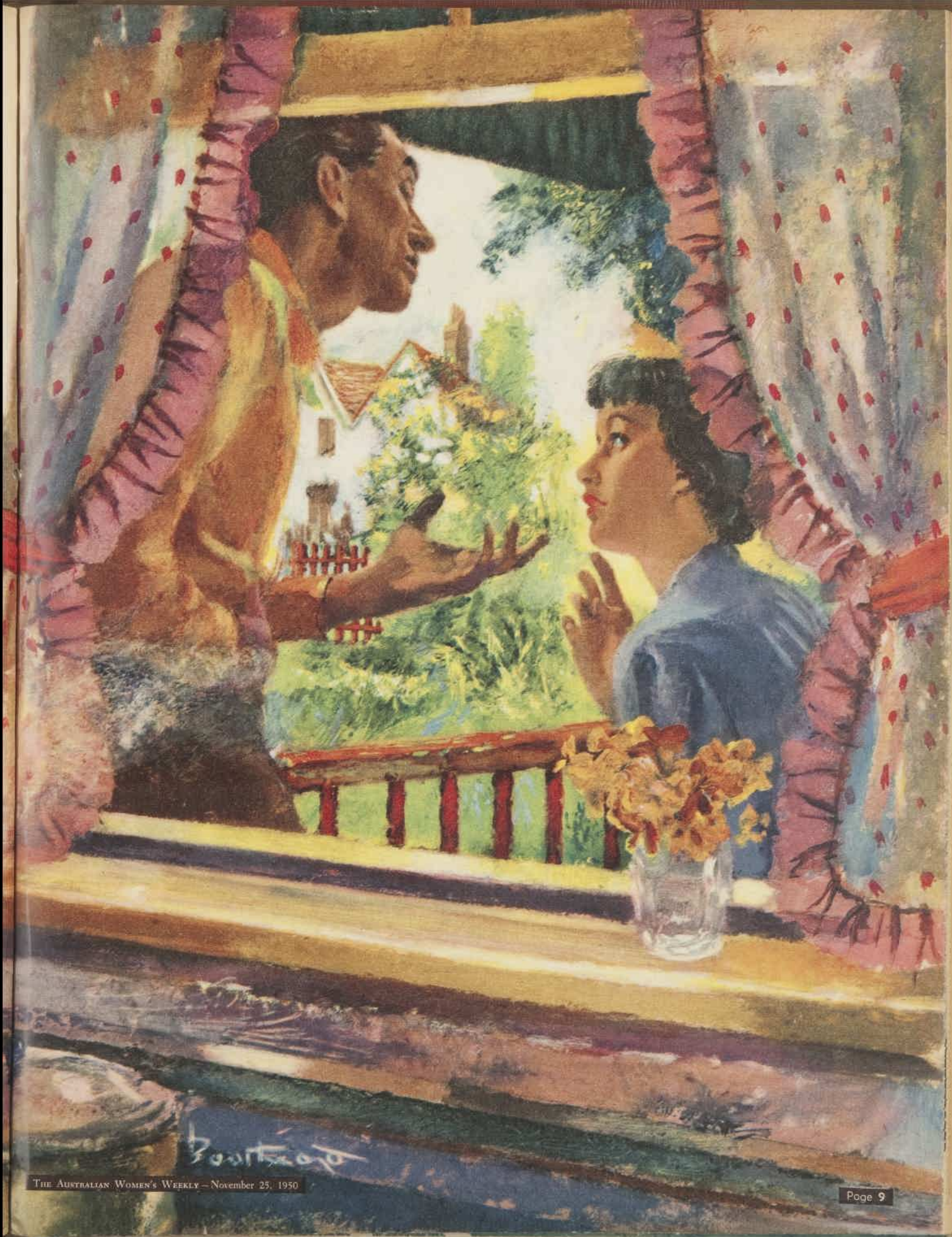
Jim winced. "Don't suggest violence. I have no wish to act for the defence in the Vegetable Murder Case."

Please turn to page 68

"I smelt the soup," the stranger said without any preamble, "and I had to come in."



ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD





## Blue Grass

### For Summer Charm and Christmas Giving

Blue Grass, Elizabeth Arden's never-to-be-forgotten perfume, is fresh and cool as a May morning.

Echo its fragrance with Blue Grass Flower Mist, the lighter version of this great perfume, to use more lavishly after the bath . . . or spray it on your shoulders before you go dancing . . . let it mist your hair with fragrance . . . revel in its misty coolness all summer long.

#### Blue Grass summer classics

. . . so cool . . . so refreshingly scented.

BLUE GRASS PERFUME, 19/9 to 155/2 BLUE GRASS FLOWER MIST, 12/9

BLUE GRASS EAU DE COLOGNE, the modern version of an old favourite, 12/9

BLUE GRASS DUSTING POWDER, light as a cloud, caressingly soft to your skin, 8/2 to 15/6

BLUE GRASS BATH SALTS, so fine they dissolve instantly in hard water, 21/6

BLUE GRASS BATH ESSENCE, to change the tub to a perfumed pool, 12/9

BLUE GRASS CREAM DEODORANT, 8/3

## Elizabeth Arden

LONDON • NEW YORK • PARIS • SYDNEY

FROM YOUR LOCAL ELIZABETH ARDEN AGENT



**BALLET STAR**  
Pamela May (left)  
in a black linen  
dress, the bolero  
lined with white  
sharkskin. At right,  
Gillian Lynne in  
embroidered suit.

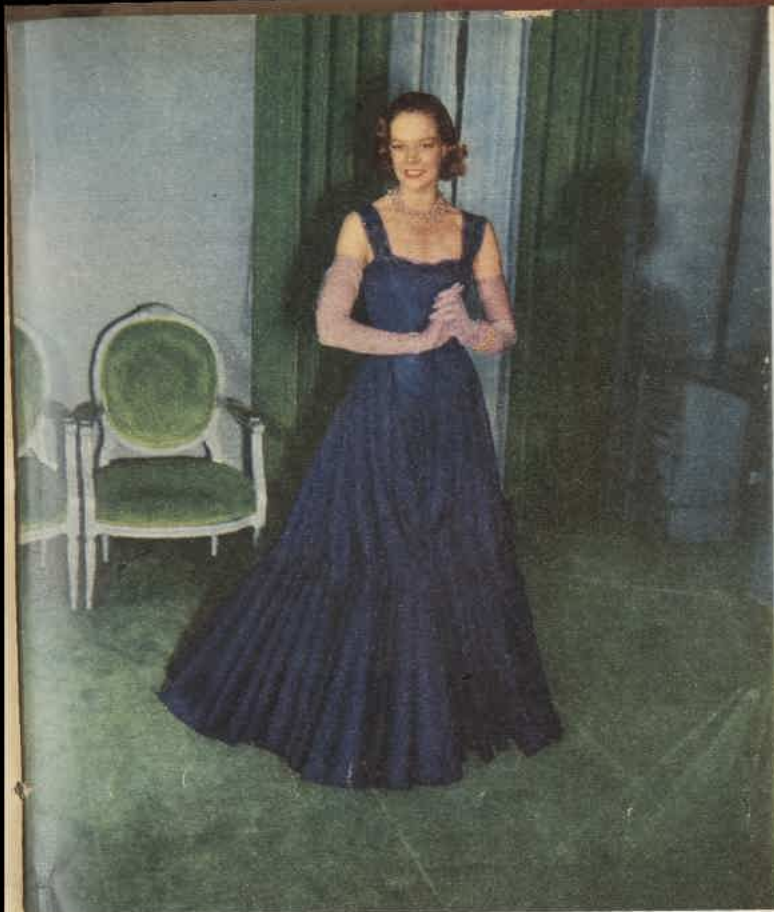


## Ballet wardrobe



**EVENING GOWN** of Parma violet chiffon with matching cuffed stole, worn by Gillian Lynne. At right four beautiful girls strike graceful attitudes. The berets they are wearing are some of those, in all colors, given to men as well as women of the company.

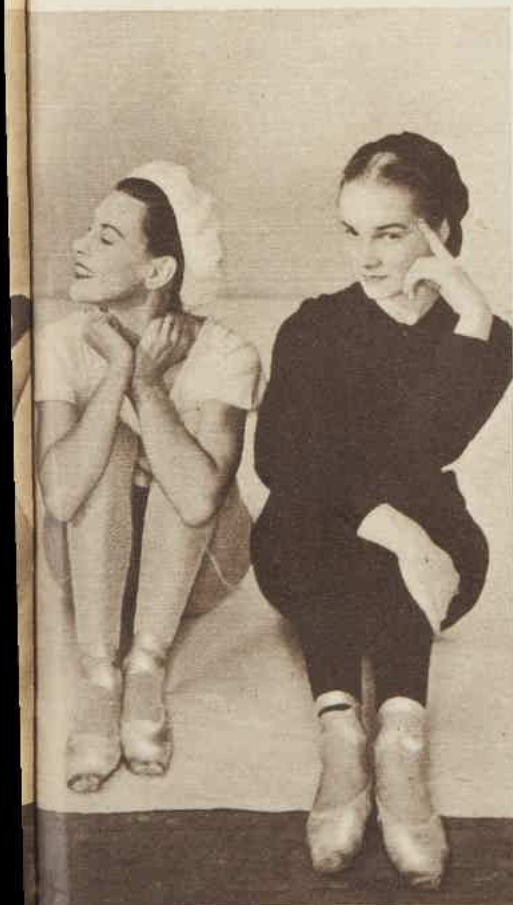




**SCARLET LACE** makes striking evening gown worn by Margot Fonteyn. Pamela May wears blue lace and tulle evening dress (left). Famous British designers made the frocks which dancers are wearing during their five months' tour.

## will boost British exports to U.S.

**British firms supplied off-stage wardrobes to the 73 members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company now making its second tour of North America. By wearing the clothes the dancers will advertise the British dress industry and raise Britain's dollar earnings.**



**MARGOT FONTEYN**, one of the principals of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, selecting a hat for the company's tour of North America.



**MOIRA SHEARER** wearing gown of fine jersey. She is married to Mr. L. H. Kennedy, son of late Capt. E. C. Kennedy, who commanded Rawalpindi when German warship sank it.

# LUX...



Are you washing up the hard way with a slow old-fashioned bar soap—or speeding through dishes the modern way, with Lux? Those tiny Lux diamonds give such quick, abundant suds... make light of greasy washing up. Lux keeps your hands petal-smooth—lovely for all occasions.

## You can wash up with Lux for a penny a day

Lux not only saves you time—it's really thrifty, too! Tests made by scores of women prove that you can wash up for an average sized family for just one penny a day—with Lux.



U.348.WW.104

## Chest X-rays for mothers...



EVA HORDERN HOSPITAL, Strathfield, Sydney, where expectant mothers with tuberculosis stay before and after their babies are born. Hospital is supported by Red Cross and N.S.W. Hospitals Commission.

## Australia has only one hospital to treat tubercular maternity cases

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

If all expectant mothers in Australia were X-rayed for tuberculosis during pregnancy much could be done to prevent the disease in young children.

The incidence of active T.B. among young mothers is not high. But tuberculosis specialists say it is high enough to warrant routine chest X-ray during the early days of pregnancy.

ACCORDING to specialists the X-rays are necessary to protect the infant as well as the mother.

"A child aged less than a year has such close contact with the mother that the risk of infection from a tubercular mother is very great," a doctor told me.

"Children in the first year of life have developed little immunity to T.B. Generally speaking, the younger the child is when infected the more serious the disease."

First institution in Australia founded to give pre-natal and post-natal treatment to tubercular mothers is the Eva Hordern Hospital at Strathfield, Sydney.

The hospital fills a long-standing community need in N.S.W. Similar institutions are badly needed in other States.

Some of the patients at the Eva Hordern Hospital are being cared for while awaiting confinement in a maternity hospital. Others have had their babies successfully, and are receiving further treatment before returning home.

Every effort is made to trace the source of each patient's infection.

Relatives and others in close contact with the patient report to the outpatients' clinic for chest examination.

Some big maternity hospitals in Sydney make chest X-rays compulsory for maternity patients. Not

one woman I spoke to at Eva Hordern Hospital had any idea she was infected with T.B. until she had a chest X-ray.

Each admitted that she had felt a "bit tired" or a "little run-down." None had either a cough or attacks of sickness.

The mothers follow medical instructions carefully in hospital, but they find it difficult to face the hardship of being parted from their babies.

Until they are given a clean bill of health they are not allowed to be in close contact with their children.

Immediately after birth the children are shown to the mothers and are then cared for by relatives. Until the mothers are able to return home they see their babies only from the balcony of the hospital.

Mrs. Gladys Stanley, of Bondi, has never touched her four-months-old son Russell.

"He was shown to me after his birth, and then given into the care of my daughter, Pat Sanderson, who is 19, until I am well enough to go home," she said.

Pat is Mrs. Stanley's daughter by a former marriage. She spent the first six weeks after Russell's birth at the Presillian Mothercraft Training School, learning how to care for him.

Unfrightened surprise was Mrs. Stanley's reaction when she learned during the sixth month of her pregnancy that she had T.B.

She is one of the few mothers at Eva Hordern Hospital who was advised by her private doctor to have a chest X-ray.

"I must have had the disease for years, but I lead a healthy life and eat the right food, so apparently I kept it fairly dormant," she said.

Before Mrs. Stanley goes home next year, baby Russell will have an immunisation injection.

Mrs. Norah Gordon, whose first baby is due at the end of the month, is a former Waaf, who came to Australia 17 months ago with two girl-friends under the ex-service immigration scheme.

Mrs. Gordon, who is an orphan, comes from Cheshire. When she was three months pregnant last May, a check at the South Sydney Hospital revealed T.B. in one lung.

"I was always tired after I got to Australia, but I put it down to change of climate," she said.

## T.B. in family

MRS. GORDON has been in the Eva Hordern Hospital for six months. Medical Superintendent Dr. Rhodes Hambridge thinks she will be well enough to go home after her baby is born.

Mrs. Gordon thinks she caught the infection when a baby from her mother. She was never told what caused her mother's early death. A Red Cross inquiry into family history revealed that her mother had died from T.B.

Mrs. Kathleen Frearson, 24-year-old mother of two young children and the wife of a former member of the Royal Navy, is another patient who did not know that the death of one of her parents was due to T.B.

"I was 14 when my father died, and I think I caught the early germ from him," she said.

Former nurse Mrs. Patricia Vaughan, of Bondi, was feeling "a little run-down" during the third month of her pregnancy. Her doctor sent her to the T.B. clinic for a chest X-ray. Three weeks later she was admitted to Eva Hordern Hospital. Mrs. Vaughan's baby daughter was born in October and is being cared for by relatives while she completes her treatment.

"My right lung was collapsed and will be kept that way for several years until the disease is completely cured," she said.

Mrs. Vaughan, who thinks she contracted T.B. "somewhere along

BEDS at hospital not wanted for T.B. mothers are given to other women sufferers. T.B. mother Mrs. Gladys Stanley is visited by Joy Pilgrim and Doreen Broder, two young women who are now well on road to recovery. Joy is engaged to be married.



... will save babies from T.B.



**YOUNG MOTHER** Mrs. Kathleen Frearson had first baby in England. Routine X-ray showed T.B. when seven months pregnant for second baby.



**JIM McMURTRIE** and wife Doreen, with their baby, Darcy, leave Eva Hordern Hospital, which Doreen says saved her life. Doreen was patient there for 14 months.

the line during my nursing days," was not frightened when she learned she had it because she knew she was in the early stages. But 32-year-old Mrs. Doreen McMurtrie was badly frightened because she was almost too late in finding out.

She was three months pregnant when she had a bad hemorrhage. Doctors gave her only two years to live.

To-day, with both lungs collapsed, she lives happily in the Sydney suburb of Newtown with her furnaceman husband, Jim, and their chubby 10-months-old son Darcy.

"For a while before my hemorrhage I felt pretty worn out," she said, "but I didn't feel sick and never thought of T.B."

"The 14 months I spent at Eva Hordern Hospital saved my life."

Discharged mothers regularly visit the outpatients' clinic at the hospital to have air injected round collapsed lungs to prevent them from functioning too strenuously.

Doctors who specialise in tuberculosis say they will not rest until all maternity hospitals, private doctors, and obstetricians realise the necessity for checking on the disease.

"All women receiving ante-natal care should have a chest X-ray," said a doctor of the Commonwealth Department of Health. "If they are found to be suffering from active tuberculosis, they should receive adequate treatment."

"All pregnant tubercular women may not require special treatment before delivery, but almost all require two or three months' rest afterwards. The strain of labor and the feeding and care of a baby can rouse quickly a dormant T.B. infection."



**RED CROSS ALMONER** Margaret Latham inquires into welfare of former patients (below). She tries to solve family problems.

**FORMER PATIENT** Mrs. Esther Jenkins has air injected round lung by Dr. Rhodes Hambridge, assisted by Sister Rene Taylor.



Who is a brand-switcher?

NOT ME

NOT ANYMORE



## ...NOT SINCE I'VE FOUND CUTEX POLISH

CUTEX really does a job. It goes on smoothly  
—and it stays on. In short, it's definitely resistant  
to chipping and peeling.

The sparkling beauty of CUTEX has won thousands of faithful users because they know that Cutex looks smarter, lasts longer, chips less. CUTEX is pure. Which simply means that it cannot harm the most

sensitive nails or skin. . . and CUTEX comes in such glorious colors! You can pick a CUTEX color to go with each and every outfit — flatter your particular skin tone.



CUTEX Polish  
Polish Remover  
Cuticle Oil  
Cuticle Cream

Cuticle Remover  
Polish Foundation  
Overcoat  
Hand Cream

# CUTEX

*stays lovelier longer,  
resists chipping flaking and peeling*



'Holidays' — magical word, full of promise and excitement . . .  
 'Tootal' — magical fabrics, bright as a butterfly wing, gay as a summer morning! Bring them together — and you have the very formula of enchantment, the promise of happy, carefree days with you at your loveliest in every mood . . .

Tootal fabrics are the perfect complement to enjoyment because they look as elegant as the most fashion-conscious can desire, yet launder so perfectly and are incredibly hard-wearing. With their wonderful colour range, their variety of beautiful textures, their immediate response to styling, they can whirl you into a holiday mood as lively and long-lasting as themselves!

*The word 'Tootal' is a Registered Trade Mark*

# TOOTAL

GUARANTEED

# FABRICS

# New York bewilders the Dionne Quintuplets



SELF-ASSURED Annette Dionne, at the grand piano in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel ballroom, beats out the melody of New York's unofficial anthem, "East Side, West Side." Sisters Marie, Emilie, Yvonne, and Cecile (left to right) sing the words in French-accented English.



QUINS VISIT QUADS. During their New York visit, the Dionne girls took presents to the Collins Quadruplets—two girls, two boys—who live in the Bronx. Left is Cardinal Spellman, who presented the Quads with tiny gold medals blessed by the Pope. Papa Dionne holds three of the Quads. He dropped the other one.

## Ballyhoo, high-pressure publicity for overcrowded 4-day visit

From LLOYD CLARKE, in New York

The Dionne Quintuplets went back to Canada bewildered and frustrated after their four-day visit to New York.

As the five most famous girls in the world the Dionne Quintuplets were given the A-plus civic treatment reserved for visiting celebrities. But as five quite ordinary little teenagers they saw few of the things they had set their hearts upon.

THEY were whirled through New York at top speed with police escort, and were allowed only blurred glimpses of the famous "sights" that tourists like to inspect at leisure.

They were mobbed by curious crowds, even when they were eating breakfast. A strict official programme gave them no time to themselves.

In a breathtaking round of introductions they shook hands with more than 200 U.S. big-timers, including politicians, radio, stage, and screen stars, captains of industry and finance, and sport kings.

The Quins are now back in their 20-roomed home at Callegder, Ontario, Canada, wondering what New York is really like, and trying to recall the names and faces of some of the people they met.

Each Quin had a special hope she wanted to realise in New York, and each was disappointed.

Camera enthusiast Cecile wanted to study the photographic murals at the Rockefeller Foundation, Yvonne wanted to visit the art museums, Emilie the libraries, student pianist Annette wanted to hear a concert, and singer Marie an opera.

Closest they got to having their wishes fulfilled was a snapshot look at the Rockefeller Centre, New York Library, the Metropolitan Opera House, and Carnegie Hall from a special bus that took them on a tour of the city streets.

The Quins came to New York as the guests of Francis Cardinal Spellman to take part in an annual

fund-raising campaign for a New York hospital.

They arrived at Grand Central Station on board a special car pulled by the crack Montreal-New York "Laurentian" express. Cardinal Spellman, city dignitaries, and a pop-eyed crowd of 3000 New Yorkers were there to greet them.

The Quins were dressed identically. They wore chic grey suits, coral-colored long-sleeved blouses, and blue velvet bonnets.

When the crowd screamed and cheered a welcome, the Quins appeared completely confused and shuffled back behind their father.

As the girls were ushered through the cathedral-like railway terminal to the glass-topped bus that had been reserved for them, the crowd snowballed. Police formed a cordon, but when newspapermen and radiomen broke through the line Papa Dionne took charge.

Papa Dionne is less than an inch taller than his daughters. But he is no longer the thin, weather-beaten, unlettered farmer he was when they were born. He is assertive, aware of his responsibilities, and is not thrown off balance by publicity whoop-de-do.

Above the din he shouted: "Please don't interview them. They are terribly excited. All this has made them very tired. We are delighted to be here and we know we're going to have a wonderful time."

Those in front, though, heard the Quins chiding their father because he had not allowed them to put on the lipstick he had promised they could wear for the first time.

The Quins stayed at a convent



during their four days in New York. They started each day by hearing mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Then the city of New York would take over. The Quins were rushed through dressmaking appointments and beauty parlor treatment. They finally made their big "glamor" appearance in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel at a benefit function at which the charge for a steak was \$50.

To entertain the guests the Quins sang a group of French-Canadian folk-songs, and then New York's "anthem"—"East Side, West Side."

The guests thought their singing was "cute." But nobody felt that Lily Pons or Dinah Shore had anything to worry about.

At 12 midnight, like Cinderella in quintuplicate, Cecile, Yvonne, Emilie, Annette, and Marie had to leave the party.

FIRST VISIT TO BEAUTY SALON. The Dionne Quintuplets have their hair dried after a styling by one of New York's leading hair-dressers. They wear a very short bob.

They protested, but Papa was adamant.

Next morning at eight the police had to be called to control the huge crowd that had gathered outside the convent.

Eventually a senior police officer suggested to the nuns that some announcement be made to the watchers to help keep the peace.

A kindly bespectacled nun opened a window and said: "They are eating grapefruit, scrambled eggs, bacon, toast, and hot chocolate."

The crowd greeted this information with murmurings and a renewed air of expectancy. So the nun added: "They are eating their breakfast slowly. It should be a lesson to all of us in eating—they eat so slowly."

It was such a long time before the Quins had finished their breakfast that when they appeared some of the crowd had grown tired and gone away.

However, the five little girls were given a big round of cheers as they climbed again into their glass-domed bus for another day of helter-skelter driving about the city.

Before the Quins went back home they were interviewed over the air by a woman announcer who asked each one the same question: "Are you having a wonderful time?"

The Quins, who are polite little girls, each gave the same answer: "Yes, we are having a wonderful time."

Papa Dionne seemed relieved.



**KNOCKS DOWN** Don't let your sleep be disturbed by stray flies or mosquitoes that come in through the open window. Knock them down with **NUMBER 13**. And once a month spray the wall at the head of your bed so that every insect that touches it will die.



**KEEPS ON KILLING FOR WEEKS** Spray all surfaces once a month. **NUMBER 13** keeps on killing for weeks. Every insect that touches a sprayed surface even for a single second will die for certain.

**now!**

**A DOUBLE-ACTION KILLER!**  
Tested Trusted **D.D.T.** together with the new, safe, amazing miracle **BENZENE HEXACHLORIDE**

You know **NUMBER 13** as the original insect spray that introduced D.D.T. to Australia. Now it brings you another miracle called **BENZENE HEXACHLORIDE**—the new safe, scientific development in insect sprays.

This season's **NUMBER 13** contains both D.D.T. and **BENZENE HEXACHLORIDE**. You get the combined effect of tested, trusted D.D.T. and also this new miracle. You get the world's safest and best insecticide.

It is completely safe! It is incredibly effective! It kills flies, mosquitoes, moth, fleas and other insects. Keep your home free from pests. Spray once a month. It keeps on killing for weeks.

**KNOCKS DOWN—AND KEEPS ON KILLING FOR WEEKS!**



**YES! A MIRACLE!**

Just spray it on walls, ceilings, along skirting boards, in hanging clothes, into cupboards, on rubbish tins and wherever insects land. When flies, fleas, silverfish, moth, mosquitoes touch the sprayed surface, even for a second, they'll die. They won't live long enough to breed!

Taylor's

**NUMBER 13**

**INSECT SPRAY**

IN 8 oz. BOTTLES AND ALSO THE FAMILY ECONOMY SIZE—A FULL PINT TO LAST ALL SUMMER



**NUMBER 13**  
**D.D.T. POWDER**

In the big, purple container with sprinkler top.



**NUMBER 13**  
**COCKROACH KILLER**  
Spray! You watch them touch, stagger and die.



**NUMBER 13**  
**R.D.T. EMULSION CONCENTRATE**  
Mixes with water in a second. Details on label.



Made by Taylor's Points Pty. Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W. and distributed by all wholesalers throughout Australia.

# Peter Lawford learns two-up for film role

Star will play bushranger part with sideburns and dimples

By M. J. McMAHON

Hollywood film star Peter Lawford may be remembered as the most urbane bushranger ever to slap leather in Australia's wild and rugged back country.

Lawford is visiting Australia to play the title role in "Kangaroo," the 20th Century-Fox technicolor adventure film.

SYDNEY fans noticed a cosmopolitan air about the six-foot-tall actor. He has a casual grin and a casual way of holding his shoulders that is once assured and relaxed.

There is no doubt about the photogenic qualities of his blue eyes, rather fetching moustache, and those dimples.

When I interviewed Peter Lawford and Richard Boone, who plays the villain of the piece, at Ealing Studios, where the company is installed until it leaves for South Australian locations, they were playing two-up.

And Mr. Lawford had a copy of the works of William Shakespeare under his arm.

Boone had the kip and Lawford was crouched over the coins, intensely interested in the game.

Dressed in blue jeans, gay-colored silk shirts, velvet coats, and brown leather sneakers, the two men resembled a couple of American square-dance enthusiasts.

## Streaked with gold

THE only things out of character were their large moustaches and sideburns, Boone's reaching right down his face.

In the film "Kangaroo" a derelict Englishman named Connor (Lawford) meets a gambler named Gamble (Boone) at a two-up game in Sydney.

Both men must master the game before they go on location.

I could not discover where the works of William Shakespeare came into the picture.

I asked Lawford if he was enjoying his trip to Australia.

In a strong American accent, this English-born film star replied: "Sure, sure, it's swell. I've been here before, you know. I was only nine years old, so it's all a bit hazy."

Looking very fit, with his dark hair streaked with gold, Lawford said his favorite sport was surfing. "I don't care what the local boys here say, I'm going to give my back a board a ride in your surf," he said. "I've been working so hard, I haven't had a chance yet. The only day we went to Bondi the sea was flat as a pancake."

Lawford said the night spots, beaches, and beautiful girls in Sydney reminded him of America.

But it was the rugged Richard Boone who stole the interview.

Mr. Boone said he found it rather terrifying travelling with Mr. Lawford.

"Everywhere we go we get mobbed by teenagers," he said. "Of course, they are after Peter, and I get the backwash. I don't care so much for being hugged, kissed, petted, and squeezed by hundreds of screaming youngsters."

"I'm a character actor and usually don't come in for the swoon stuff."

"I generally play the villain and no one likes me at all."

Boone, who is over six feet, husky, and very charming, said he was hoping to do some big-game fishing at Bernagui, on the south coast of N.S.W., before going on location.

"I am a very keen sailor, too, and sail a star class home in the States," he said.

"I have already organised myself out in a big pale blue cutter on Sydney Harbor while I am here, and am looking forward to seeing some of your open-boat sailing."

"I heard in the States that Australians don't think they have had a good sail unless the cross-trees of their masts have been in the water. It sure must get breezy out here."

Peter Lawford seems to prefer the easy Californian style of dressing.

At his first Press conference in Sydney, Lawford wore a junior blue double-breasted yachting-type jacket, which, along the west coast of America, has replaced the conventional sports jacket among rich young men.

A high fashion note was struck by the gold-colored metal buttons on the jacket.

His well-cut summer-weight slacks were of open-weave wool.

He wore moccasin shoes, which became popular in Sydney about three years ago. But Lawford's were a novelty—black and polished to a glass-like finish so that they resembled evening shoes.

Lawford is also a member of the white socks brigade. He often wears his trouser-cuffs turned up so that when he sprawls at ease the striking contrast between the white socks and the Hawaiian tan of his legs is easily seen.

His tie and the neatly tucked-in breast-pocket handkerchief were quiet and unobtrusive in the English manner.

Lawford does not plan to do the social round conscientiously—at least for the time being. So his fans have only a slim chance of catching a glimpse of him in one of those new tartan dinner-jackets that he affects in Hollywood for a date at the Coconut Grove.

● Color pictures, page 49.



VISITING MOVIE ACTORS Richard Boone (left) and Peter Lawford stride to their first rehearsal for their parts in 20th Century-Fox's Australian film "Kangaroo," at Ealing Studios, Pagewood, Sydney.

## Tongan princess goes on a buying spree

Tongan Princess Mata'aho listed smart summer dresses and a washing machine among many purchases made in Sydney on her recent visit to Australia.

By ANGIE SKUDDER



PRINCESS MATA'AHU, of Tonga, has stately figure and silky voice.

HER husband, Crown Prince Tungi, bought tractors for his farm, still and movie cameras, and a recording machine.

Princess Mata'aho is a daughter of a Tongan nobleman, who is Governor of Ha'apai, an island in the Tongan Group, about 1000 miles north-east of Sydney.

Prince Tungi is the eldest son of Queen Salote, of Tonga.

The unofficial visit of Prince Tungi and Princess Mata'aho fulfilled an ambition of Princess Mata'aho to visit the country where her husband was educated.

Prince Tungi attended Newington College and Sydney University,

where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree.

When I visited the Princess at the Methodist Missionary Training College, Haberfield, N.S.W., where she and Prince Tungi were staying, I recalled our last meeting in Tonga just after they were married three years ago.

Mata'aho and I are old friends. We were children together in Tonga. Later when she went to school in New Zealand, the Princess spent most of her holidays at my home.

Because of her tranquil life in the South Seas, the Princess does not seem to have changed much since our school days.

Her long black hair is still coiled in a plait, and her brown doe-shaped eyes have not lost their lustre.

Princess Mata'aho shares her husband's interest in agriculture. While in Australia she went with him on

a trip to Queensland, where he studied peanut-growing.

Tungi plans to foster the cultivation of peanuts instead of copra in Tonga.

He owns two farms, mostly devoted to peanut-growing experiments. Princess Mata'aho is enthusiastic enough about farming to drive a tractor.

The Prince and Princess are music-lovers. Mata'aho is an accomplished pianist. She can play anything from swing to Chopin and Beethoven.

She can play the guitar, and is now learning to play the saxophone.

Next February Princess Mata'aho will produce the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Mikado," as part of the celebrations for the 50th anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Protection between Tonga and Great Britain.

## FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITIONS



MAY 3 to SEPTEMBER 30

The summer of 1951 will be long remembered by Britons all over the world. Just as the 'Crystal Palace' Exhibition of 1851 was something utterly new and bold in its generation, so Britain now invites you to a Festival the like of which has never been seen before. Exhibitions will be only one part of the Festival programme, but a spectacular and important part.

IN LONDON the centre-piece of the Festival will be the great South Bank Exhibition on the sweep of the Thames between Westminster Bridge and Waterloo Bridge. Here, amid 30 acres of new buildings and broad terraces, dominated by the giant Dome of Discovery (the largest in the world), visitors will see the story of Britain and her people at work and at play—in industry, transport, the farm; at home and on the sea; in sport, at leisure, and in those boundless fields of exploration and discovery in which British scientists and technicians are helping to build the world of tomorrow.

In a new extension to the Science Museum in South Kensington, the latest advances in scientific discovery—the frontiers of man's present knowledge—will be on display.

In the East End, an Exhibition of Architecture at Poplar will show the community centre of the future in course of construction, using the latest building styles and techniques.

These main London Exhibitions will be open to the public from May 4 to September 30.

IN GLASGOW an Exhibition of Industrial Power at Kelvin Hall will show British achievements in heavy engineering, from the earliest steam engine to the harnessing of atomic energy. This Exhibition will open on May 28 and last for 13 weeks.

IN BELFAST the Ulster Farm and Factory Exhibition, staged in the interior and grounds of a new model factory, will show the growth of the linen industry and of research-directed developments in agriculture and other local industries. This will be open from June 1 to August 31.

IN EDINBURGH there will be an extensive Exhibition of Scottish Architecture and Traditional Crafts, during June and July.

In addition there will be Exhibitions of British Books and Literature in London, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and Exhibitions of painting in Cardiff and Norwich. But Exhibitions are not the whole of the Festival. There will also be Arts Festivals in twenty-three famous towns, and local activities ranging from carnivals to sporting events in hundreds of communities throughout England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland.

**BRITAIN AT HOME TO THE WORLD**

Ask your Travel Agent for further details.

## BOOK REVIEW

FLORENCE  
NIGHTINGALE

By  
Cecil Woodham-Smith

BY HELEN FRIZELL

Florence Nightingale, who held the lamp in the Crimea, held it with an unyielding hand and an iron grip.

She never relinquished that grip in her long life, and her determination in the causes of Army reform and sanitation caused a poet, Arthur Clough, and a Cabinet Minister, Sidney Herbert, to die before their time.

THIS side of Florence Nightingale's nature has been revealed previously in books on her life and work.

Lytton Strachey made it the subject of exquisite satire.

Now, Mrs. Cecil Woodham-Smith, in a new and comprehensive biography of 600 pages, has put into fresh perspective the humanist, the egoist, and the reformist that comprised Florence Nightingale.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith says Florence Nightingale never gave or took an excuse.

She drove herself hard, but she drove others even harder.

Her devotion to her cause made her an invalid, and she spent many of the last years of her life in bed. There she rested when her work became too much for her, but her helpers had no respite until they either abandoned her or died, as did Clough and Herbert.

When Sidney Herbert lived, she rejected his pleas for a rest with the remarks: "I believe you have many years of usefulness before you . . . I hope you will not judge too harshly of yourself from those doctors' opinions."

Only after his death would she mourn him and write: "I, too, was hard on him," and call him her "master."

Another of Florence Nightingale's helpers was her Aunt Mai, a married woman with a husband and two grown daughters.

Aunt Mai went out to Scutari, leaving her family. She worked with Florence, then, spent two and a half years with her after she returned to England.

When Florence Nightingale was ill and announcing that she was about to draw her last breath, Aunt Mai arrived to care for her.

After two and half years Aunt Mai's family protested and she returned home.

Florence Nightingale was furious. She said that Aunt Mai had sacrificed the great work for the selfish of her family, and did not forgive her, meet, or write to her for 20 years.

Florence Nightingale was stubborn from her childhood, and a battler for causes.

Here is the meticulously neat child of 10 (who was still meticulous at her 80's).

"Dear Pop," she wrote to her sister Partie, "I have not put your scrapbook anywhere, but one day I saw it in the drawer of the music-room, next to the bow window, and I think it very odd you did not think of looking for it there . . ."

Years of bitter conflict with her family took place before Florence, with only a slight knowledge of nursing, set off to the Crimea. She was a slender woman of 34, who had refused two offers of marriage because her copper-colored head was

full of the knowledge that she was called to be a nurse.

She arrived in the East with a group of 38 women, including Roman Catholic nuns, Protestant Sellowites, and nurses who wore a uniform consisting of a grey tweed dress, jacket, white cap, and woollen cloak.

Later, when Florence and the others were working among the wounded, a discontented nurse added to their difficulties by complaining: "I came out, Ma'am, prepared to submit to everything, to be put on in every way. But there are some things, Ma'am, one can't submit to. There is the caps, Ma'am, that suits one face and some that suits another. And if I'd known, Ma'am, about the caps, great as was my desire to come out to nurse at Scutari, I wouldn't have come, Ma'am."

Most nurses were middle-aged. No young women were accepted. Even so, Florence found some that she had chosen were drunken and immoral.

From Scutari, Florence wrote home: "Fat, drunken old dames of fourteen stone and over must be barred. The provision of beds—steads is not strong enough."

Despite her problems of organising and provisioning, Florence Nightingale stayed by the side of the sick and dying, writing their letters home, giving them support when they needed it.

"The magic of her power over men was felt in the dreaded, bloodstained room where operations took place. There perhaps the maimed soldier might be craving death rather than meet the knife of the surgeon. But when he looked and saw that the honored Lady in Chief was patiently standing beside him, with lips closely set and hands folded, decreeing herself to go through the pain of witnessing pain, he used to fall into the mood of obeying her silent command, and finding strange support in her presence—bringing himself to submit and endure."

Florence Nightingale, the Lady with the Lamp, or rather the lady with the tongue and mind like a scalpel, cutting ruthlessly through to her object, never forgot the men who had died or suffered.

After the war she announced passionately:

"No one can feel for the Army as I do. These people who talk to us have all fed their children on the fat of the land and dressed them in velvet and silk while we have been away. I have had to see my children dressed in a dirty blanket and an old pair of regimental trousers, and to see them fed on raw salt meat, and nine thousand of my children are lying, from causes which might have been prevented, in their forgotten graves. But I can never forget."

"Florence Nightingale" is published by Constable.



Florence Nightingale.

## Editorial

NOVEMBER 25, 1950

### NURSES' TRAINING

THOUSANDS of girls and boys will close their school books for the last time in the next few weeks, and embark on a career.

Many of the girls will be attracted to nursing. Though there is a world-wide shortage of trained nurses, those who have explored the position say that this is due to nurses being employed in more spheres than formerly.

Baby health centres, public health services, industrial undertakings, and welfare organisations require trained nurses for staff as well as civilian and military hospitals.

It is the hospitals, as training schools, which must supply this staff.

The New South Wales Hospitals' Association has decided to ask the Government to reduce the minimum age of trainee nurses from 18 to 16 years to overcome the shortage.

The Australian Trained Nurses' Association does not favor this. It considers girls under 18 too young to begin training.

The majority of 16-year-olds do not want to become nurses. They are attracted to easier and more glamorous jobs.

Most of those who want to take up what they know to be a difficult and exacting career are more responsible types.

Some hospitals have bridged the gap between school-leaving age and 18, when training starts, by appointing nursing assistants at the age of 16.

Surely some such attempt could be made generally to hold the interest of intending trainees, even if this means lengthening their studies by a year so that they could start a modified first year at 17.

### OUR COVER

THE cicadas are with us again. On hot summer days, whether we like it or not, these deafening choristers will give us their shrill, monotonous music from sunrise to sunset. The boy on our cover, painted by John Mills, is like thousands of Australian children who will shin trees and search hedges for Yellow Mundays, Black Princes, Greengrocers, and other prized cicadas.



Friday night  
is AMAMI  
night!

\* The day you use Amami with its pure, gentle, health-and-beauty ingredients—that will be the moment your true happiness and confidence will begin. Romance thrives on the lovely well-behaved hair assured to you by a regular Amami shampoo. For Amami has been used by attractive brunettes—and blondes every Friday night for over twenty-six years—nearly 1,400 Amami Nights! Put your hair in the care of a regular Amami shampoo.

AMAMI No. 1 for Brunettes, No. 2 Blondes

AMAMI

Shampoos

After your shampoo  
AMAMI WAVE SET  
for Waves and Curls



**TOY UMBRELLA** which just shaded her face was carried at Flemington by Mrs. John Mullany, of Melbourne. Parasol, which was brought from Paris to Mrs. Mullany when she was a child, was re-covered in scarlet and made striking contrast to her white tailored suit and white crocheted cap.



**SMART MELBOURNE HOSTESS.** Mrs. Dick Newton's straw umbrella came from Paris and was one of loveliest on course at Oaks Day at Flemington. Thelma and her husband entertained Sydney visitors over Cup Week festivities.



**PARISIAN STRAW PARASOL.** Attractive Beverley Buxton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Buxton, of Melbourne, was a symphony of black and white at Oaks Day at Flemington. Her large parasol shaded her from the bright sunshine.

## Intimate Gossipings

**AFTER** weather cocktail at Melbourne Cup festivities, I felt that Sydney was really the place to be when I arrived at Pacific Club's luncheon at Palm Beach, with brilliant sunshine sparkling on the water, and saw guests with hair still wet with salt water, and shiny un-kissed faces.

Luncheon was to enable members admitted to the club during the past year to meet members, and after dip in the briny everyone had man-sized appetites.

No sand and sandwiches fare, for when the crowd returned from the surf committee had loaded the tables with prawns and turkey salad, ice-cream, and long, cool drinks.

**THERE** were mixed expressions on faces as guests sampled "apple" pie and ice-cream.

"I'm three-quarters of the way through and still can't make out the flavor," Sheila Goodall told me. Just then genial secretary, Bea Devenish Meares, informed us she'd just discovered that all meat pies had been sent and there wasn't an apple in the place!

**SAW** Dr. Phil Cayzer firmly refusing mayonnaise as he attacked a giant-sized plate of lettuce leaves. Told me he's in strict training with the Australian rowing crew and this entails losing six pounds before he sails for America as stroke of the crew.

**THE** Dan Fowlers reaped compliments for the luscious tropical fruit salad as it contained papaw grown in the garden of their Palm Beach home. Trees needed special care as seeds came from their former home in New Guinea, Mrs. Fowler said.

**NEW** white pergola behind the club-house was finished the day before the party, and club hopes that, covered with an awning, it will be a guarantee against a repeat performance of last year's New Year's Eve party, when rain sardine-packed everyone into the one room. The next door block of land was recently bought and will be used now as parking stand for members' cars, but is part of a long-range scheme to make the club residential.

Party was a curtain raiser to a cocktail party for 300 members and their guests on November 25, and Christmas party, on December 26.

**SOAKING** up their quota of sun on the beach . . . the Stuart Wards, daughter Anne, and new baby Suzanne . . . the Robert Braschs with their week-end guests Mr. and Mrs. Francis Graham, who are just back from trip abroad . . . the Ronnie Parrs, who have taken over Graham Pratten's weekender, "Tidapa" (translation—it doesn't matter), while Graham and daughter Jill are in England.

**PALM BEACH** fashions . . . row of pippy shells strung into a necklace and worn with blue-spotted beach frock by Mrs. Brian Oxenham as she served lunch to doctor husband and two small sons under beach umbrella on the balcony . . . two large hibiscus from enormous tree in the club's garden, which Mrs. John McDermott Royal tucked into her pale-pink floral beach frock. The Royals are building a home in the basin so they can keep a permanent eye on their yacht, Horizon.

**COMINGS** and goings on the land . . . Bill Foster and his bride, formerly Judith Taylor, of Newport, have moved into "Wynella," Durrinbandi, after honeymoon in Adelaide . . . Queenslanders Mr. and Mrs. Bill Lloyd have bought magnificent property, "Coolilatta," at Bowral—formerly home of the Viner Halls, now living at Wahroonga . . . Adele Thornton left her home, "Lemongrave," Nyngan, to set up house with her husband, Philip Anderson, only son of Keith Outram Andersons, of Ashfield, at Roseville . . . The Cam Jacquets, back from Hayman Island honeymoon, are combining the stores for furniture and carpets for Campbell's lovely home, "Pimpapapa," Rowena. Bride was Mrs. M. G. L. Walker, of Rose Bay.

**THREE GENERATIONS.** Mr. G. Feighery with his daughter, Mrs. W. Furlong, of Sydney (right), and his granddaughter, Mrs. Brian Cassidy, at Flemington on Oaks Day. This was his sixty-seventh consecutive Cup Meeting.

**THERE** were beams of pride from Persse and Avonia Rainsford when five-months-old daughter Philippa grasped a knife and cut her own pink-iced christening cake at party at home of godmothers, Lesley and Joy Surman, after the ceremony at St. Barnabas' Church, Roseville.

"It took a bit of prompting, but she managed it," Avonia told me. Fragile white christening robe has been in Mrs. Rainsford's family for 70 years.

Phillipa's uncle Gwynne Rainsford is her godfather.

**GLAMOROUS** American frock of pale-pink chantilly lace was worn by Patty Lou Haas at the Silver Lining Ball at the Trocadero, when she was guest-of-honor at a large party given by her fiancé, John Harrison, to welcome her home from America.

John's mother, Mrs. R. H. Harrison, was busy president of the ball, but found time to prepare some of her famous Russian salad for the young folk. John and Patty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Haas, of Point Piper, will marry early next year.

**BABY** daughter for Darrell and Betty Proctor, of Lane Cove. Baby's mother, who was formerly Betty Morgan, of Moree, is receiving congratulations at St. Luke's Hospital. Betty's mother, Mrs. J. Morgan, is down from Moree to see her first grand-daughter, who has been named Penelope Anne.

Anne



**AT GIRRAWEE.** Thirtieth Scottish Battalion officer Rowan Waddy, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. (Gar) Waddy, of Collaroy, and his bride, formerly Billie Bunting, cut their cake after marriage at The King's School Chapel.



**SISTERS** Betty and Gwen Gloner, of Roseville, and Mrs. Frank Buckle (right), of Chatswood, arriving with lunch baskets and thermos of tea to spend the day at the Sydney Cricket Ground to watch visiting English team play N.S.W. Eleven.



### THE MULTI-PURPOSE CLEANER

Save money in your household budget by using Kiwi Glint — the newest and most efficient cleaner possible, removing the necessity of purchasing separate types of cleaning polishes, pastes, powders or compounds.

**Economical To Use:** Comes only 2 1/2 x 10 in. (slightly higher in some country areas). And you use it sparingly for best results.

**Will Not Scratch:** Leaves a crystal clear protective film that ensures a long-lasting polish.

**No Water Required:** Glint is ready for instantaneous use.



The only cleaner that does the work of separate pastes and powders.

**CLEANS AND POLISHES AT THE SAME TIME — JUST WIPE ON GLINT AND WIPE OFF DIRT. NO ARM-ACHING RUBBING.**



**WINDOWS**  
Glint brings a sparkling polish to windows, mirrors, car wind-screens and windows, glass table tops, show-cases and all other glassware.

**SILVERWARE**  
Ideal for all silverware, chrome or stainless steel sinks, car radiators, lamp standards, kitchen and bathroom fittings.

**BATHS & TILES**  
Porcelain, and tiled surfaces gleam with fresh brilliance when cleaned with Glint.

It's new to Australia

KIWI GLINT

the miracle cleaner for glass & metalware

ONLY 2'6

A TIN (slightly higher in some country centres)



### In the Party Spirit

Ideal for the gay occasion — the happiest choice for children's party frocks and ladies' evening gowns. Many delightful designs and soft colourings. Obtainable from leading drapers and stores.

**Summer Mist**  
PRINTED ORGANDIE

BROOME & FOSTER LTD  
WM. PICKLES GROUP

TRADE ENQUIRIES TO

F. G. CROCKER, Sydney

A. M. MURRAY, Melbourne, P.O. Box No. 96a

M. L. JAMES, Brisbane

## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"HOLLY"—Two skirts for formal and informal wear. Obtainable ready to wear or cut out only in attractive black rayon crepe. The blouse comes in pretty white, pink, blue, sky-blue, or lemon organdie patterned with white flowers.

**Ready To Wear:** Long skirt. Sizes 24½, 26, and 28½. waist, 42/44. Postage 2/- extra. Sizes 30 and 32½. waist, 44½. Postage 2/- extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Long skirt. Sizes 24½, 26, and 28½. waist, 42/44. Postage 1/6 extra. Sizes 30 and 32½. waist, 44½. Postage 1/6 extra.

**Ready To Wear:** Short skirt. Sizes 24½, 26, and 28½. waist, 42/44. Postage 1/6 extra. Sizes 30 and 32½. waist, 44½. Postage 1/6 extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Short skirt. Sizes 24½, 26, and 28½. waist, 42/44. Postage 1/6 extra. Sizes 30 and 32½. waist, 44½. Postage 1/6 extra.

**Ready To Wear:** Blouse. Sizes 32 and 34½. bust, 34/36. Postage 1/6 extra. Sizes 36 and 38½. bust, 36/38. Postage 1/6 extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Blouse. Sizes 32 and 34½. bust, 34/36. Postage 1/6 extra. Sizes 36 and 38½. bust, 36/38. Postage 1/6 extra.

★ TO ORDER: Fashion Frocks and Needlework Notions may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 78.



"BARBARA"—This luxurious houseworn has large, tower, a softly gathered skirt falling from a fitted waistband, and long sleeves. The material is art. silk self-brocaded taffeta with a choice of white, sky-blue, or skunk.

**Ready To Wear:** Houseworn. Sizes 32 and 34½. bust, 34/36. Sizes 36 and 38½. bust, 36/38. Postage 2/6 extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Houseworn. Sizes 32 and 34½. bust, 34/36. Sizes 36 and 38½. bust, 36/38. Postage 2/6 extra.

### NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

**No. 699—LITTLE GIRL'S OUTFIT**  
A pretty little outfit for a small girl, comprising pinafore, frock, bolero, and pants. Is cut out ready to make in cotton dimity. Colors are—red, royal-blue, or green. Also on a white ground. Prices: Length, 24½. 2yrs. pinafore, 8/9; bolero, 3/2; pants, 2/2. Length, 26½. 3yrs. pinafore, 10/6; bolero, 5/9; pants, 4/1. Length, 28½. 4yrs. pinafore, 11/6; bolero, 6/7; pants, 4/9. Length, 30½. 5yrs. pinafore, 12/6; bolero, 6/9; pants, 4/11. Postage, pinafore, 1/3; bolero, 4/11; pants, 4/11.

**No. 700—BOY'S PLAYSUIT**  
Trim suit and sou'wester cut out ready to make in good quality British broadcloth in blue, lemon-green, natural, and white. The motif is based ready to embroider. Prices: Length, 18½. 2yrs. suit, 5/2; sou'wester, 2/11; complete set, 9/-; post-charge complete set, 11/6. Length, 20½. 3yrs. suit, 6/2; sou'wester, 2/11; complete set, 10/11; post-charge complete set, 12/6. Length, 22½. 4yrs. suit, 6/2; sou'wester, 2/11; complete set, 11/9; post-charge complete set, 13/6. Length, 24½. 5yrs. suit, 6/2; sou'wester, 2/11; complete set, 12/6; post-charge complete set, 14/6.

**No. 701—WRAP-OVERALL**  
Useful little overall for the house, cut out ready to make in pretty floral cotton summer bronze in blue, red, and aqua on white ground. Prices: Bust, 22-24½. 25/6; bust, 26-28½. 27/6; post-charge 2/-.

**No. 702—SET OF THREE (3) TEA-TOWELS**  
Traced ready to embroider on Irish linen with blue, red, lemon, or green borders. Price, 3/11 each, post-charge 4/6; or set of three (3) 12/3; post-charge 1/2.

**No. 703—CUSHION-COVER**  
Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen and other linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green, or on good quality British cotton in natural, green, blue, pink, and lemon. Measures 18 x 18 in. Price: Linen, 6/11; post-charge 10/6; cotton, 4/6; post-charge 5/6.

★ When ordering Needlework Notions, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted. All Needlework Notions over 4/11 sent by registered post.



## For Xmas Gifts give



Women praise beautiful Rosslyn Hosiery because it is so glamorous, wears so wonderfully well and yet costs far less than other brands because it is **SOLD DIRECT** from Rosslyn's own shops. Now—at last—you can buy Rosslyn Hosiery by mail!

**SUPER SHEER** Fine gauge, all nylon, with slim, square heel.

**PURE SILK** Pure silk from top to toe and glamorously sheer.

Both available in **DAYDREAM**, a gay, lively suntan, or **SILHOUETTE**, a sophisticated dark tone.

**POST FREE ANYWHERE IN AUSTRALIA!**

Rosslyn Hosiery Pty. Ltd., 97 Liverpool St., Sydney.

I enclose Postal Note/Money Order for pairs Nylon/Pure Silk in Daydream/Silhouette. SIZE

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.

12/11 pr.



"BIG" that's the only word for this delicious, sustaining breakfast



\* Food experts say:

"One plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar, plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you ONE THIRD of your daily food needs."

Housewives say:

"Compare the cost of a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with that of a heavy breakfast!"

It isn't necessary to quote prices... you know what you have to pay for eggs, bacon, fish and meat these days! It's not *how much* you eat for breakfast—but *what* you eat that counts. These bigger, crisper, more sustaining Kellogg's Corn Flakes make a light but satisfying meal. They're delicious!

Always ask for  
**Kellogg's**  
**CORN FLAKES**



You'll be proud to own a **Tissot**

Tissot watches—ever more beautiful—ever more accurate are the timepieces of the future, to be treasured by timekeepers of today.

Tissot watches are pre-eminent in style and craftsmanship — non-magnetic and dustproof — they guarantee dependable performance.

**Tissot**  
WATCHES  
Made in Switzerland

SINCE 1853 SOLD AND SERVICED BY FINE JEWELLERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

# It seems to me....

THE disadvantages of being President of the United States are underlined not only by the recent attempt on the President's life, but by the subsequent revelation that he has a bodyguard on his seven o'clock morning walk.

I think one could learn more easily to view philosophically the possibility of an attack by gunmen than one could bear the thought of being followed by the Secret Service before breakfast.

Think of it! All of us decide, one time or another, that such and such a routine would be good for health. It might be walking to work, an early stroll round the park, a determination to have a swim daily whatever the weather.

We make these little resolutions, carry them out once, twice, or six times, and then in decent secrecy abandon them.

However, a President presumably has to announce such an intention. Memos in triplicate are probably passed through the department responsible for providing the bodyguard. A great machine is set in motion. If the President, waking one morning, feels like turning in this whole silly idea of healthy exercise, he is haunted by the thought that the entire Secret Service will know he has weakened.

"Old boy can't take it, huh?" all the early-shift bodyguards would say.

I used to think, when I read of these healthy routines followed by leaders of States, that the habits betokened a stern self-discipline. Now I'm inclined to think that it's merely because, having embarked on a course of exercise, the poor fellows haven't the moral courage to abandon the plan in the face of witnesses.

A GROUP of New York artists recently named the women they considered as the most beautiful in America.

Among the nine they named was Mary Pickford. They described her as "everybody's favorite aunt type, with an eye-catching neckline."

How sad are the ravages of time! "The world's sweetheart" becomes "everybody's favorite aunt."

Still, at 57, Mary Pickford's recorded age, it's pretty good to rate inclusion in a list of nine chosen from America's women. Whatever slight wistfulness she may feel at the description given her, it should be offset by the fact that, as nowadays her investments include the cosmetics trade, it's a fine advertisement. After all, they might have described her as "everybody's favorite great-aunt."

PUSHING my way into the shops this week I've been brooding on one of my long-held theories on present-giving.

Most people feel a present should be something which the recipient wouldn't buy for herself—some pleasing luxury.

Trouble is that most of us, therefore, tend to buy a luxury which we'd like ourselves. It might be much better if we gave presents which are necessities and left the recipient the pleasure of buying a luxury with the money thereby saved.

It would be so easy nowadays to find a wide choice of necessities suitable for presents. A pound of lamb chops would be quite handsome.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 25, 1950



Dorothy Drain

SO the Loch Ness monster is explained at last. Naval mine experts say that the monster was merely strings of four-horned mines (uncharged) which have surfaced at intervals since they were laid during an experiment in 1918.

The idea of the experiment was to test the depths at which mines could be anchored and how long they would stay under.

The Navy men who revealed this say that they've been highly amused at the recurring stir caused by the "monster" throughout the years.

Oh, they have, have they? Well, they needn't think anyone's going to be pleased about the solution.

I was delighted to see a letter in a paper, signed "Eight Bells," expressing technical doubts. What I know about the likely behaviour of anchored mines could be written on threepence, but I share the common fondness for mysteries. And that of the Loch Ness monster still has a faded charm.

BERNARD SHAW, in leaving the bulk of his estate for the promotion of a reformed 42-letter alphabet, has provided a packet of bother for his executor, the Public Trustee.

Shaw was an ardent backer of spelling reform, but as he made no headway in introducing it himself, I doubt that anyone else will be able to do the job.

Presumably, whoever is chosen to carry out the terms of the will will devote his whole time and energies to pushing the plan. But opposing it will be practically everyone who has learned to spell the other way.

While a change to phonetic spelling would certainly make the language easier to learn, it would bring a horrified howl from all those who have already learned it. When you read, you don't spell out the letters. You recognise the words at sight.

Another of the great difficulties of a phonetic spelling system would be the variation in accents throughout the English-speaking world.

But there—I'm expressing all the conservatism which Shaw spent the whole of his life deriding.

When he died I heard a lot of people say sympathetically, "Poor old chap!" But Shaw was never a poor old chap. Vital and controversial to the last, he is doubtless, from somewhere beyond the grave, looking forward with amusement to watching the frustration of whoever is entrusted with promoting his new alphabet.

WHEN two brothers were fined recently in a London court after police had been called 11 times in one night to their house because of disturbances, their 67-year-old father said, "They always cook their own food and argue in the kitchen. I know there's trouble as soon as I hear crockery smashing on the wall."

His nature is observant, though he's calm,  
He is proud of being always on the ball,  
And he quickly scents a possible alarm  
When he hears the china smashing on the wall.

At hints of a disturbance he's alert,  
He can always tell if things are getting hot,  
And nobody could fool him, he'll assert,  
The moment that he heard a rifle shot.

He's a philosophic fellow, is papa;  
And whenever he hears the sounds of merry hell,  
He shakes a knowing head and says "Aha,  
The boys, I fear, aren't getting on too well."

# "V-e-r-y pretty— now for a picture!"

Another good time . . . just right for a snapshot! Pictures let everyone enjoy the fun over and over. That's why it's great to take them, to be in them and to have them to show. Picture-making is simple, too, with a new camera from KODAK . . .



## SIX-20 KODAK "A" CAMERA

Anastar f/4.3 lens, focusing from 4 ft. to infinity; Dakon shutter with two speeds (1/25 and 1/50 sec.); time and "bulb"; 8 exp., 2½ x 3½ ins. Price, £12/8/3.



## SIX-20 FOLDING BROWNIE CAMERA

Economical and efficient; Meniscus lens; time and instantaneous shutter; all-metal body; black-grained leatherette covering; 8 exp., 2½ x 3½ ins. Price, £7/2/6.



## SIX-20 BROWNIE "C" CAMERA

New model box Brownie; Kodak Meniscus lens; two large viewfinders; time and instantaneous shutter; all-metal body; 8 exp., 2½ x 3½ ins. Price, 46/3.



## BROWNIE REFLEX CAMERA

Reflex viewfinder shows picture in actual size; time and instantaneous shutter; modern push-button release; 12 exp., 1½ x 1½ ins. Price, £4/1/-.



**KODAK**  
for  
**Cameras**

KODAK (A/asia) PTY. LTD. Branches in all States.  
KODAK DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Always use  
**KODAK**, the **FILM**  
that gets the picture



## New Formula

Continued from page 3

A LOT of the other chaps on our floor were watching her and I would have taken odds that each of them was hoping she'd change direction and walk towards him. But she kept on coming.

"Pleased to see me?" Her opening this time.

"I'm afraid so."

"Afraid?"

"Yes. You're a diversion, an interruption, and a bit of a menace."

"You'd rather I went?"

"No. I'd rather you stayed."

"You flatter me."

"What do you want, anyway?"

"Someone intelligent to talk to."

"Why pick on me?"

"Why not?"

"You've got me there. What do you want to talk about?"

"Tell me about yourself."

"No. I wouldn't attempt it in the limited time at our disposal."

"Who said it was limited?"

"I did."

"She sat down on my table, very close to me, so that I couldn't see Jenny's photo."

"She said: 'I think I'm going to like it here.'"

"You mean on my table?"

"No, dope," she said, standing up again. "I mean here in this laboratory. You seem a good gang."

"Yes," I agreed, "we're great people. Especially me."

"She pondered. 'Yes, I'm inclined to agree with you there.'"

"I sat up. 'Now listen . . .'"

"I noticed you the first day I came here. Of course I took in all the men, but I noticed you particularly."

"What did you want to tell me that for?"

"I don't know. Anyway, I suppose you're used to hearing that sort of thing."

"Yes," I told her, "I got used to hearing that kind of thing from Jenny."

"There you go again," she said, "you've got a one-track mind."

"I reached past her and picked up Jenny's photograph. 'Do you blame me?'"

"She said: 'I told you, that's only a photograph.'"

"I got serious. 'Listen, this . . .'"

"All right, all right," she interrupted, "forget I mentioned it."

"I will. But don't you forget that I mentioned it. Jenny's my girl."

"I think I'll get along now. I must eat, I suppose," Dottie said.

"We're still friends, aren't we?"

"You said that," she told me.

"After that I found myself looking in her direction several times during the day. I was thinking about her again at home that night. At night, I always liked to think about Jenny."

"Dottie shouldn't have been in my mind like that. Dottie, I realised suddenly, was beginning to be one of those things. You know, it's a word starting with t, meaning temptation. Temptation, that's the word."

"The thing to do about a girl like Dottie was just to ignore her. Perhaps that was why I kept looking in

her direction again the following day. One time she looked up and caught me gazing. What did she do? She turned on a beautiful, dazzling smile that made me smile back. The thing to do about Dottie was just to ignore her."

"She sidled over my way during the morning tea break. I meant to pretend not to notice her but found myself looking up as she approached."

"Hullo, Peter."

"Good morning."

"The name's Dot."

"So you told me."

"I thought you must have forgotten."

"No, I didn't forget."

"Going out for coffee?"

"No," I said, "I've too much work."

"Then I'll have to go on my own. You should come, too. You don't want to work all the time."

"I have to, I've got a bit behind. I'll have to work back to-night as it is."

"Dottie must have remembered that, because that night, as I walked into the lab, my eyes for some reason looked in the direction of her section of the laboratory. She was there, working. She looked up as I entered. I went to my own table. From a photo frame, Jenny watched me take off my coat and prepare for work."

"I SAT down and tried to put my mind to it. My mind kept jumping and so did my eyes, they kept jumping over towards Dottie. The evening was not very far advanced before I realised that it was not a good night for working back. I got up suddenly and started taking off my white coat."

"Just as suddenly, I saw, in a mirror, Dottie start to remove her smock. I hurried, but she was at the door the same moment as I reached it."

"She said: 'You going home early, too?'"

"I looked at her. There was no doubt about Dottie, she looked nice. I put my hand under her elbow. 'Come on,' I said."

"Where are you taking me?"

"This morning you suggested coffee."

"It's an idea," she agreed.

"We went downstairs into a little cafe. There was a three-piece orchestra there, and I steered her to a table near this trio."

"Dottie said: 'This is too noisy.'"

"Stop complaining."

"I'd rather somewhere quieter, where we could talk."

"We came here for coffee."

"Yes."

"A waitress brought us coffee and toast. We were silent until the band finished a piece."

"This was nice of you, bringing me here," Dottie said.

"You caught me in a weak moment."

Please turn to page 34

## Here's a ROUTINE for

*Lovelier Hair...*

Beautiful hair is just a routine . . . the Camilitone Routine . . . S.R.S. SHAMPOO with Camilitone in your individual colour. It's gentle, it's thorough . . . it's refreshing. Use it with the Tonic for your own shade of hair. Removes all traces of dandruff . . . puts the gloss—the sparkle—into your hair. TRY with Camilitone . . . for those soft, natural waves that really stay in place.

**Camilitone**

At all Chemists, Stores and Ladies' Hairdressers.



**PICTURESQUE** sidelights on life on a barge plying along England's inland waterways come from Mrs. Constance Philipp, who arrived in Australia only 18 months ago.

Color pictures and Anne Matheson's story of the "Festival of Boats" in our October 28 issue were of great interest to her and to her husband.

They know Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stokes, whose barge was shown in one of the pictures. Mr. Philipp, a fitter in a canal workshop, had worked on the engine of the barge.

His uncle does many of the paintings that decorate the boats.

Mrs. Philipp writes:

"The particular section of the canal, or cut as it is called, which we know best runs from Birmingham to London, where it joins up with the River Thames and the Port of London Docks, after twisting and winding its way through some of the loveliest parts of England.

"The barges, which carry about 50 tons of cargo, run in pairs now, a motor barge towing the 'butty' barge. They do the round trip between Birmingham and London in just over a week.

"The 12 or 14-horsepower motors with which the boats are equipped were preceded by steam engines, but earlier horsepower was limited to one—which went on four legs.

"At tunnels the horse was sent on to meet the boat at the other end, the towpath going over the top. The barges were then moved through the tunnels by the bargee and his wife—flat on their backs with their feet 'walking' along the curved sides of the tunnel—chanting words which went something like this:

"Left over right, left over right, the end is in sight."

"Horses and mules are still sometimes used on short hauls, but there are NO tunnels."

# WORTH REPORTING

## Reference book by Our Home Gardener

IN "The Australian Garden Book," just published, R. G. Edwards, our Horticultural Editor, and more informally Our Home Gardener, has produced a comprehensive reference work.

Lavishly illustrated in color, it is as useful for the garden that is grown with the aid of one pair of amateur hands as for the garden that is the work of experts.

Drawings and diagrams make clear to the novice many points that might be obscure.

Throughout, Mr. Edwards' enthusiasm for his subject keeps bubbling up and makes the book most readable.

He advises the home builder when selecting land to dig a few holes to test the depth and type of soil. This is a sound suggestion, but it would take a great deal of courage to carry out the advice under the eye of a land owner or agent.

## Primate is man of action

SO many guests waited to greet the Archbishop of Canterbury at a Melbourne garden party that the entire time given to the event might easily have been spent hand-shaking.

Nimble-minded, amiable Dr. Fisher did what many a distinguished guest must often have longed to do. He dropped out of the receiving line and moved briskly down the long queues still awaiting him, giving to everyone in the serried ranks a smile and graceful wave of the hand.



"I think he likes you."

A MAN we know was polishing his car and trailer when a passer-by asked the name of the maker of the coupling. Our friend suggested he look at the same on the metal, which the man did. A couple of weeks later the man called back to say that he had been unable to locate the coupling maker. "I can't understand it," he said. "His name is on the coupling as clear as anything—Pat Pend."

## Began lace-making at eight

MORE to the art of lace-making. Our Melbourne office tells us that 35-year-old Mrs. Enid Chapman, of Blackburn, Victoria, has been making exquisite lace since she was eight years old.

Housewife and mother of two children, she regards lace-making as an absorbing hobby, although it takes her a whole evening to make a piece of lace two and a half inches square. She uses from ten to 250 bobbins.

## Pussy is no longer the cat's whiskers

OWNERS of Siamese cats in England are worried about the epidemic of whisker-biting, which ruins a puss' profile for show purposes.

Usually the whisker-biting begins with the new-born kitten. Such a kitten will nibble off the whiskers of all its brothers and sisters, and if its appetite is not satisfied will chew off mother's.

If the whisker-biter in due course becomes a mother, she will usually give a clean shave to all her family, and so as the whisker-biters breed the "disease" spreads.

Whiskerless cats bump against furniture and stumble in the dark, because a cat relies on whisker-

sensitivity to gauge the width of a passage for its body.

One breeder, Mrs. Kathleen Williams, says there is no known cure, and the habit is similar to nail-biting in humans.

"I don't think modern life is making cats more nervous," she says, "because I encountered a case of whisker-biting more than ten years ago."

## Battling through the sticking tape

STAFF dealing with our Plan-a-Home Contest entries have done a sort of commando course in opening parcels.

Entrants have shown as much originality in wrapping and fastening their plans as in the plans themselves.

Sealing wax decorated not a few. Scores of good housewives enclosed their dream-home plans by neatly machine-stitching round the edges of covering folders.

Sheets of paper were held together with snap fasteners and safety pins, or stitched with embroidery cotton, as well as being held by the more conventional types of paper-fasteners or slide-on clips.

The palm goes to an entry from Darwin encased in surgical gauze and strapped with a couple of reels of inch-wide sticking-plaster.

Running this one close was an entry encased in copper wire, which was finally opened with the aid of pliers.

## RIVETS



# NOW... away-from-home relief for STOMACH TROUBLES

DE WITT'S introduce ANTACID TABLETS

... Companion-product to the well-known De Witt's Antacid Powder

**Away from home**—no matter where or when—here's the newest, handiest and easiest way to deal promptly with digestive upsets.

De Witt's chemists have now produced Antacid Tablets which are very pleasant to take WITHOUT WATER, dissolve smoothly on the tongue and leave a clean, fresh taste in the mouth. The effective dosage is 1-2 tablets for quickly checking indigestion, flatulence, heartburn and similar stomach disorders.

You can always carry a few De Witt's Antacid Tablets with you anywhere. They are in tear-off strips, each tablet Cell-sealed for freshness and protection. Handy for pocket or handbag. Price 1/6 a box—on sale everywhere NOW. Or try them first at our expense.

**The Family standby**—In thousands of homes a canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder is always kept handy.

Mother knows that just a spoonful of this reliable family medicine in a glass of water is usually all that's needed to correct everyday digestive disorders. It is well-termed "The Family Standby," because children, as well as adults, benefit from its soothing and settling effect on an upset stomach.

Besides its rapid action in neutralising excess acid in the stomach, De Witt's Antacid Powder has a prolonged effect. This is because it spreads a protective coating over the delicate stomach lining. Get a canister to-day, price 2/9. Giant size 5/6 (2) times the quantity of the 2/9 size).



For Home Use

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER & TABLETS

SEND FOR Free Sample of TABLETS

- ☐ EASILY CARRIED IN CELL-SEALED STRIP
- ☐ GIVE PROMPT RELIEF
- ☐ VERY PLEASANT TO TAKE
- ☐ NO WATER NEEDED

**CUT OUT & MAIL TODAY**

For FREE TRIAL SUPPLY of Tablets, fill in this coupon (BLOCK LETTERS please) and send together with self-addressed (unstamped) envelope to: Dept. A1, E. C. De WITT & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., ST. KILDA, MELBOURNE.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Local Supplier \_\_\_\_\_



A salad made with Imperial Flavour-Sealed Camp Pie makes a sustaining, nutritious meal that will satisfy everyone... and it's so easy to prepare! Made from the finest prime selected meats, Imperial Camp Pie is cooked to perfection, and it's flavour-sealed.

And what a budget-helper it is, too... no waste of any kind!

## Imperial CAMP PIE

Australia's favourite meat—  
it's FLAVOUR-SEALED!



### A new, distinctive TOMATO SAUCE

Add extra zest to meals—with Imperial Tomato Sauce. Made from ripe-red tomatoes, it's spiced to perfection... a sauce that is new, and different!

Here's  
the perfect

## PLUM PUDDING

for Christmas or ANY time!



Prepared to the traditional recipe by Imperial Master Chefs, this famous Plum Pudding is full of fruity goodness. It's a treat for Christmas, a delicious dessert at any time—all you have to do is heat the can... open and serve.

## Imperial PLUM PUDDING

The family's favourite dessert  
... it's FLAVOUR-SEALED

Make sure of the finest, flavour-sealed quality... always ask for "Imperial" Canned Foods—products of Australia's largest food processing organisation.



The best canned foods are branded Imperial.

WA7:12



JANET BLAIR, Eino Pinza (centre), and George Jessel were a gay trio when this picture was taken. Singer Pinza is currently in Hollywood to complete his first important screen role, has Lana Turner as co-star. He is an opera star who became famous for his part in the hit Broadway show "South Pacific."

## TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★★ Let's Dance

WHEN Fred Astaire and Betty Hutton obey the title of this Paramount musical comedy and get to the dancing, the audience is treated to some very pretty footwork that goes all the way from acrobatic dancing to the minuet.

Dance sequences act as a peg on which they drape several songs. These are of lesser quality.

Attempting to ensure success for "Let's Dance," the studio has given the film everything from lush technicolor trimmings to social register atmosphere.

The only missing device is a serviceable screenplay.

This one about the widowed show-business mother who is harassed by wealthy in-laws over the upbringing of her small son is too long-winded and complicated for this type of entertainment.

Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Roland Young, and other respected troupers give adequate account of themselves.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

### ★★ No Way Out

THIS controversial film from 20th Century-Fox deals with the problem of racial hatred, and sets out to show that prejudice is rooted in fear. The hard-hitting story is about a vicious petty-criminal (Richard Widmark) who unjustly accuses a colored doctor of taking his brother's life.

Driven by innate prejudice, he organises a gang attack on a negro section, using his brother's wife (Linda Darnell) as a dupe, but the attack is forestalled when the negroes get wind of the affair. Prompted by their own hatred of white folk, they prepare for and defeat the aggressors.

The tenseness and reality of action is due to gripping plot, to atmospheric background, and to excellent cast work.

The film does not offer a solution to the over-all problem, but it handles an aspect of it with integrity.

In Sydney—Regent.

### ★ The Perfect Woman

A POTENTIALLY funny situation is the mainspring of all action in the Two Cities comedy "The Perfect Woman."

A professor who has created a robot in the likeness of a woman hires an impoverished, aristocratic young man to accompany the machine in a public tryout.

Complications arise when Pene-

lope, the professor's bored niece, poses as the robot for the evening and becomes involved in a series of frivolous misadventures.

It goes without saying that before the fadeout true identities are established for Patricia Roc's Penelope and Nigel Patrick's aristocratic Roger.

The gag is good enough, but wears thin because slapstick needs careful timing and witty dialogue to be really potent.

Credit is due to a cast which also includes Stanley Holloway and Miles Malleon for exploiting the film's qualities and attempting to gloss over the shortcomings.

In Sydney—Embassy.

## News from the studios

By cable from

LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

JOE E. BROWN, recently returned from Australia, intends to make Hollywood his home for a long time to come. Over luncheon he remarked to friends, "I hope to stay put for a while."

"I have no plans right now except to do the role of Andy in 'Showboat,'" he added, with his usual big grin, he has quit "Harvey" for good. It cost him ten weeks' salary when he had to cut Australian appearances short to hurry back to Hollywood. He's now swamped with television offers.

### DANA ANDREWS and Farley

Granger were assigned the co-starring roles in Sam Goldwyn's "I want You," which rolls early next year. Based, according to Goldwyn, on the original idea of Sam Goldwyn, jun., the film story deals with United States military mobilisation in terms of the typical American family. Andrews and Granger both play the roles of World War II veterans who once again face the draft.

PRETTY June Allyson got the coveted role of a noted woman doctor in M.G.M.'s "Bowery to Bellevue." The story, by Emily Barringer, is the life of Miss Barringer's mother, who was the first woman doctor on the staff of New York's famed Bellevue Hospital. The film will be launched early next year, after the birth of June's baby.

### ON OTHER PAGES

Stars of "Kangaroo," Page 49  
"Convicted," Page 50  
Margaret O'Brien, Page 53



Stop fumbling with broken buttons... forget last minute panics with missing buttons—fit GRIPPERS, the New Snap Fasteners.

Small, neat, rustproof and quick, Grippers stand a lifetime of laundering and have a place on the clothes of the whole family.

HOME SEWERS! Put Grippers on the clothes you make. They're easy to apply, neat in appearance and outlast the material. Complete, simple instructions on every card of 12

## GRIPPERS



ALL LEADING  
DEPARTMENTAL STORES  
Wholesale (ALL STATES)  
LONSDALE DISTRIBUTORS

CARR FASTENER CO. OF AUSTRALIA LTD.  
ALBERTON - SOUTH AUSTRALIA 5170

## DO THIS FOR RHEUMATISM and NEURITIS PAINS

Don't waste a minute but send to this Chemist right now for ROMIND. This great medicine was recently developed by the world-famed King Control Laboratory of California to bring instant comfort and relief for the pains of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Sequalia, Bursitis and Lumbago. ROMIND usually works with great speed because it dissolves in the intestines so that the ingredients may be absorbed into the blood and carried quickly to every muscle and joint in the body. And as it fights pain ROMIND also helps relieve clear cut cases of Uric Acid which often makes muscles so sore and painful. Don't wait and let your pains make you sorry. Start taking ROMIND right now and see how quickly it puts you on the road to happier, more comfortable days and restful nights.

## BANISH WORMS

If symptoms such as grinding of the teeth, night sleep, itching of the nose and other parts, excessive thirst, expirations, appetite, fits, giddiness, or convulsions are apparent in your children, worms might be the cause. Adults also suffer from these parasites.

### COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS

For safe and sure treatment of Stomach and Throat Worms, use COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS. Being specially flavoured, children like them. Price 2/6 everywhere. W. H. Comstock Co. Ltd., 21 Lang St., Sydney.

## COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS

# That clear, smooth PEARS skin



## Babies have it

She's taken her first steps to beauty already — just look at that clear, smooth Pears skin! No ordinary soap is so mild... so kind to a baby-fine skin as gentle, pure Pears!



## Grandma has it

How they love to kiss Grandma's soft cheek — satin-smooth from a lifetime of Pears! For when Grandma was belle of the ball — as today — lovely women used nothing but Pears, the traditional soap.



## Brides have it

On that day of all days — the inward glow of a radiant heart, the outward glow of a clear, smooth skin — a skin kept *naturally* lovely by pure Pears soap.

## YOU can have it, too!

See how quickly your own skin responds to Pears delicate care! Hold a Pears tablet up to the light — it's so pure you can look right into its amber heart. Smell the mildness you cannot mistake... feel the silky awakening caress of the *gentlest* of soaps.

MRS. PETER MERRETT  
(nee Miss Valma Tait)  
of East Kew, Melbourne.  
Portrait by Nell Wilson



# Pears

### 100 GUINEAS FOR LOVELY PEARS BRIDES

Send details of your approaching marriage, enclosing a snapshot (which we will return) to "Pears Brides", Box 1590 G.P.O., Sydney. If you are selected as one of the ten Pears Brides of the Year, you will receive 10 guineas to help defray the cost of your wedding photographs.

From clear, pure Pears Soap... a clear smooth Pears skin

*I made a shrewd buy*



when I chose  
**POTTER'S**  
Anti-shrink shirts\*  
by Pelaco



They're made from  
Potter's Anti-shrink  
fabrics — that means  
their quality is 100%.  
They're made by Pelaco  
—which means they fit!

Note how the collar of  
a Potter's Anti-shrink  
shirt by Pelaco is made  
to really fit a man's neck  
—designed for comfort  
and day-long freshness.



No more tight cuffs or  
shrinking sleeves no  
matter how often they  
are washed. Potter's  
Anti-shrink shirts by  
Pelaco just can't shrink  
—they are guaranteed!

My wife appreciates  
Potter's Anti-shrink  
shirts by Pelaco, for  
they're just the easiest  
things to wash and iron  
that she has ever known.  
They always come up  
looking just like new.

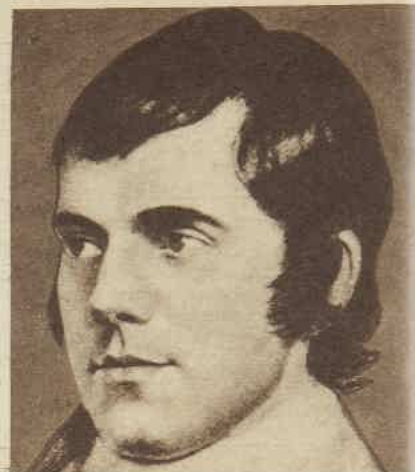


**POTTER'S**  
**ANTI-SHRINK**  
**SHIRTS**

STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING

## BURNS: Immortal Scots bard

• When Robert Burns' body was to be buried in St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries, fellow-volunteers of the local company to which he belonged paid him the honor of three volleys fired over his grave, while, at the cottage from which his coffin had been taken, his wife, "Bonnie Jean," gave birth to his last child, a son.



ROBERT BURNS was a great moralist in his poetry despite his wayward life. His songs link the Scottish race around the world.

THE baby did not stay long after him, but Burns needed none of his numerous children to perpetuate his memory.

While a single Scot remains alive the name of Robert Burns will be part of his consciousness.

The magic of Burns' songs has followed the British race around the world, and his pungent, homely wisdom is part of its common speech.

Robert Burns died on July 21, 1796, but it is only in our own day that a clear, human picture of him is emerging from the mists of hearsay and idolatrous legend.

The traditional view of him as an unlettered ploughboy, who burst suddenly into song, ruined innumerable women, and died of drink at an early age, thus nipping a glorious career in the bud, is mostly moonshine.

He was by no means unlettered. His affairs with women were remarkable mainly because he advertised them. He died not of drink but of heart disease, and his glorious career was over long before he died.

Robert Burns (or Burness) was born at Alloway, in Ayrshire, on January 25, 1759, in a two-roomed clay hut ("the auld clay biggin") built by his father's own hands.

Both his mother, Agnes Broun, and his father, William Burness, came of a long line of small farmers, and Burns was to be a tenant farmer for most of his life.

Thanks to his father, a thoughtful, intense man typifying all that is best in peasant stock, Robert and the younger children were unusually well educated for their station.

The Burns family seated at table with "parritch" spoons in one hand and books in the other is typical of half Robbie's early life.

His formal education was supplemented by the stories and songs of his mother and his mother's cousin, Betty Davidson, who lived with them.

Old Betty had, says Burns, "the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery."

But books and stories were for the evening. The daylight hours were filled with unending, back-breaking drudgery on the unyielding soil of his father's succession of ruinous farms. The family's diet was mainly oatmeal and vegetables. Meat was almost unknown.

Rheumatic fever had weakened Burns' heart to start with, and "the unceasing toil of a galley-slave" and poor food finished the job. All his adult life he suffered from head-

aches, palpitations, and melancholy moods.

Yet he was a tall, vital, fun-loving, and sturdy-seeming young man, with a pair of striking eyes, large, dark, and brilliant. Women found them irresistible; even men were dazzled by them.

Fifteen-year-old Nellie Kilpatrick was the first to find them so. She kindled in him the fires of love and poetry at harvest time under the August moon when he was scarcely sixteen.

However, it was some time before his susceptible heart landed him on the "cutty-stool" in the kirk to be publicly reproved by the elders, for he was shy with the lassies—at first.

Everyone liked him because he was so gay, such good company. You were sure of a laugh if Robbie was around, and his verses were in everyone's mouth.

The author might be wild and a nuisance, but he was worth watching. "Did ye hear the one about Willie Fisher? Man, it's a treat!"

Willie Fisher, the snooping elder of the Mauchline Kirk Session, who was later found dead in a ditch after

Elizabeth Paton, was duly absorbed into his accommodating household at Moss-giel.

Robert and his brother Gilbert had migrated to Moss-giel after farming for a while at Lochlea, mostly by "reading agricultural books and miscalculating the crops."

Then Burns met his "bonnie Jean" at a dance. Her sparkling eyes and pretty figure had the inevitable effect on him. "Holy Willie" was soon on the scent again, and by June 18, 1786, Jean Armour was writing to the Mauchline Kirk Session that she was sorry to trouble them, but was "obliged to acknowledge that I am with child, and that Robert Burns in Moss-giel is the father."

In a panic, Burns gave Jean some sort of paper either acknowledging a marriage, or promising one. Scottish law, a practical affair designed to accommodate young people of exuberant vitality, would have regarded this as binding.

But Jean's stern and respectable father, a master mason, would have none of Burns as a son-in-law. He tore up the paper and packed his daughter off to relatives.

Burns, thinking Jean had deserted him, flung himself off to betroth himself to Mary Campbell, a nurse-maid in the house of a friend.

It is most unlikely that this Highland Mary episode was any more spiritual than the general run of Burns' relationships with women.

Meanwhile, Jean was safely delivered — of twins. Burns announced the fact with mingled pride and coarseness in letters to his friends. The boy was deposited at Moss-giel; the girl was to die about a year later.

Soon after their birth, Highland Mary died at Greenock. Robbie, who had been intending to take a job as bookkeeper on a slave estate in Jamaica, cancelled his passage, made his peace with the Kirk, and was rewarded with his "single-man's" certificate.

Continued on page 28

## POETS in PRIVATE

a drinking bout, is the immortal hypocrite of "Holy Willie's Prayer."

Robbie was taken up socially in the towns around Mauchline. He became an enthusiastic Freemason and a leading spirit of the Tarbolton Bachelors' Club. He went to dancing classes—much to the displeasure of his father, who was full of apprehension for his brilliant boy.

In 1782 Robbie went to Irvine to learn the trade of a flax-dresser and got mixed up with sailors, smugglers, and freebooters.

These dubious companions introduced him to "bold John Barley-corn" and gave him a new, and far from timid, attitude to womankind.

Soon afterwards his father died, and he put these newly acquired ideas into practice. As a result, the infant daughter of his mother's dairymaid,

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS

# KELVINATOR

## ...satisfies the Summer Overture...

Summertime . . . and jaded adult appetites ask no more than tempting delicacies—nicely chilled, of course. But in the riotous camps of the unleashed young, Summer means a prodigal burning of energy in parties, beach days, picnics and all the other highly important holiday activities. Naturally, the fires of energy need fuel . . . hence the ceaseless overtures for ice-creams, snacks, cool drinks, fruits — any sort of comestible—while harassed parents wonder where each small carcass finds the stowage. Lucky the mother who owns Kelvinator! For Kelvinator, at short notice, makes a two- or three-days' ice-cream ration, even when demand is highest. It provides generous storage for the milk and other foods so vital to juvenile health—and it keeps them fresh and safe on hottest days; while the Kelvinator crispers hold the full vitamin content of fresh garden produce. Kelvinator solves practically every summer food problem—and does it dependably anywhere, and all the time!

Prove for yourself that Kelvinator is first in everything that means refrigeration satisfaction. Ask any of the Kelvinator distributors listed below for the Free "Check-up" Booklet, or write to Kelvinator Australia Limited in Adelaide, Melbourne or Sydney.



**ONLY KELVINATOR AND EVERY  
KELVINATOR IS EQUIPPED WITH  
THE MIGHTY POLARSPHERE**

The truly hermetically sealed unit, needs no oiling — no attention whatever — in providing for a lifetime, enough power and reserve power to keep five ordinary refrigerators cold!

**NEW SOUTH WALES.** City Retailers: FARMER & COMPANY LIMITED, Pitt Street. GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD., Broadway. ANTHONY HORDERN & SONS LTD., Pitt Street. E. F. WILKS & CO. LTD., 124 Castlereagh Street. Country Distributors: BENNETT & WOOD PTY. LTD., Cnr. Pitt and Bathurst Streets. **VICTORIA.** City Retailers: BRASH'S PTY. LTD., 106 Elizabeth Street. A. H. GIBSON (Electrical) PTY. LTD., 416 Bourke Street. MYER EMPORIUM LTD., 314 Bourke Street. VEALL'S, 307 Elizabeth Street, also at 243 Swanston Street, City, 299 Chapel Street, Prahran and 5 Riversdale Street, Camberwell. Country Distributors: KELVINATOR AUSTRALIA LIMITED, Williamstown Road, Port Melbourne. **QUEENSLAND.** City Retailers: G. J. GRICE LTD., 90-92 Queen Street. E. L. LEWIS & SONS PTY. LTD., 106 Edward Street. McWHIRTERS LTD., The Valley. Cairns: E. MARKHAM, 311 Shields Street. Country Distributors: WILLERS & CO. PTY. LTD., 36 Eagle Street, Brisbane. **SOUTH AUSTRALIA.** City Retailers: SAVERY'S LIMITED, 29 Rundle Street. JOHN MARTIN & CO. LTD., Rundle Street. Country Distributors: RADIO ELECTRIC WHOLESALERS LTD., James Pl. Adelaide. Broken Hill: BARRIER ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES LTD., Argent St. **WESTERN AUSTRALIA.** City Retailers: BOANS LTD., Wellington Street. FOY and GIBSON (W.A.) LTD., Hay Street and St. George's Terrace. NICHOLSONS LTD., Barrack Street. Country Distributors: WESTERN APPLIANCES LTD., C/- Nicholson's Ltd., Barrack Street, Perth. **TASMANIA.** Retailers: MAX GEEVES PTY. LTD., Davey Street, Hobart; Brisbane Street, Launceston.

# Important to Women

## LEADING SCIENTISTS FORMULATE A NEW TONIC FOR WOMEN ONLY

Modern science recognises that a tonic, to be fully beneficial to Woman, must be formulated with due regard to her special needs alone.

Potter's Fematone has been developed by scientists whose life work has been the study of the complexities of the female body. It is a modern tonic, entirely different, designed for women only.

### Twenty-eight Valuable Ingredients

All women can take Potter's Fematone with perfect safety. Nine in ten will greatly benefit from it. Potter's Fematone is rich in vitamins, in liver extract, in iron. It is ideal for run-down conditions, nervous disorders, anaemia, convalescence after operations.

Potter's Fematone will do you good—give you a new and happy outlook. Why not try it to-day?

POTTER'S

# fematone

THE MODERN TONIC FOR WOMEN OF ALL AGES

# 6/6

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS

DISTRIBUTORS: POTTER & BIRKS PTY. LTD., SYDNEY.



## "DRI-GLO" Naps . . . for Baby's Comfort

"Dri-Glo" are famous for their wonderfully luxurious bath towels. And now they are making the softest naps for baby. Only the finest super-quality cotton—beautifully bleached and one hundred per cent. hygienic—goes into these "Dri-Glo" baby naps. They are ready for instant use.

And they're so super-soft

and cushiony, so highly absorbent, they protect baby against all changes of climate.

Knowing how many times they have to be washed, we make our "Dri-Glo" naps in extra-strong double-warped yarn, with a special non-fray edge that won't go "raggy" with washing. That's why "Dri-Glo"

outlast any other naps for wear.

"Dri-Glo" also make special super-craft nursery towels for baby.

AVAILABLE AT STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

## ROBERT BURNS . . .

Continued from page 26

WITH the unexpected success of his book of poems, he went to Edinburgh, bent on forgetting Jean Armour.

He had become famous. A few days after his poems appeared on July 31, 1786, all Ayrshire was ringing with his name.

Literary Edinburgh lionised him for four or five months as the Ploughman-Poet. He enchanted the Duchess of Gordon and Lady Cockburn, was admired, toasted, and patronised.

After a fleeting and triumphant visit home, where the formerly irate James Armour fawned on him, Robbie swept back to Edinburgh, and complicated his life further by a fresh entanglement with a fluffy little grass widow, Mrs. Agnes McLehose, the Clarinda of his poems, heroine of "Ae Fond Kiss."

The second edition of the poems brought the author £400, and the world was his for the taking. Yet Burns turned his back on success, and, after two walking tours in Scotland and the North of England, returned to his own people for the rest of his life.

It is hard to say just why he did so. He was probably contemptuous of the fame represented by the salons. He may well have been smitten with remorse about Jean, who as a result of his visit home was to have another child.

In addition, Edinburgh society could not have been prepared to accept him permanently. He was utterly sincere and had no capacity for polite compromise. His satiric tongue was his worst enemy. As his friend Maria Riddell put it, "for every ten jokes he got a hundred enemies." His fear of being patronised made him brusque and hard.

Back at Mauchline, he turned over some of the proceeds of his book to get his brother on his feet, began negotiations for buying a farm at Ellisland, and to everyone's astonishment acknowledged Jean as his wife.

The Kirk officially forgave them, and Burns paid over his guinea to the poor in expiation of his offence. Before this happy solution of their difficulties, Jean was again delivered of twins. Both babies died.

Burns settled down in earnest to farming and domesticity, with a brief backward glance at the past in "To Mary in Heaven." His nostalgia did not prevent him writing gay love-songs to his wife, from fathering five more children in wedlock, and from gladdening the heart of Anna Park,

barmaid of the Globe Tavern at Dumfries.

Jean remained unruffled in the face of all his defections. Anna Park's daughter was given to her and suckled along with her own contemporary child.

"Robbie should hae had two wives," Jean observed laconically.

Although Burns could boast of his happiness, marriage seems to have put an end to his career as a poet except for minor verse and the glorious tale of "Tam o' Shanter."

His farming venture failed in due course. A move to Dumfries in 1791 as excise inspector (on £70 a year) accelerated his drinking and completed the ruin of his health.

Yet he continued to pour out song after song for Thomson's Collection, fitting to the traditional Scottish airs immortal words to bear them up. People who have never turned a page of Burns' poems have been singing them ever since.

The actual return to the poet was £5, plus a picture and a shawl for Jean.

In these last years, ostracised because of his (French) revolutionary enthusiasm, Burns became embittered and more dissipated. Prematurely old, he wrote sadly in April, 1796:

*I have only known existence by the pressure of sickness and counted time*

*"The sweetest hours that  
e'er I spent,  
Were spent among the  
losses, O!"*

—Robert Burns

endocarditis most of his life, and the doctors saw fit to treat this heart disease by sending him bolting about the countryside on a horse and bathing in the cold sea.

The legend that Burns "caught his death" by falling asleep in the snow after a drunken party may or may not be true. He would have died in any case.

He managed to get back from his "health resort" to Dumfries in time to write his last letter—to his father-in-law for help for his wife in her confinement.

"I'm feeling better; I'll be well soon," he said just before the end. Burns' courage alone would have redeemed his faults without his matchless verse.

• The most recent and best short account of Burns' life is "There was a Lad," by Hilton Brown. Longer biographies include those by Franklyn Bliss Snyder, Hans Hecht, and Alan Cunningham.

### Personality Quiz:

## ARE YOU IMPATIENT?

How patient, or impatient, are you? Answer these questions, then turn to page 36 for your rating.

- 1—Do you sit placidly when a waitress takes 20 minutes to bring your order of assorted sandwiches and a cup of tea?
- 2—At boring meetings do you fidget in your chair and look at the clock?
- 3—When reading that detective thriller, do you sneak a look at the ending when you're halfway through?
- 4 (a) Women—If you discover a small mistake in your knitting four inches back, do you carefully and laboriously correct it?  
(b) Men—You've undertaken to paint the house. Do you start with great enthusiasm and end up by paying the painter to finish the job?
- 5—Can you train animals to obey and still love you?
- 6—Is your temper easily aroused?
- 7 (a) If you drive a car do you honk the horn very often?  
(b) When on foot do you race across streets against the policeman's signal?
- 8—Do you think you would make a good school teacher if you had the academic qualifications for the post?
- 9—If told you may have to spend the afternoon with dear Aunt Flossie (aged 89) or young Billy (aged 2), do you try to get out of it?
- 10—Do you accept setbacks and disappointments with a remark like, "Oh well, in a hundred years we'll all be dead and it won't matter?"



Keep Fresher!

Feel Smoother!



KEEP FRESHER! First, Bathe. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over the body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool! Divinely cool.

FEEL SMOOTHER! Pamper the sensitive spots with extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Its silken sheet of protection insures you against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive luxury to use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum lavishly and often. Gives your person the fragrance men love.



REGULAR SIZE -- 2 1/2  
MEDIUM SIZE -- 1 1/8

## Cashmere Bouquet Talcum

with the fragrance men love

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS INCLUDE FACE POWDER, POWDER BASE, LIPSTICK, ROUGE, CAKE MAKE-UP & BEAUTY CREAMS

### Skin Sores?

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Bells, Red Knotches, Ringworm and Scabies. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

## Nixoderm

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

**A.M.**  
AUSTRALIA'S LEADING  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Fiction Sport Articles  
All the Newsagents  
and Bookstalls. 1/-  
FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

# Don't SPOIL THE PARTY

● Parties are always much more fun when everything goes smoothly. To be sure of this it is essential to know just how to behave so that neither your hostess nor fellow guests will have any cause for criticism. Many youngsters to-day try to get by on their charm and personality, but it is not enough. Good manners are indispensable.



**CALLING FOR** your girl has several pitfalls. One of them which traps many young fellows is sitting outside a house in the car and honking the horn—"Ain't ya comin' out?" sort of thing.



**DANCING WITH HOSTESS** reveals not only good manners, but thoughtfulness as well. Do this and you'll be invited again for sure.



**FLOWERS** (above) should not be pinned where they will be squashed while dancing.



**HEY, YOUNG MAN.** The curtains aren't meant to be tied even if it is hot (right).



"THANKS for the lovely party." Make sure that you thank the hostess herself.

Mr. R. Riddell is one of Australia's foremost Interior Decorators. His impeccable taste and artistic knowledge have enriched and beautified Australian homes great and small.



**"Wallpaper brings colour, warmth and beauty into your home"**

says **Mr. R. RIDDELL**, Distinguished Interior Decorator



**Famous overseas designers agree that . . .**

**WALLPAPER** makes cold and dingy rooms warm, friendly, light and colorful . . . so easy to live in.

**WALLPAPER** makes a luxurious background for furniture, blinds, carpets, rugs and floor coverings, to strike a rich and harmonious note of luxury.

**WALLPAPER** can be so rich in itself, it gives your rooms a furnished look. You need less furniture than with unpapered walls—and so save money.

**WALLPAPER** gives you luxurious color-effects you can get no other way.

Here Mr. Riddell illustrates the dramatic effect of first selecting a caladon wallpaper, then carpet, and damask drapes in harmony, accented with porcelain white.

**"I am using wallpaper more than ever" declares Mr. Riddell.**

"Wallpaper offers an almost unlimited change of scene" says Mr. Riddell. "Quite the newest effect in matched furnishings. Choose your wallpaper first, then drapes and carpeting to tone. The result is spacious, light and luxurious. In addition to this, wallpaper is so very modern, versatile and inexpensive to use. It can transform and rejuvenate the stateliest or simplest home."

**Beautiful Patterns by World-Famous Designers.**

With wallpaper you choose from hundreds of colorful modern designs, and see exciting effects being created right before your eyes. You can express your own good taste—and do it so very economically

— for wallpaper saves time and extra labour costs. So when you decorate or re-decorate think of wallpaper first. Ask your retailer to show you the latest pattern books.



**Be smart and modern . . . choose**

**Wallpaper**

Ask for these famous ENGLISH brands: "CROWN" (The Wallpaper Manufacturers Ltd.), SANDERSON, and SHAND KYDD.



**LOLITA THE SINGING GIPSY** is a character Australian Beryl Barry devised as part of a husband-and-wife musical act in U.S. television.



**MELBOURNE COUPLE** Charles and Beryl Barry and Bing Crosby watch character-actor Barry Fitzgerald act in a scene from the film "Top O' the Morning."

## Pianist, singer work way round the world

A pair of hands and a voice have taken Melbourne bandleader Charles White and his wife, Beryl, on a trip round the world.

The hands belong to Charles, hefty, genial, and as nimble-fingered a pianist as you could wish to find. Beryl is the voice.

**F**OR currency they have talent plus a 500-dollar bond.

So far it has got them more than comfortably through the U.S.—from Hollywood to New York—through England, Germany, Italy, Holland, France, Austria, Egypt, Greece, Tripolitania, and Malta.

In Malta they entertained Princess Elizabeth aboard H.M.S. Surprise, and later collided accidentally during the dancing on deck with the Princess and the Duke of Edinburgh.

In Hollywood last year the exotic "brunette" Beryl was astonished to find herself suddenly running favorite for the leading role opposite Bing Crosby in "Top O' the Morning." However, Ann Blyth was eventually given the part.

Not the least astonishing aspect of their success is that before they left Australia Beryl had scarcely graduated from the dilettante class of singer.

However, Beryl and her husband decided to work their way round the world as an entertainment act. They called themselves "The Barrys," using Beryl's maiden name.

At their first stop in California,

Paramount Pictures found Beryl at the microphone in a shimmering evening gown. At the time Paramount was looking for a new personality, and here was Beryl, sophisticated, vital, and obviously having the time of her life.

With all those dollars and the shiny new contract staring her in the face, Beryl Barry's insouciance deserted her.

"You know what happened?" asked Beryl. "My nerve gave way, and I babbled through my screen test like a schoolgirl."

"Ah, well, who cares?" she laughed. "Spilt milk and all that. We've landed on our feet everywhere, and it's been grand fun."

The Barrys had to turn down offers of engagements because as Australians in the U.S. they are limited to working for the people stipulated in their labor permit.

"If we had been able to accept every engagement offered to us outside that permit we could still be there," said Charles. "Two hundred and fifty dollars a week for an engagement was considered chicken-feed."

In Phoenix, Arizona, where they risked an engagement at a super-luxury hotel, they were fined 1000

From  
**BILL STRUTTON,**  
in London

dollars for not having a labor permit for the job.

The Barrys looked at each other and started laughing at the mention of Phoenix. That was where a handsome Southerner offered to trade Charles his blonde wife—and his 4000-dollar town-and-country convertible thrown in—for Beryl.

Beryl teased her husband. "First he took a look at the blonde. Then he went to inspect the car!"

When their labor permit ran out, the Barrys went to England, and landed with nothing but their 500-dollar bond.

"In America you can cash a bond like that across the counter of any bank," said Charles. "But the clerk in the bank here looked at it suspiciously, then looked at us and demanded to know where we got it. Cashing it, he said, was out of the question. What was more, they would have to keep it and, er, ser."

"So until we got our first English engagement, we borrowed."

One of their first jobs was with the Crazy Gang, of film and record fame, at the Victoria Palace.

The money was unexpectedly big, and put them on their feet.

"Months later the bank wrote asking were we aware we had left a 500-dollar bond lying in the bank and would we kindly collect it," Charles said.

Troop entertainment, cabaret engagements, concert parties, television, broadcasting, and the variety stage have financed the Barrys all over Europe and the Middle East.

They are now playing at the Windmill Theatre.

The Barrys come on between a bubble dance and the French caucan. Despite this highly seasoned competition, their rendering of "Dry Bones" is one of the hits of the show.

The Barrys have few superstitions, but they never discuss where they will go or what they will do next.

"The subject is completely taboo," said Beryl.

"I only know that I get a tremendous kick out of warbling into a microphone, and Charles has the time of his life at the piano. I suppose that's what has made audiences like us."

"But just think of it—we're getting paid for going round the world enjoying ourselves!"



A MARIGNY CREATION

## Hair Loveliness

True hair loveliness is quickly and easily acquired by

blending the magic beautifying properties of a Marigny

Hair Vitaliser treatment with that softest and most

natural of all permanent waves—the Marigny Cold Wave.

Remember, your hair deserves professional care and

Marigny hair beauty preparations, which by the way are

superb.

In this way, your hair will take on an exciting, eye-catching

beauty that will be admired by all.

Discerning women everywhere realise that the name Marigny

stands for the best that money can buy.

# MARIGNY

ASK FOR:

MARIGNY Hair Vitaliser,  
Price 2/10 per tube.

MARIGNY Foam Shampoo,  
Price 3/-.

MARIGNY Wave Set  
Lotion, Price 2/10.



PRODUCED BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS MARIGNY COLD WAVE, 177 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE, 39 PARK ST., SYDNEY, & ALL STATES.



**BERYL** sings a number in the B.B.C. television studio in the Alexandra Palace, London, while husband Charles accompanies her at the piano.

# New Zealand *Holiday*

## 7 HOURS BY AIR

A holiday in New Zealand has been brought within seven hours of Australia by a flying-boat service operating between Sydney, Auckland, and Wellington. New Zealand is crowded with tourist attractions: thermal springs, geysers, and baths, ski-runs, golf courses, and trout streams. On these pages are pictures of North Island beauty spots within a radius of 200 miles that may be seen in a week with comfort.



**WEAVING** of flaxen mats is an art still practised by the Maoris. These Maoris are weaving mats at Wakarewarewa, Rotorua, outside a decorated meeting house.



**CLOUDS** of thick vapor rise from the Dragon's Mouth at Wairakei, centre of hot lake district. Wairakei is on the Waikato River, famous for its fishing.



**LONGEST LAKE** in New Zealand, Lake Taupo, is fringed with boiling springs and pools of boiling mud. Lake has an area of 241 square miles, is 534 feet deep, 17 miles wide. Name means "resting place during the darkness."



**EXTINCT VOLCANO** Mount Egmont rises from the rich pasture lands of Taranaki province. Egmont is popular resort for mountaineers, skiers, trampers. Its peak dominates the scene for many miles. Area abounds in bird life.



**MAGNIFICENT SHEET OF WATER** of Wellington Harbor is the first close-up view of the capital of New Zealand that air travellers have as they fly in to land. Tasman Empire Airways Ltd. operate the Solent flying-boats that come from Australia and anchor in this harbor. City is on south coast of North Island.



**ARATIATIA RAPIDS** on the Waikato River (left) show a great white stream of foam half a mile wide. (Right): Lake Waikaremoana is stocked with trout, has many waterfalls along its shores which are used to generate electricity.

he's self supporting



with

**LUCAS**  
*Permolastic*  
WAISTBAND

The patented Permolastic Waistband never needs replacing, will not sag, is unaffected by washing and ends all fumbling with buttons or tapes. Exclusively in Lucas Veluede Men's Trunks the Permolastic Waistband guarantees firm comfortable fit and faultless wear. Write to us and we'll tell you the name of a store close by that stocks them. E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

GUARANTEED TO OUTLAST  
THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT

### ITCHY SCALP What is it?

Although commonly known as dandruff, those tiny white flakes which make your head itch so distressingly are "scurf", the result of the dandruff germ. Other contributing factors to scalp irritation are dryness, caused by exposure to sun and wind, and a tightening of the scalp, due to lack of natural hair oils.

#### How to Remedy it

Vigorously massage a few drops of **POTTER & MOORE'S BRILLIANT HAIR TONIC** into the scalp, night and morning. This unique tonic-dressing contains **CHOLESTEROL**, professionally known for its penetrating properties. It dislodges itchy scurf, dispels the dandruff germ, replaces natural oils, makes your hair look and feel at its best. Obtainable everywhere. Price 2/3 a bottle (economy size 3/11).

This is a Guaranteed Product: If not satisfied after following the prescribed treatment, money will be refunded.

P62

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. This table delicacy has a mineral spring and play rough jokes upon us. (5.)
5. Mother rodent was a leader in the French revolution. (5.)
6. Flourished yet the end of it was wrenched off. (7.)
10. Devotional exercise commemorating Incarnation at sound of bells. (7.)
11. President of a republic who was also a world-famous pianist. (10.)
13. A horse which may have a nest. (4.)
14. A muddled meal. (3.)
16. Large iron pot for the stew used on campaign. (4.)
17. Eye in a grating felt deep sorrow. (7.)
19. Suitable place for thieves or just for seclusion. (3.)
21. Scatter or flig. (3.)
22. I've used thousands by way of mouth and vicious. (7.)
24. Knock senseless a holy French one. (4.)
27. Only women can receive such money. (3.)
29. Behold the saint vanished. (4.)
30. A carp met us, we shook it and now is settled in our hand between the wrist and fingers. (10.)
32. Supple and in music softly and legally bound. (7.)
33. Split rod. (Anagram. 7.)
34. Occurrence of a smooth tea. (5.)
35. Hat that tells you from where the wind is blowing. (9.)

Solution to last week's crossword.

C	U	D	B	E	A	R	S	A	M	P	L	E	R
U	R	D	A	E	E								
P	R	I	V	A	T	E	T	A	L	K	I	N	G
O	N	M	R	O	E	S	I						
L	A	K	E	C	R	O	W	N	L	U	D	O	
A	E	A	A	N	D	P	R	N					
P	R	E	S	E	N	T	C	A	M	E	R	A	
S	T	D	R	N	L								
C	R	A	V	E	S	R	E	L	E	A	S	E	
O	R	R	L	V	E	T	U						
F	O	R	T	L	E	V	E	R	L	I	O	N	
F	I	M	S	R	O	P	I						
E	N	V	I	O	U	S							
R	A	R	A	N	O								
S	A	L	I	E	N	T							
P	A	L	A	D	I	N							

Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

2. Seemingly absurd statement gets a backhanded rap, a consequent difficulty, and an unknown factor. (7.)
3. Venerable a famous American rider. (6.)
4. A vestment worn in a relationship stand for indolent persons. (8.)
5. The "Wise Men." (4.)
6. Free concerning a contract about a real property. (7.)
7. Publisher's reader if he takes his third letter on his head, becomes an ancient Greek coin. (6.)
9. Fresh tea for a small tailed amphibian. (4.)
12. Keep though carries his age in the middle. (5.)
15. The beginning of nine down is recent. (3.)
18. Two eyes study intricate Greek dialect. (5.)
19. Small spot leading back to five hundred. (3.)
20. Anonymous if shaken is less mean. (8.)
21. A girl I have in an official letter. (7.)
22. Overcoat made to a Copt. (3, 4.)
24. Drinks greedily in ease and pass away. (6.)
27. Father's tea gone by. (4.)
28. Born in the country at vine mixed. (6.)
31. Making a wager to assist an offender. (4.)

## New Formula

Continued from page 22

DOTTIE sighed as she put down her coffee. "That doesn't matter," she said, "so long as I caught you."

I said, "I wish that darn hand would play again."

"They'll play, soon enough."

She was resting her arm on the table, watching me. I could have touched her hand if I wanted to. I wanted to. I said suddenly:

"Cigarette?"

"What did you bark?"

"I said cigarette?"

"No thanks, Peter."

"... The name's Mr. Bryant."

"I call you Peter for short."

I had my own cigarette and I tapped it on the table. I looked round the cafe.

"Aren't you going to smoke your cigarette?"

"Let's get out of here," I said.

We got up and went out. I said:

"Train or tram?"

"You mean you're going to take me home?"

"Yes, I want to see where you live."

The train was noisy and we didn't speak. From the station there was a short walk to the street where she lived.

"This is nice," Dottie said, "coming home with you."

"Everything's nice."

"You ever tried laughing?"

"I did once. How far down is your house?"

"Not far."

I said: "Why did you have to pick on me?"

"How do you mean?"

I said: "I don't know this part of the world at all. Looks a nice part."

"Everything's nice," Dottie said.

We walked on a little. She stopped and said: "This is our place."

We stood outside her place, outside the front gate. The night was dark and the first light was a chain away, but I could look down at Dottie and see her face. I wanted to take her and kiss her. It was my move and I had to decide quickly. I decided quickly.

"Good-night," I said. I turned and walked back along the street. I'd gone about ten yards when she called.

"Peter."

I stopped dead.

She said: "Wait, Peter." She walked after me, not hurrying. She got to me.

"Peter, I..."

"Good-night," I said. This time I couldn't move off.

"Peter, please, listen. I—I know I've been frightfully clumsy, but I—I've just been angling to get you so I could talk to you. That's all."

"... Well?"

"I—I came here from another town."

"I know."

"I came from the same place your Jenny went to."

"Go on."

"Listen, Peter. She came to our laboratory. She had a photo of you, on her desk, just like you've got hers. After a few days she took it down. She had to. She found herself a new chemist with curly hair. She sort of suggested, in an unsuitable kind of way, that I might like to break the news to you when I got here..."

"I haven't liked breaking the news to you," Dottie said.

I said, after a while: "Sorry I had you wrong."

Dottie said: "Why don't you light that cigarette you had before?"

"It's an idea." I got out a cigarette and lit it. "Good-night," I said.

I turned and started to walk. I waited for her to call out. She didn't. Not for a long time. Not until I'd taken about eight steps. That was a long time for Dottie to keep me waiting.

When I turned round she said: "You come back here this time. Come in and I'll make you real coffee and we'll drink it without noisy hands or other people about us or anything."

It was a short walk back to Dottie. "You've got yourself a chemist," I said.

(Copyright)

she's self supporting



with

**LUCAS**  
*Evalastic*  
WAISTBAND

The Evalastic permanent waistband never needs replacing, will not sag or stretch out of shape and is unaffected by washing. Exclusively in Lucas Veluede Panties, Scautes and Bloomers the Evalastic Waistband gives smooth comfortable fit and assures endless wear. Write to us and we'll tell you the name of a store close by that stocks them. E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

GUARANTEED TO OUTLAST  
THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT

## My favorite poem

Here is the favorite poem of Miss A. Cree, of Fremont Street, Concord West, N.S.W. Send us your favorite lines.

CUPID and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid;  
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;  
Loses them, too; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),  
With these, the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple of his chin;  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes,  
She won; and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love! has she done this to thee?  
What shall, alas! become of me?

CUPID AND CAMPASPE—by John Lyly

## Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Mixture  
That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:

"The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Oriex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."



created to keep you cool and elegant all through the day

## YARDLEY *English* LAVENDER

and 'the luxury soap of the world'

also perfumed with the famous Yardley Lavender: Bath Salts · Dusting Powder · Talc · and other toilet requisites

YARDLEY · LONDON NEW YORK PARIS TORONTO SYDNEY

they  
stay  
brighter  
longer...



## A Mission for Fenwick

Continued from page 5

THE two came and squatted on their heels; the six men crept in close, sitting up, half of their number facing inwards, the other half facing outwards. The stillness of the night could be felt.

"I have news," the Korean said simply. "The young lady is well. But she would not come with me. She fears this is a trap. I told her you were British. I explain, as best I could, how you are dressed. But she says 'That dress belongs to men of the sea. Sailors would not come looking for me.'"

Dawson groaned. "I never thought of that happening."

"It is only God who can foresee all things," said the Korean. "Otherwise, would we be fighting now? Anyway, I thought one of you might like to go down and talk to her, so I brought a guide." In the darkness his extended hand indicated the girl.

"She does not speak English, this girl. But she is reliable. She will take you to the place. It is possible for only one of you to go. It is very dangerous! The Communists have a big camp down there. Their fires and tents are everywhere. You must pass through that camp and then back again. There is no other way."

He paused as if to impress on his listeners the danger that lay ahead.

"I have brought you clothes that our women wear. It is the best disguise that I can think of. They do not mind our women walking in their camp. It will be dangerous. It will be very dangerous, for some of them may follow you thinking you are looking for them. I have brought the one who goes this . . . Starlight glittered dully on a knife blade. "It might be useful," he ended simply.

Fenwick was on his feet immediately. "I'll go!" he said.

"It's my duty to go," Dawson told him firmly.

"I volunteered," Fenwick grinned. "Anyway, if the bloke that goes collects his ticket, then I'm hanged if I want to be the one to lead these other matelots back to the ship and make a report to the old man. The skipper can think up some pretty awkward questions to fire at a bloke at the best of times."

Stripped to his underpants, Fenwick had divested himself of any nationality, even to his identity disc. He was even humorous about that. "Hang it on a lamp-post at the Cross next New Year's Eve," he told them. "If Pete lets me out for a stroll that night I'll come down and claim it."

The two Koreans swathed him in the costume. "Boy, oh boy, what a wop of a time I'd have on board in this," he laughed.

They shook his hand. No one spoke. He followed the girl into the darkness.

### PERSONALITY QUIZ

ANSWERS to Personality Quiz published on page 28:  
1, Yes; 2, No; 3, No; 4, (a), Yes; (b), No; 5, Yes; 6, No; 7, (a), No; (b), No; 8, Yes; 9, No; 10, Yes.

10-7. You're so patient and forbearing that others are likely to impose on you.

6-4. You're patient, not placid, and well able to stand up for your rights.

Under 4. Your impatience and restlessness tire you and your friends. Put your feet up and relax.

The path, when they found it, wound crookedly down the side of the hill, not steeply, angling away at a tangent as if to skirt the lake below. Presently the guide stopped. She turned on him and said something he could not understand. She became annoyed, repeating exasperatedly what she had said. Then of a sudden she bent down and slapped him across the shins. Next she walked a few steps as women of her race walked, then, as he walked with long strides, again she smacked his shins smartly.

Fenwick laughed softly. "Oh, I see! I get it. I've got to walk like you, not like a bloke in a hurry for a beer, eh?"

In a little while flickering flames from numerous scattered fires dotted the night ahead. They were everywhere. Not in ordered company, but scattered haphazardly all over the place, with many men around their warmth for the night air down here beside the lake was chilly.

The guide fell back beside Fenwick. They walked together straight through the camp. Men called in their guttural tongues. Laughter followed them. But no one came to intercept them. The hilt of the knife in Fenwick's hand was reassuring.

Beyond the fires the track lifted abruptly, twisting, winding upwards. On one side there was a cliff, on the other an empty void from which rose the damp smell of the lake.

The path rose and fell and at last, where it traversed the fringe of the lake, they came to a wide clearing in which snuggled a small village. In a few huts they passed, guttering candles lit up dimly the interiors. In all that he could see into were Koreans. Then they were in a hut where a number of old people sat on the floor in a circle round a flickering candle.

To these people the girl said something. They looked up sharply, staring in an astonished way at Fenwick. The expressions on their faces made him chuckle as he threw back the loose hood that had covered his head.

In the shadow beyond the candlelight a figure moved sharply, stepped forward. "What are you doing here?"

Fenwick peered across at her. She was not tall and she was slim. The candlelight, reaching up from the floor, showed that she was dressed in a plain white frock, a large black clasp at her throat, large black buttons down the front of the dress. Most of her face was in shadow. But the little he could see was nice, like her hair, dark; the weak light glinting on it here and there.

He was instantly tongue-tied. This was going to be far worse than facing the skipper. "The boss sent me along," he managed at last "to take you back with us."

"O . . . hi!" she said. Then the tenseness seemed to leave her. She sagged a little. "I thought, when the old man came this evening, it was only a trap to get me away from my friends. I imagined, by the way he described you, that you were sailors."

Fenwick chuckled. "We've got to go ashore sometimes," he told her. "Otherwise we'd be pretty shy fellows in company, wouldn't we?"

She laughed then, a relieved, choking little laugh. It ended Fenwick's shyness. She had what it takes, he reckoned. In a short while her Korean friends had dressed the girl in native garb. They farewelled her sadly, with much hand-shaking and nodding of their heads and looking at Fenwick. Then she and Fenwick went back along the path by the lake. There was no guide now. Just the two of them. Fenwick leading the way.

Please turn to page 37

## Pure, Safe Vaseline PETROLEUM JELLY



### Soothes burns and sunburn

There is only ONE "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly — the one pictured above. It is the scientifically refined and purified petroleum jelly — which never varies in odour, colour and purity. Be certain you get safe, pure "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Ask for it by its full name — it's available everywhere. Keep it in your home for 101 daily uses.

Available Everywhere

"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Can't. U.S.A.

## ANACIN STOPS COLDS FASTER



because it's  
like a  
doctor's  
prescription

Anacin is just like a doctor's prescription for headaches, toothaches, neuralgia, colds, influenza, periodical pains, sciatica, lumbago and muscular aches and pains.

Like a doctor's prescription, Anacin Tablets and Powders contain not one, but a combination of four medically proven active ingredients. These ingredients combine to bring faster, longer lasting relief — whilst doing away with any undesirable after-effects. Whichever you prefer, Anacin Tablets or Anacin Powders — both stop pain faster. Get Anacin today and notice the difference.

Whichever you prefer

ANACIN  
POWDERS

ANACIN  
TABLETS



STOP PAIN FASTER

## New Powder Makes FALSE TEETH Hold Tight All Day Long

Now you can wear false teeth more firmly and more comfortably than ever. A new, improved powder called FASTEETH sprinkled on your plates every morning gives more comfortable fit all day. False teeth will not annoy and bother you by dropping and slipping when you eat, talk or laugh. FASTEETH does not thin out or wash away. Try FASTEETH and enjoy better false teeth security and comfort. Get FASTEETH at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

# A Mission for Fenwick

Continued from page 36

WHEN the lights of the dying camp fires gleamed faintly ahead, Fenwick stopped, whispered close to her ear. "Listen, if any of these gals try to stop us I'll attend to them. You keep going straight ahead. You can't miss the path on the other side if you keep a straight course. When you get to the top of the hill, where the road is, you'll find my mates. Lieutenant Dawson is the man who'll look after you. He's a great feller. Quite clear now?"

She nodded her head. "Good! . . . Take this!" He held out the knife.

"I have one," she told him, "but I don't know if I will be able to use it."

Fenwick nearly laughed out loud with amusement. He'd never before in his life met a girl with the courage she was showing.

He was tempted to put his arm round her and squeeze her, just because she had the pluck to be courageous at a time when he had expected anything else of her. He chuckled. "It will make a mighty fine souvenir to hang on your bedroom wall when you get home, sister."

Most of the camp was in darkness as they hurried through, for it was well past midnight. They walked side by side. "Just keep looking ahead," Fenwick said from the corner of his mouth. "I've got my fingers crossed. That's the best thing I know."

"It helps," she confided, bringing a quick flow of warmth to his heart. He'd remember this girl for a long time in the future.

They skirted a squat tent where a half-dozen men lolled on the ground round the dying fire. Some of them looked up; one called out, raising a laugh among his companions.

"Just keep walking," Fenwick growled.

Two of the soldiers scrambled to their feet, calling loudly.

Their companions roared with laughter. The two came hurrying from the fire, loud calls following their departure.

"Walk faster and don't look back!" Fenwick said quietly, his ears straining for the sound of overtaking footsteps.

They found the path. The girl took the lead, hurrying on upwards, trembling a little, and suddenly she was aware that she was alone, the immense stealthiness of the night settling like an oppressive weight all around her so that she was frightened and stumbled repeatedly on the rough path.

The passing of the slow hours irked Lieutenant Dawson. He fidgeted a lot; continually moved his position where he lay on the hard ground, vaguely noting each time a man was awakened and crawled away to do his watch on the outermost fringe of the perimeter.

Dawson slept in brief snatches, waking at the slightest movement, wishing over and over for Fenwick's return to put an end to his fears for him.

Dawn was faint when a lone figure approached over the path.

Dawson stood up abruptly, startled, a little relieved. The figure stopped dead, a quick indrawn gasp that was purely feminine escaping her as Dawson rose so unexpectedly to confront her.

From out of the undergrowth stepped the sentry, his rifle at the ready. "Halt!"

"O . . . h!" said the figure almost collapsing. "I . . . I was told to find Lieutenant Dawson."

In a matter of moments she had told her story. She wasn't sure where she had lost contact with Fenwick. He had been there behind her when they entered the path. That was all she knew.

"We will give him till daylight," Dawson told the listening men soberly. "He should be along by then." He doubted that, even though he had to sound as if he meant it.

They waited till full daylight. The seamen silently sprawled on their backs or on their sides. The old Korean sat by himself, hunched down on his heels, eyes closed and chin on chest. He may have been asleep.

The girl, having divested herself of her native costume, sat with her back against a stunted bush, hands folded listlessly on her lap, her eyes, whenever they moved elsewhere, darting back to the path up which she had come at dawn.

But of them all Dawson was the most worried. Some time within the next hour or so he would have to give the order to march.

They had to be back at the beach for the rendezvous with the boat from the destroyer at 1000 hours. It would depend a lot on their luck on the road as to how long it would take them to get there. On the other hand, what of Fenwick?

Fenwick had volunteered for a dangerous mission, knowing the risks he would take. Knowing, too, that if he failed to return within a reasonable time then they must march off and leave him. Sorties like this ran to a timetable. They have to.

But Dawson was human. It seemed to him so callous to say, "Right, men, we'll move off!" It might be at the very moment that they had disappeared over the edge of the hill that Fenwick would arrive at the place where he had left them. And he might be wounded.

A long, slow-moving convoy of trucks went by on the road, headed south, heavily manned and bristling with armament.

The last big truck of this convoy had hardly passed by more than ten minutes when down from the north swept three Mustangs, the high drone of their engines growing powerfully to beat and dance in the sky.

They came down fast, three destructive, powerful, graceful birds diving on their prey, the wind of their passing roiling in the scrub, blinding Dawson and his companions with dust.

One by one, as they overtook the convoy, they dropped their rockets. Flame and dust and smoke rent the quiet morning!

"It was lucky for us they didn't arrive twenty minutes earlier," Dawson thought thankfully.

Apparently that was the end of the convoy. Climbing leisurely in a wide circle the planes came round on a reconnaissance, then headed south down the road.

The girl, her eyes following the disappearing specks, her hands at her throat, said slowly and distinctly: "How like a movie it all is."

And as if to prove how unrelated to the grim business of war all this was, up the path from the lake came Fenwick. There was drying blood on his scalp, a raw knife wound on his bare shoulder, and the native costume was nothing but torn rags dangling over the girdle at his waist. He grinned impishly. "Lieutenant Dawson and party I presume."

Of them all it was the girl who welcomed him the most. Her face had a light that was a conflicting range between disbelief, pleasure, and the need for tears.

Precisely to the hour the boat from the destroyer nosed in on the beach. In the darkness of the undergrowth Dawson spoke softly, "Ready, men? Let's go!" There was so much relief in his voice that it was a wonder he didn't go hopping and skipping down the beach.

Fenwick, springing to his feet, helped the girl to hers. Her fingers tightened round his so that he could not let go. He suddenly found he was quite happy holding her hand like that.

"Anyway, which one are you? Miss Grayson or Miss Bruce," he said. She laughed softly. "Esma Bruce."

Fenwick squeezed her fingers warmly. "I'm progressing famously. The next important question I will ask you, when you get to know me a bit better, of course, is your home address."

She laughed infectious, brushing her cheek for an instant against his shoulder. "I think I will tell you that now."

(Copyright)



Fastidious women are saying:

"The best deodorant I've ever used!"

Press the rubber cap for a jet of SNO-MIST Powder where you want it. Sprays on—stays on.

Here, as in England and America, women are finding Sno-Mist the ideal deodorant. Applied in 10 seconds direct from the "puffer-pack," Sno-Mist stops odour instantly—and gives day-long protection. Non-irritant to skin—harmless to clothes. Economical in use, too—hundreds of puffs in every pack. Be sure of personal freshness all day, every day—with

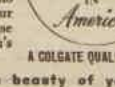
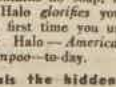
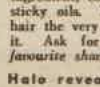
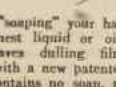
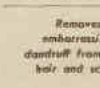


Price 3/9

**SNO-MIST**  
POWDER DEODORANT

SNO 3.16

"Soaping" dulls hair.  
Halo glorifies it!



128/150

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair! 3/6

## Beauty in brief: For cool comfort

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

● Here is a small collection of grooming and glamor ideas aimed at keeping a step ahead of the humidity of summer days we are now facing.

● **Change your hair-do.** A chic trick for summer is the feather-spray bob. The idea, as a leading hair stylist explains it, is carefree neatness. The hair is cut so that it measures about two inches at the nape of the neck and tapers upwards to about one-half inch at the crown.

Either natural wave or a permanent is essential to this style. A cold wave, with curls close to the roots of the hair, works out very well for this neat design.

● **Lighten your lipstick.** Try pretty pastel lips in deference to lighter clothes colors. One new shade may not be enough, though. You'll need pink to wear with blues and greens, and golden-coral to wear with reds, yellows, and the smart new brown tonings.

● **Reinstate your nailtips,** which are apt to grow more quickly

in summer. If you've been covering your entire nail with varnish, just for the sheer change of it reveal tips and moons once more. An orange stick will help keep tips stark clean, and pencil or nail white will accentuate whiteness.

● **Encourage coolness.** Colognes and talcums have a natural affinity for flimsy fabrics, especially crisp cottons. Take up light floral scents and put aside femme fatale perfumes temporarily.

To keep feeling cool and lighthearted, try putting skin tonics, lotions, and creams into the refrigerator.

● **A light diet** will keep you feeling cool. Anyone who can get enough salads and fruits to keep meals low in fatty foods will enjoy the twofold reward of feeling cool and having a vastly improved complexion.

# Fashion

## BEGINS WITH FABRIC

Here are the sparkling new 1950  
Spring-through-Summer prints in beautifully  
washable Anti-shrink fabrics by Potter's.  
Exciting designs, perfectly detailed,  
in fabrics no problem to sew . . . guaranteed  
to keep their good looks and freshness  
in spite of hard use, repeated laundering.  
Ask by name for Anti-shrink fabrics by Potter's  
. . . at your favourite department store.

### ANTI-SHRINK

### fabrics by

# POTTER'S

CANNOT SHRINK

CANNOT STRETCH • CANNOT FADE

EASY TO WASH • EASIER TO DRY

EASIEST TO IRON

*Stop thinking about shrinking*



## Interesting People



MRS. MARGARET COLLINS  
... helps travellers

**DIRECTOR** of enterprising Travel and Service Bureau in London, New Zealand war widow Margaret Collins is visiting Australia. Helps visitors to England with problems such as making industrial contacts, arranging social functions, shopping, and baby-sitting. Also arranges escorts for girls to visit night-clubs. Former professional dancer and photographer's model, she is widow of Flight-Lieutenant Basil Collins, D.F.C. Has published book of poems, "Verses for an Airman."



MR. PHIL DAVENPORT  
... sailing the world

**AIRLINES** pilot Phil Davenport left Sydney recently with his wife, brother Keith, and friend Don Brown to sail round the world in his 47ft. cutter *Waltzing Matilda*. Always loved the sea, and sailed in small boats on George's River as a child. Was five years in R.A.A.F., and later joined Qantas on overseas run. Recently married air hostess Rozetta Allison. They planned cruise as honeymoon. Their vessel crossed line first in 1949-50 Sydney-Hobart race. They intend to sail to U.K. via New Zealand, Chile, and Magellan Straits, and will visit West Indies.



MRS. FANNY SMITH  
... woman magistrate

**HONORARY** magistrate to the Juvenile Court in Adelaide, Mrs. Fanny Smith, J.P., of Adelaide, is one of the few women in Australia to hold such a position. Appointed eight years ago, she says only 10 per cent. of delinquents brought before her are girls. Delinquency is decreasing, she finds. Is member of National Council of Women and Justices' Association. Has three daughters. Her son, a doctor, was killed with the R.A.A.F. in New Guinea. Finds time to look after her house and knit for four grandchildren.

## Legal Bride

Continued from page 7

**A**BIGAIL went into the kitchen. The cook, a blowzy woman in a soiled white dress, was leaning against the sink smoking a cigarette and talking idly to Nacio. "I'm the new Mrs. Castle," Abigail said. "Beat it, Nacio." Nacio hurried through a swinging door. The cook's eyebrows lifted. "I'm Mrs. Forbes," she said. "You've probably guessed what I do here."

"Yes, I have," Abigail said, "and judging by my breakfast, I was wondering if you couldn't do it a little better."

"Something the matter with it, Mrs. Castle? Mr. Castle has always been pleased with my work."

"Where do you do your trading?"

"The El Dorado Market."

A small metal box on the wall buzzed loudly, and a metal numeral flipped up.

"That's the boss," Mrs. Forbes said. "I got to fix his breakfast."

Abigail went into the library, found a telephone book, dialled the El Dorado Market and requested the manager. He came on incredulous at the discovery of a Mrs. Ben Castle.

"In addition to being Mrs. Ben Castle," Abigail said, "I am in a bad humor and an attorney at law. I want the amount of last month's bill, a cross-section of the items ordered, and no nonsense."

"A lawyer, did you say?" the manager asked. "Do you practise in California, Mrs. Castle?"

"That I do," Abigail replied.

"Hold the phone," the manager said. "I'll get the stuff from the book-keeper."

For slightly over a month's purchases the El Dorado Market's charges were in excess of six hundred dollars. There were staple and fancy groceries and a good deal of liquor, and such delicacies as smoked turkey and pate de foie gras.

"Everybody here should be much fatter than they are," Abigail commented. "Give me a sample of your individual prices, will you?"

The manager complied sadly.

Abigail said, "What are your packages wrapped in—gold foil? I presume your clerks wear masks and carry blackjacks. Incidentally, I want to warn you that anything you say during this interview may be used later in evidence against you."

"Oh, my goodness!" the manager said.

"Evidence has come into my possession," Abigail went on, "which tends to substantiate a charge that you are paying Mr. Castle's cook a rake-off."

"Mrs. Castle," the manager said, "I implore you not to get upset. I—I scarcely know how to talk to you, such is your attitude. We don't have any other customers who are married to members of the bar."

"I am not upset," Abigail said, "but you had better tell me everything. You'll feel better afterward, believe me."

"I admit," the manager said, "that it is customary with us to give generous purchasers a small percentage. The arrangement is not unusual and your cook may be making a dollar here and there. I'm positive it's not enough to be a matter of concern to a person of your means, Mrs. Castle."

"It's a matter of great concern to me," Abigail told him. "I suggest you go carefully through your bills for the time Mr. Castle has been trading with you and see what you can do, since I hate to get involved in the bother and expense of engaging a certified public accountant."

"I'll do that immediately, Mrs. Castle," the manager said.

Abigail replaced the telephone in its cradle. It rang at once and she picked it up. "Hello."

"Hello, yourself," a man said. "Is this Mrs. Harmony or Mrs. Forbes?"

"This is Mrs. Ben Castle," Abigail said, "in person."

"Ah," the man said. "Now we're getting somewhere. My name is Jake Harris, and I'm head of the publicity department for Apex Allied Studios. That's where your old man works, in case he hasn't told you."

"Delighted to talk to you, Mr. Harris," Abigail said.

"Call me Jake," Jake said. "The pleasure is all mine. Listen, you've already answered my question—the cowboy's married. A dame with the unlikely monicker of Mrs. Joe Baywater has planted a story in the Las Vegas newspapers about your nuptials. We're being queried by the wire services and the local Press, and I'm holding everybody off until I can get my own pictures. Could I come over right away?"

"Yes, you could, Jake," Abigail said. "Come any time. We'll open a keg of nails."

"Immediately," Jake said.

Abigail hung up. She walked back to the kitchen. Mrs. Forbes was engaged in twirling champagne into a small silver ice bucket.

"This is for his nibs' breakfast," she explained.

"He'll have to make out with water to-day," Abigail said. "I'm discontinuing the serving of champagne here."

"Mrs. Castle," the cook answered, "I've been with the cowboy."

"You've been with Mr. Castle," Abigail said.

"I've been with Mr. Castle," Mrs. Forbes said, "ever since he came home from the war. You're new here, and I ain't; maybe you'd better keep that in mind."

"But I'm staying here," Abigail said, "and you are not. You're fired, Mrs. Forbes. Pack your things and leave at once."

The cook stared at her, a stupid half-smile on her reddening face.

"Don't look at me in that manner," Abigail said softly, "or I'll throw you out."

**M**R. FORBES went into the kitchen, tore off her apron, and bolted for the front of the house. In a few minutes, Abigail followed her, moving slowly through the hall and up the stairs.

The master suite was open, and the cook was bent over the master, who lay at full length in his bed and glared stonily at the ceiling. At sight of Abigail, he sat up suddenly. "Abby," he said severely, "I am in no mood for idle conversation. Mrs. Forbes informs me that you have had an unfriendly attitude from breakfast on."

"I have discovered," Abigail said, "that your cook had grossly over-ordered at the El Dorado Market, received a rake-off from that firm, and undoubtedly disposed of your excess goods at a profit to herself. The manager of the market has already confessed this complicity to me. If she doesn't leave at once, I shall let the police eject her."

"Well, hoddya like them apples!" said Mrs. Forbes.

"Why am I singled out to suffer like this?" Ben said. "Abigail, I realise you are a lawyer—"

"A lawyer?" Mrs. Forbes said, and whitened perceptibly.

"Mrs. Forbes is fired," Abigail said. "She will receive her pay in full up until this morning from your business manager in due time."

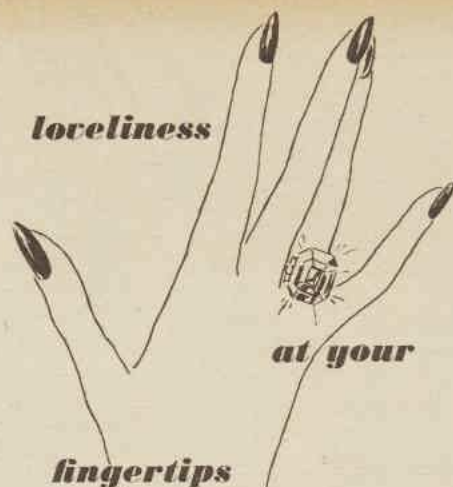
"She don't look like a lawyer to me," Mrs. Forbes said. "Mr. Castle, are you going to stand for this?"

"Certainly not," Ben retorted.

"Mrs. Forbes," Abigail said, "how soon you leave this room and this house will determine to a great extent whether or not I will go to the city prosecutor and ask that a criminal complaint be issued against you. If you have any sense you'll run, not walk, to the nearest exit."

Please turn to page 42

## loveliness



Peggy Sage offers you

20 BEWITCHING COLORS

The smooth spreading magic of Peggy Sage polish lends jewel-like lustre to your nails—a lustre that lasts. And this proud aristocrat of polishes comes in a dazzling array of subtly lovely colors—one to match your every mood and costume.



PEGGY SAGE—LOVELIEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY

For complete hand loveliness

Peggy Sage Hand Massage Cream  
Hand Smoother & Softener Cream  
Gardenia Liquid Hand Cream  
Hand Lotion Bouquet  
Polish Remover Cuticle Remover  
Manicure Oil Satinbase



2519

ANY SPORT

CROWDS! CHEERS!  
BARRACKING!  
EXCITEMENT!  
KEEP REFRESHED  
WITH JUICY FRUIT

Chewing delicious Juicy Fruit keeps your mouth cool, moistens your throat, quickly refreshes you.



AZ

For full fitness...

"What am I supposed to be doing? Why, getting two of the three ingredients for health and happiness—fresh air and correct exercise. The third...? I had that at breakfast—so had George my husband and the children—so I hope did you. We had our protein, vitamins and minerals all at once... Complicated? not at all—we take Bemax at breakfast just as many of the world's finest athletes do."



Take  
**BEMAX**  
many of the world's  
finest athletes do.

From Chemists & Stores  
Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., 26-28, Chalmers Street, Sydney.

# The Organdie Story



● Champagne-colored organdie is used for this strapless dress (above). Simply cut, it has a plain fitted top, very full flaring double skirt, and the tiniest matching bolero jacket, which is little more than two sleeves and small upstanding collar. Two silk Talisman roses are pinned at waist.

● This enchanting short party dress in Rehner Swiss embroidered organdie (above) has a full skirt, a plain, strapless bra-top, and removable balloon sleeves. A wide midriff swathe of hyacinth faille is caught at one side with a cluster of mauve and cyclamen hyacinths and violets.

● From New York comes this simple, cool, and pretty little dress for informal wear in high summer (top centre). Made of delicate lilac voile with a white hailspot, it has a deep yoke and matching hemline border of crisp, white organdie. It is joined with organdie looping.

● Black organdie is news in black sheers, romantic and flattering. This bare-top dress has a full skirt with insets of black muslin broderie anglaise. A band of the broderie anglaise makes the halter, tied in a bow at the back of the neck. A lovely dress for coming holiday festivities.

★ This season voiles, muslins, and organdies have made a wonderful comeback. And how welcome and wholly suitable for hot summer nights are these sheer, cool, and flattering fabrics. They lend themselves to gay, romantic dresses which will be specially right for gala Christmas holiday parties.

● Pink organdie is used for a summer dance dress (top centre). The brief top, held by a narrow halter strap, is outlined with matching hand-made organdie roses—light as thistle-down. The skirt, widely flared, is made up of three layers.

● Sleek black jersey makes an off-shoulder top, fitted like a skin. Flowing out beneath it is a voluminous yellow organdie double-layered skirt (left). The top layer is cut a tier shorter than the one underneath it.

● The perfect house dress for informal summer parties at home (above). Made of white voile dotted with red hailspots, it is cut with a bloused top. Red velvet ribbon with long trailing ends circles the waist.

● A lovely formal gown allies fairly coarse cotton lace and voile (right). Lace makes the brief fitted off-shoulder top—the skirt is voile, banded with lace. Floor-length, loosely flowing coat is emerald tulle.

G.P.O., ADELAIDE, S.A.

On November 1st, 1867, H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh laid the foundation-stone of the Adelaide G.P.O., the building being completed and opened for business on May 6, 1872.

The height of the tower containing the G.P.O. clock is 149 ft., diameter of the clock face being 7 ft. 6 in.



**TIME FOR A CAPSTAN**

THE EMPIRE'S FAVOURED CIGARETTE

7910-750

## Legal Bride

Continued from page 39

THE cook plodded out, shaking her head disgustedly. Abigail lit a cigarette and inhaled reflectively. Ben eyed her mournfully. "I'm going to kill myself," he said. "Then you'll be sorry."

"A Jake Harris telephoned," Abigail said. "The news of our marriage was in the Las Vegas paper, and he wants to take pictures and do a story for the people here. I expect him soon, so you'd better clean up and come down to breakfast immediately."

"I'll never rise from this bed again," Ben said. "I'm going on a hunger strike. I won't be in any picture with you, and don't make the mistake of ever asking for my autograph."

"Isn't it strange?" Abigail said. "You don't amuse me any more."

She left, closing the door behind her, and went downstairs. She called for Nacio, who dolefully materialised with a hunted look in his red eyes, and led Abigail to the game room. He said the house's entire liquor supply was on the shelves behind a bar that graced one end.

It was quite a lot of liquor. She found a large cabinet with a lock next to the ice-box, located a key, fastened it to the ring that held her automobile keys, and instructed Nacio to help her stow the refreshments.

"Leave out a bottle of dry sherry," she said. "That will serve to supply our needs for the next week or two."

"Oh?" Nacio said. "Yes, Miss Castle."

She was almost through when she heard a rapping on the bar and straightened up. It was Ben, freshly shaven, his hair combed, and clad in sweat shirt, shorts, and battered slippers. He regarded her sombrely.

"A golden fizz, please," he said. "Two eggs."

"Nacio, set the table for Mr. Castle on the terrace," Abigail said. "Have Mrs. Harmony give him two eggs, bacon, toast, marmalade, coffee, and a tall glass of ice water. Hop on it, Nacio."

Ben leaned on the bar and watched silently as Abigail completed her task and locked the door.

"You forgot a bottle of sherry, A.J.," Ben said.

"I left it out purposely," Abigail explained. "We'll have a glass every night before dinner. Now shall we go out on the terrace?"

Ben had just finished breakfast when Nacio announced, "Gentlemen here from studio."

"Tell them to go away," Ben said.

"Bring them here," Abigail said.

"Yes, Miss Castle," Nacio replied, without hesitation.

Upon the terrace came a group of three men attired in checked sport coats, slacks, and intricate suede shoes with crepe soles. The group was led by a small solid man with humorous eyes and an incipient bald spot.

"Enter Jake Harris, attended," Jake Harris said. "Good morning, dear cowboy."

"It's just been spoiled by you, Jake," Ben said.

"Is that a glass of water I see your faithful old retainer removing?" Jake said. "What hath Mrs. Ben Castle wrought?"

He turned and took both of Abigail's hands.

"And this is the lovely, unblushing bride, of course—our charming hostess. May I present my associates, Mrs. Castle? This is Mr. Herb Gregg, one of my assistants in the great enterprise of disseminating false information to the public."

Gregg, a handsome, curly haired young man, smiled helpfully.

"The man loaded down with boxes and cameras," Jake added, "is Mr. Dinty Moore, a well-known hocus-pocus type."

"What's new, darling?" Dinty Moore asked, without changing his expression, which was one of perpetual despondency.

"I'm going back to bed," Ben said, and got up.

"Ben, dear," Abigail said, and caused her voice to be sweet and soothing. "Please don't go. I'm much too confused and embarrassed to handle these gentlemen alone."

"You'll make out, darling," Ben said.

"Ben!" Abigail said.

Ben stopped with one foot in the air, put it down, wheeled and returned. The onlookers watched interestedly.

"Such a delightful couple," Jake declared. "Love marches on. What'll we do with them first?"

"Leave us shoot on the front lawn first," Dinty Moore said, in accents of unmitigated depression. "Put the equestrian in clothes. Let's go."

"How about Mrs. C.?" Gregg said.

"Darling," Dinty Moore said, "have you got a nice frilly dress or a sun-suit?"

"No, my wardrobe consists mostly of suits," Abigail told him.

"The clothes she's got on are okay for her," Jake said. "She should look kind of neat—she's a lawyer."

"Oh?" Dinty Moore said, and allowed his despondency to be permeated by incredulity.

"Run along, please, Ben," Gregg said. "Better put on a working outfit."

"No," Ben replied.

"Ben—" Abigail said.

"Oh, very well," Ben said, and started off briskly.

Jake and Gregg eyed each other gravely, with widened eyelids.

They walked to the lawn in front and stood waiting for Ben, who presently appeared in a tall white cowboy hat, whipcord pants, a checkered shirt and silk muffler, and short Texas boots.

ABIGAIL gave a start. "This is ridiculous," she said. "Ben isn't bound for a masquerade, is he?"

"You don't understand," Jake said. "He's a cowboy, and they are supposed to dress that way in public. You wouldn't want him out of character, would you? It's silly, but it makes money for Allied-Apex, and it's a living for Billy the Kid, here."

"I always said he ought to have a ranch," Gregg said. "The rest of the cowboys do. Mr. Birgin was saying the other day—"

"Don't give me that Mr. Birgin stuff," Ben said. "I hate horses and cattle, and I will never have a ranch. That's official, brother."

"Not unless Mrs. Castle wants one, huh?" Jake said.

"Why—uh—yes," Ben said. He glanced humbly at Abigail. "You don't want a ranch, do you, dear?"

"Not right away," Abigail said.

"Who is the Mr. Birgin you mentioned?"

"Let us all remove our hats, gentlemen," Jake said. "We will now face toward the San Fernando Valley and drop to our knees. The Mr. Birgin referred to is Mr. Otto Francis Birgin, president of Allied-Apex Studios. He is the Genghis Khan of the B pictures, the Cagliostro of serials, the overlord of quickies, and the grand high lama of Westerns. In addition, he is your husband's boss."

"I must see him one day," Abigail said.

"You will be dazzled by his radiance," Jake said.

"Could we lay off the tea-party," Dinty Moore asked, "and spoil a little film? Let's get them arm in arm and take the usual shot of them walking toward the camera."

Please turn to page 55

Did you  
**PROTEX**  
yourself this  
morning?



I ENJOY THE  
CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG



PROTEX IS  
MY CHOICE AS  
A DEODORANT  
COMPLEXION SOAP



BOY-PROTEX MAKES  
YOU FEEL GOOD

Stay as fresh as a breeze with Protex, the deodorant Complexion Soap with the clean bushland fragrance. Protex is medicated to guard against offending, and infection.



PKT/140

5°

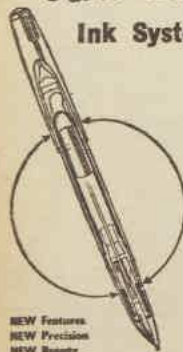
It's New!

the new

Parker "51"

the only pen with the

Aero-metric  
Ink System



NEW Features.  
NEW Precision  
NEW Beauty

THE MOST PERFECT PEN in the world has for long been the Parker "51." Now comes the new Parker "51", with the great new Aero-metric Ink System... a wholly new, scientific method of drawing in, storing and releasing ink, to give the most satisfactory pen performance ever known.

- NEW FOTO-FILL FILLER
- NEW PU-Glass RESERVOIR
- NEW INK-FLOW GOVERNOR
- NEW VISIBLE INK SUPPLY

and 4 other great advances

-world's most wanted pen

Distributors for Australia: BROWN & DUREAU LTD., Melbourne-Sydney-Brisbane-Adelaide-Perth

PA02



Always look for the name

**MORLEY**

on Underwear



**MORLEY "KANTSHRINK"**  
(Reg'd)

woollens maintain a natural, even body temperature. They're warm, but light and soft, so your body can breathe, safe alike from cold and overheating.



**MORLEY "VELNIT"**  
(Reg'd)

interlock cotton is luxuriously soft and smooth against your skin. Its unusual elasticity ensures a snug fit — and it stands up to plenty of wear and washing.

H.S.P.C.

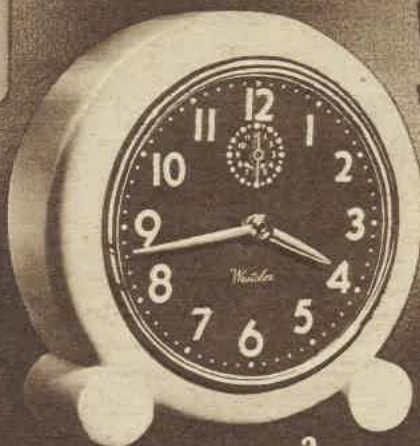


CHOOSE WESTCLOX

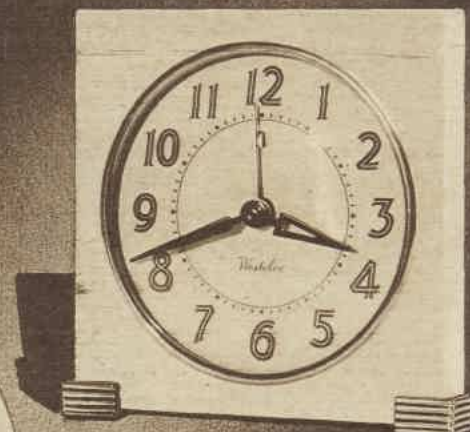
*The Name You Know*



1



2



3

QUALITY &

RELIABILITY

You buy a certainty of years of dependable service when you buy a Westclox alarm. Since 1885 Westclox has been the most respected name in clocks. The *Bell Bird* alarm illustrated is a product of Australian craftsmen at the modern plant of Westclox (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

1. Westclox *Robin* Alarm. In smart ivory or green plastic, 30/-. Luminous dial, 39/6. Westclox *Lark*, in the same square shape in black metal, at 28/6. Luminous dial, 36/6.

2. Westclox *Bell Bird* Alarm. In sparkling ivory plastic case with brown face, 34/6. With luminous dial, 44/3.

3. Westclox *Logan* Electric Alarm. With sweep second hand, bell alarm, latest synchronous electric motor, and rubber mounted movement. Should the electric power supply fail at any time a red signal automatically appears on the dial to warn you that the time needs adjusting. Ivory and cream, £4/15/-.



AUSTRALIAN DISTRIBUTORS: BROWN & DUREAU LIMITED, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH

# TEENA *by Linda Terry*



**ARIES** (March 21 to April 20): You should have opportunities this week to mould your future on a much firmer and more solid basis than formerly. Concentrate on November 23 to 27 for the best results.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): A good week to solidify your income, assets, and financial affairs generally. Make the most of all opportunities. Fortune favors you for the next few days.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Marriage, personal, and business relationships could result in mutual gain this week, with progressive aspects between November 23 and 27. Adverse for business and finance on November 22.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Your work and business interests promise some recognition this week, with the possibility of some new opening or business deals. Many employed may receive an increase in salary.

**LEO** (July 24 to August 23): This week should bring many happy and

## As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

satisfying days, although you may encounter some obstacles on November 22 if you let impulse or over-enthusiasm mislead you. Progressive from Thursday.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Some gain and advantages in home affairs are pending this week. Thursday and next Monday for luck concerning property, housing, removals, travel, or relatives' affairs.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 23): November 23 starts a good week to entertain and extend your social circle, strengthen your close contacts, and visit relatives, although November 22 is an adverse day for financial affairs.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 22): Use care in personal affairs on Wednesday, but go ahead with all financial plans from November 23. You start a lucky cycle to do with monetary affairs.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): November 23 to 27 are excellent days for renewed energy and drive, although November 22 needs a little care. You are likely to over-estimate or be deceived during this day.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): Use this week for all matters needing perseverance and sustained effort. However, don't exert your personality too strongly, you gain more by moving quietly and unseen.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): A rather progressive five days from November 23, especially for friendships, love ties, and important contacts. A good week also for your hopes and wishes.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 20): This week starts a cycle of new plans and ambitions, with November 23 and 27 your outstanding days. Career and business affairs should speed ahead if you grasp opportunity wisely.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 188-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November, 25, 1950

Romantic New Fragrance!

## Helena Rubinstein's White Magnolia



Here is the exciting fragrance you have been longing for. **WHITE MAGNOLIA**... delicate as the lovely magnolia itself... nostalgic as a dream. Be the first to wear this new creation by Helena Rubinstein.

### SKIN PERFUME.

A romantic witchery made from precious flower essences to set hearts beating faster. 12/- **PERFUME CONCENTRATE.** 11/6.

### BODY SACHET.

Like a shower of magnolia petals, it gives your skin a delicate lingering fragrance. 11/6.

ask to see the lovely Xmas Gift Pack available at no extra cost

Available from leading stores and chemists throughout Australia, or

Helena Rubinstein Salon  
Maria Vadas Pty. Ltd.  
82 Castlereagh Street, Sydney—Phone MA6831

P. 12.2



it must be a **Polo** HANDKERCHIEF

THE CLASSIC **POLO** HANDKERCHIEF

Each handkerchief hygienically pressed in Cellophane. Ladies' Polo Handkerchiefs also available.

GUARANTEED FAST COLOURS • OBTAINABLE ALL LEADING STORES

Don't let these eyes . . .



become these . . .



For office workers in particular, nervous health depends on the care of the eyes. Rest them adequately. Seek professional advice as soon as you suspect serious trouble. Use Optrex to keep your eyes clean and fresh — and especially if you notice signs of styes, Conjunctivitis, Blepharitis, inflammation — or just plain tiredness after a hard day.

**Optrex**  
the EYE LOTION

D. 14.6

# 3 PHILIPS Suggestions for a Happier Christmas

THIS YEAR...NEXT YEAR...AND FOR YEARS TO COME

## PHILIPS Portable

Philips Portable is easily Australia's favourite outdoor radio. And no wonder! Inside that sleek aluminium cabinet, with its rich burgundy ends and carrying handle, are five special valves, an outside speaker and a smooth-acting volume control circuit that combine to give superb tonal quality and amazing distance-grating ability. Eye-lid dial shutter acts as the on-off switch. Controls are recessed and designed for easy finger-tip adjustment.



## PHILIPS Challenger

It's the new Philips mantel, an amazing little set with four sensational new valves that perform eight distinct valve functions. Philips are so confident of the outstanding qualities of the "Challenger" that they offer a friendly challenge to anyone to compare this radio—for appearance, for performance, for value-for-money—with any other four valve radio available to-day. Colours: Mahogany, Walnut, Ivory, Blue, Green.



## PHILIPS PHILISHAVE

And, of course, the ideal personal Christmas gift for the man in your life is a Philishave electric shaver. Make him a modern... no more shaving with time-wasting soap, blades and brush... he'll be able to have a close, smooth shave in 3 minutes anywhere, any time... at home, in bed, at the office! The secret of Philishave's amazing speed and efficiency is its foliaded, 2,000 r.p.m. rotary cutting-head. The cost, complete with leather tipped case, is only £7/5/6.



THROUGHOUT THE WORLD THIS SYMBOL GUIDES THE CHOICE OF MILLIONS



Decorate your Christmas tree with PHILIPS multi-coloured electric Christmas tree candles.

Here are really thrilling gifts...worth-while gifts...gifts which will give years and years of happiness to that "certain someone" you have in mind. The very best radios that a modest sum can buy...or the world's most modern electric shaver...made by PHILIPS! The very fact that you deliberately choose a Philips product is in itself a compliment to your friends...because everyone knows that when you buy PHILIPS you buy lasting quality. See these superb gifts at your nearest Philips retailer or department store. You can pay cash or buy them on easy terms.

# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and  
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, with lovely  
**PRINCESS NARDA:** Journey to Crystal Peak, where they meet  
**THE KING OF MARVEL:** Who takes them on a tour of his city. He stays in his chair, but his

voice follows them. They wear spectacles, for the city is surrounded by invisible light, and its people are also invisible. Suddenly Mandrake and Narda see a machine which produces food. They are frightened to taste it, but the King reassures them. **NOW READ ON:**



**THEY TASTE THE YELLOW WAFERS.** "Um—TASTES LIKE BUTTERSCOTCH," SAYS NARDA.—"NO, MORE LIKE CHOCOLATE," SAYS MANDRAKE—"THEY TASTE LIKE THE THING YOU LIKE BEST," SAYS THE KING OF MARVEL.



**"HERE WE LIVE IN INVISIBILITY, CUT OFF FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD BY THE WALL THAT YOU CAN NOW SEE WITH YOUR GLASSES," SAYS THE KING.**



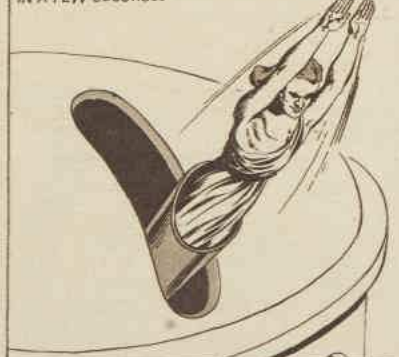
**"HERE, THE ONLY WORK IS MENTAL. OUR PEOPLE SPEND THEIR TIME IN THOUGHT, MEDITATING ON THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE," ADDS THE KING.**



**"OCCASIONALLY, OUR PEOPLE HAVE THE URGE TO ROAM. WE HAVE NO NEED OF PLANES OR OTHER VEHICLES. WATCH THIS MAN. HE'S BOUND FOR NEW YORK."**



**"CARRIED ON A BEAM OF PURE ENERGY AND BATHED IN INVISIBLE LIGHT, HE WILL BE IN NEW YORK IN A FEW SECONDS."**



**"ONCE IN NEW YORK, SURROUNDED BY HIS OWN INVISIBLE LIGHT, HE WILL WANDER ABOUT AS HE CHOOSES. WHEN READY, HE'LL RETURN ON A REVERSE ENERGY BEAM."**

**"OUR PEOPLE VISIT YOUR CITIES AND HOMES, CONSTANTLY, BUT WE NEVER INTERFERE OR REVEAL OURSELVES. WE ONLY WISH TO STUDY YOUR CURIOUS, QUARRELSOME HABITS FOR FURTHER MEDITATION."**



**"THIS IS PERFECTION. IF THE OUTSIDE WORLD ONLY KNEW—" BEGINS MANDRAKE. "THEY ARE NOT READY TO KNOW. THEREFORE, YOU CANNOT TAKE OUR KNOWLEDGE WITH YOU," REPLIES THE KING.**



TO BE CONTINUED

Choose from the  
**NEW INGOLA**  
colour range



REDS  
YELLOW'S  
GREENS  
BLUES  
PASTELS AND CREAM  
GREYS  
WARM BROWNS

A complete array from which to choose your favourite shade. For dainty blouses, hard wearing kiddies' wear. The ideal wool and cotton fabric, 36" wide.

**Ingola**  
Fabric  
WOOL & COTTON

INGOLA FABRIC IS FAMOUS . . . Ask for it at all stores

New designs and new colours make Haslam fabrics the fashion leaders.



**Haslam**  
Fabrics



Haslam Fabrics are manufactured throughout in Lancashire, England, and are guaranteed to give the fullest satisfaction.

Amateur Agents (Wholesale only): Douglas & Sons Pty. Ltd., Melbourne and Sydney.

# Give her A GIFT WITHIN A GIFT

## Max Factor \* Hollywood MAKE-UP SETS ...in gorgeous useful plastic boxes



### THE PAN-CAKE\* MAKE-UP SET...

contains Max Factor Hollywood Pan-Cake Make-Up, Powder, Rouge and Lipstick... to create new glamorous beauty. All in color harmony for her type.

In rich pink, with striking white raised plume design. This plastic box becomes a useful boudoir case.



It's the truly *personalised* gift! She'll be thrilled to have her own individual Color Harmony make-up ensemble as created especially for her type by *Max Factor Hollywood*, the Genius of Modern Make-Up. She'll be delighted with its gorgeous plastic case, especially designed in "high fashion" colors for many later uses in home and boudoir.

Each set comes in 4 make-up ensembles—just specify whether for Blonde, Brunette, Brownette, Redhead.

for Blondes • Brunettes  
• Brownettes • Redheads



No guesswork about her right shade

\*Pan-Cake (Trademark) means  
Max Factor Hollywood  
Cake Make-Up



In vibrant blue, with modern gold and white design. The box becomes a charming two-some of party trays.



### THE DE LUXE MAKE-UP SET...

contains Pan-Cake Make-Up, Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Skin Freshener and Hand Lotion... a luxurious complete make-up ensemble.



### COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP SET...

contains the famous Max Factor Hollywood color harmony ensemble... Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick... all according to her type. A gift she'll love!



Strikingly decorative in American Beauty red... ideal for cigarettes, candy, or just this and that.

And here's another Xmas notion!  
Max Factor Hollywood  
NEW FAVOURITES TO PERSONAL BEAUTY

HAND LOTION  
Soothing, fragrant  
to keep hands  
soft and exquisite.

TALC  
...Satin smooth and  
delicately perfumed

FACIAL SOAP  
...Keeps skin looking  
smoother, younger.



Max Factor HOLLYWOOD

MANUFACTURED IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA



VIEW of the Saltia Plain and hills surrounding Mount Brown in the Flinders Range taken at sunset gives a prairie-like effect.



THRIVING TOWN of Quorn nestles at the foot of slopes. The area is noted for picturesque scenery unsurpassed in Australia.



RUGGED Parachilna Gorge, a magnificent natural cleft in the wild and inhospitable northern reaches of the mountain.



WILPENA POUND peaks in northern stretch of mountains (above).

DEVIL'S PEAK, near Quorn, is said to resemble Devil's features (below).



# "Kangaroo" in Technicolor

"Kangaroo," 20th Century-Fox big-budget Australian technicolor production, is being filmed at Woolundunga, near Port Augusta, in South Australia.

THE screenplay, written by Harry Kleiner, is of historical origin. The leading character is a gentleman outlaw, and the role is earmarked for Peter Lawford.

Other stars, Maureen O'Hara, Richard Boone, and Finlay Currie, have been brought from America and England by Fox Films. Australia's Chips Rafferty plays the part of State Trooper Leo Leonard.

Aboriginal men, women, and children taking part in the action are from Ooldea Mission.

Directed by Lewis Milestone, production is in the hands of Robert Bassler. Camera work is by Charles Clarke. The film is to cost about £890,000.

Location work is progressing on a 7000-acre property on the slopes of the Flinders Range where the scenes shown at the left were photographed.



BRITISH Hollywood actor Peter Lawford has accepted the title role in "Kangaroo." Dublin-born actress Maureen O'Hara (below) plays a spirited country girl in the adventure.



# STILL ONLY

# 3d PER PACKET



THE  
CANDY MINT  
WITH THE HOLE  
in all flavours

THE SAME QUALITY  
THE SAME ENJOY-MINT  
THE SAME OLD PRICE !

His happiest holiday -

UNTIL ...



Don't let a minor skin break become infected and spoil your child's holiday

Remember, simply covering a cut or graze is not enough. Infection can start right under that skin break. Apply Rexona

Ointment. Rexona goes deep, heals quickly at the point where infection starts. For your kiddies' sake, be sure you always have Rexona Ointment in the house.



BE PREPARED THIS HOLIDAY  
GET RAPID-HEALING  
REXONA OINTMENT TODAY

O.172 VVW52g



**1 TROUBLE** begins when Joe Hufford (Glenn Ford), accidentally kills son of politician. Despite aid of District Attorney George Knowland (Broderick Crawford), sentence is five years.



**2 PLAN** for prison-break made by Malloby (Millard Mitchell) appeals to frustrated Joe when, after two years, his deserved parole is refused because of dead boy's family.

## CONVICTED...



**3 SOLITARY** stretch faces Joe who hits a guard in anger upon hearing of his father's death. Gaolbreak attempt fails.

THE tension and violence of men in captivity lend power to a strong action movie in Columbia's "Convicted."

Authentic prison scenes were obtained by filming backgrounds in San Quentin, California's largest prison. Responsibility for sustaining this atmosphere falls upon the male cast portraying inmates of the institution.

The film affords another good opportunity for Broderick Crawford, Academy Award winner of "All the King's Men." He is again embroiled in politics, on this occasion as a fair-minded District Attorney, who is disliked by conniving politicians.



**4 FRIENDLY** George Knowland becomes new warden, gives Joe job driving daughter Kay (Dorothy Malone).



**5 INFORMING** is frowned upon by Warden Knowland who discovers stool-pigeon Ponti (Frank Faylen) disclosed prison-break to guard captain Douglas (Carl Benton Reid) in exchange for parole.



**6 GRIM** vengeance is exacted by Malloby when he catches Ponti and stabs him. An innocent witness of the crime, Joe refuses to give information to the authorities.



**7 CONFINED** to cell as a suspect, Joe is joined by scheming Malloby. When hated guard Douglas comes to cell to antagonise Joe into admission, Malloby springs at him, shouting his guilt and shooting wildly.



**8 HAPPINESS** awaits Joe when, vindicated by Malloby's admission, he is given parole. He and Kay tell George that they are in love and receive his blessing.

# Weekend Treat—



## Jumbo Stripe SPORT-KNITS

What a feast for the eyes, after a 5-day diet of stodgy city-going duds! These broad, bright Jumbo-Stripes of Alpha's look so jolly, so "right" for weekend pleasuring! American-inspired, they're in smooth, cool Knitted Fabric that washes in a wink. Neckbands are elasticised to stay snug for life, and the 20 cheerful color combinations are guaranteed fadeless! At good stores everywhere!

★ Jumbo-Stripes are for men and boys only, but Alpha makes Air-Cooled Sport-Knits for the whole family, in colors, styles and prices to please everyone!

A.P.3

ASK FOR ALPHA AIR-COOLED SPORT-KNITS IN THE NEW **Jumbo STRIPES!**

*For You ...* **A NEW EXCITING PERSONALITY!**



**Gemey Face Powder**  
—silk-sifted, and imbued with  
haunting Gemey Perfume—brings you  
**Pearl-smooth Complexion Radiance,**  
**with a Fragrance of Irresistible Appeal**

Revel in the flawless beauty of your Gemey make-up . . . in the warmth and youthful radiance it gives your own skin tonings . . . in the confidence that this pearl-smooth, clinging softness will last for hours without re-powdering. Gemey Powder suits all types of skin (normal, oily or dry), never cakes or spreads.

And in this superbly formulated powder, Richard Hudnut has skilfully blended Gemey Perfume—that rare, exhilarating fragrance preferred by fashion leaders of New York, London and Paris.

Only Gemey Face Powder brings this perfect combination—silk-sifted super-fineness and tantalising fragrance.

There's a thrilling, fashion-perfect Gemey shade for your skin tonings . . . wear it, and discover a new and radiant personality—an exciting "you" you haven't known before.

## **Gemey** **SILK-SIFTED** **FACE POWDER**

Make enchanting Gemey  
your very own  
**Perfume!**



Accentuate your loveliness with a subtle touch of Gemey Perfume here and there. A superb Richard Hudnut creation, its haunting fragrance lingers like a kiss—unforgettably it's you!

### **Safety**

Gemey Face Powder is **HYPO-ALLERGENIC**—as non-allergenic as modern science can make it . . . contains no ingredients that may cause common skin allergies or irritations.

### **Harmonising Gemey Beauty Aids—**

Powder, Perfume, Creams, Foundation Lotion, Talc and Dusting Powder are obtainable only at chemists and selected department stores.

Creation of  
**Richard Hudnut**  
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

# CHILD STAR GROWS UP

From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood



THE NEW MARGARET O'BRIEN and her tiny fox terrier Spotty in her Beverly Hills apartment trying on bonnets which the young actress created in her spare time between Broadway and films.

Margaret O'Brien is growing up. Her mother, the movie studios, and even her publicity man are admitting it.

NEXT January she will reach the ripe old age of 14 years.

Mrs. Gladys O'Brien, Margie's mother and impresario, has controlled Margie's development with a skill that is good for business, although it may not be so good for the girl.

By artificially extending Margie's childhood (she was born on January 15, 1937), keeping her in little girl's clothes, and even encouraging a little-girl mentality, she managed to extend Margie's usefulness as a child actress until the time when she entered what is known as the awkward age.

Now by swiftly capitalising on Margie's teenage appearance, dressing her in a more sophisticated fashion, and permitting her to use a youthful lipstick, Mrs. O'Brien has managed to by-pass the awkward period altogether.

Visitors to the Academy Award presentation ceremony in March, 1951, will probably rub their eyes and ask if the young lady whose face they recognise is the same Margie



SWINGING into a brisk Charleston, Margaret O'Brien looks surprisingly grown-up. She plays a teenage girl for the first time in her new film, "The Romantic Age," and wears a special wardrobe.

O'Brien who, at the previous ceremony, wore a white dress that barely covered her knees, long stockings, a child's shoes, and pigtails.

For a while Hollywood had asked itself if Margaret O'Brien was through—washed-up both as a child star and an actress—like so many talented youngsters who preceded her.

A new picture, Columbia's "The Romantic Age," brought her back before the cameras after a retirement that was one of the shortest on record. In it Margaret plays for the first time what she really is—a teenage girl.

Most anxious to look right in the part, between scenes Margie could be found paying particular attention to her make-up and wardrobe, something new in the O'Brien tradition.

On the financial side it seems that Margaret O'Brien's future is assured. Mrs. O'Brien expects her daughter to be worth a million dollars in accrued cash and investments by the time she reaches 18 years of age.

The £20,000-odd she earns for a film is a drop in the bucket compared with her other sources of in-

come, including the money she earns for guest appearances on television and radio programmes.

Her income from endorsements—there are O'Brien dolls, toys, drinking-glasses, dresses, shoes, and other items—totals a fine round figure.

There are also Margaret O'Brien dishes, from which the young lady refuses to eat, in spite of the fact that she gets them free.

"Who wants to eat everything off the plate and find your own face or name staring up at you?" she asks.

And that's not all. There is the income from apartment buildings, royalties on sale of scripture and story readings on phonograph records, and so on.

At the moment the problems of finance and career are only secondary to young Margaret, who would sometimes rather forget the whole business to concentrate on (1) swimming at the Beverly Hills pool of a friend; (2) painting and working with embossed bronze; (3) getting an archery set; and (4) getting a driver's licence so that she, instead of mother, can drive one of the family's two big cars.

## FRECKLES

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles—while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling. Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers, simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

Attractive and energetic?

Of course she is!

Every young woman knows she is more attractive when she feels fit and energetic and is free from everyday ills. What then is the secret—she takes Beecham's Pills, the superior laxative.

Box of 40 pills, 1/3; 120 pills, 3/-.

Wise woman—she takes

**Beecham's Pills**  
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



Why **TRUDGE** back and forth... back and forth to clean your carpets?



Over the same places two and three times—but ordinary cleaners just CAN'T get out the deep-down dirt.



One effortless glide with a Hoover and the job is done. Your carpet is clean right down to the roots.

The

# HOOVER

CLEANS YOUR CARPETS  
IN A THIRD OF THE TIME!

Because it  
**BEATS..** as it sweeps  
.... as it cleans!

Out-of-date cleaners leave you tired by mid-day. Why put up with one, when a modern Hoover does your cleaning in a third of the time... with a third of the work? Instead of merely sucking up surface dust, the Hoover gently beats out the gritty dirt and sweeps up fluff and clinging threads as well.



PRICE £28.7.0  
(cleaning tools  
£5.12.0 extra)



Look at the **PLUS** that Hoover gives you!

1. Exclusive Positive Agitator to dislodge the scissor-sharp grit which cuts carpet pile.
2. Broad Dirt Finder to throw light into dark corners.
3. Dustproof Bag so easy to empty, your hands need never touch dirt.
4. Handy Cleaning Tools save stooping and stretching for all above-the-floor cleaning.
5. Three Models to Choose From, each designed and priced for a different need.

COMPLETE COUPON AND LEARN MORE ABOUT IT

**Free!**

Housework made easy!

I would like to know more about the Hoover plan for easier living. Please send me details of the 3 Hoover Cleaners, without obligation. Paps to Hoover (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 3764, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. in unsealed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

25/11/50

HC 4 WW142g

# GIVE HIM A **Gillette**

(the gift he would choose himself)

When making up your Christmas list, plan to give your man a new Gillette Razor Set . . . give him shaving comfort for life. The famous Gillette "Aristocrat" ONE-PIECE is the finest razor ever devised for the handiest, easiest, fastest shaves. With it, blades are changed like magic. TWIST—the razor opens! In goes the blade! TWIST again—it's ready for use. There are no loose parts to assemble or mislay.

Here are two sets of the Gillette range  
—other models from as low as 5/-

## GILLETTE No. 53

A blue leatherette-covered case with the "Aristocrat Junior" one-piece razor, and the smart Dispenser holding 10 Blue Gillette Blades. 18/-

## GILLETTE No. 16

This handsome plated case, suitable for engraving, houses the famous one-piece "Aristocrat" razor with 10 Blue Gillette Blades in a Dispenser. 50/-

## GILLETTE DISPENSER

Contains 20 Blue Gillette Blades—loads them out instantly. A popular gift now in an attractive Christmas box. 6/6



CHRISTMAS 'GOOD MORNINGS'

BEGIN WITH

# Gillette

# A Christmas Gift

from  
**CHARMOSAN**



Your Retailer  
has Charmosan  
Beauty Products  
and Charmosan  
Gift Caskets

**IDEAL AND JUST  
THE THING IN  
LOVELY POWDER  
AND PERFECT  
BEAUTY CREAM**

**CHARMOSAN**



Don't forget  
my **ROBOLEINE**  
mummy!

Children really enjoy this natural,  
health-giving addition to their diet.

Roboleine stimulates the appetite,  
builds up resistance to infection,  
and helps form strong bones and  
healthy bodies.

Start your family on Roboleine to-day  
and bring the glow of radiant health  
to young cheeks.

Roboleine is the Tonic Food that  
Doctors use in their own homes.  
In 10oz. and 20oz. jars at all Chemists.

**Roboleine**  
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

## Legal Bride

Continued from page 42

**F**OLLOWING that, Abigail and Ben were photographed in various poses around the grounds, standing and sitting, laughingly embracing.

Then Jake asked, "Do you have a bathing suit, honey?"

"Yes, I have," Abigail said.

"Slip into it," Jake said. "We'll wind up on that. Ben, you can keep on your same clothes."

"I'd rather not, if you don't mind, Jake," Abigail said. "I rarely ever wear a bathing suit, and I don't like appearing in public in it, let alone being photographed."

"Darling, you must stifle your instincts on the altar of publicity," Jake said. "Think of Ben's many devoted fans. They'll want to see what their hero has got. A blue suit is simply another blue suit, but a bathing suit is democracy in action—it's freedom of the Press."

"Motion denied," Abigail said.

"Speak to her, cowboy," Jake said. Ben looked at her, and his smile was sardonic.

"Abigail," he said.

"As you wish, Ben," Abigail said demurely. She was afraid she was beginning to blush. "If you approve there's nothing I can do but obey."

She went and changed into her seldom-worn bathing costume and came back feeling very self-conscious. However, the men's eyebrows lifted at the sight of her.

Then Jake jumped up. "Forward, men. On to the swimming pool."

They circled the house. Dinty Moore had Ben sit in a canvas chair at the edge of the swimming pool. He placed Abigail at Ben's feet.

He made her lean back on her hands and elevated her knees. His careful, polite fingers arranged her hair. He said, "Arch your throat, darling, and give the cowboy a big smile. Get your feet up on their toes and tighten your leg muscles."

Ben and Abigail smiled at each other. The sun sparkled on the water. Dinty Moore exposed two plates.

"It makes you want to get married," Gregg said.

"It does, doesn't it?" Ben said.

He continued to gaze deep into Abigail's eyes, the smile remaining on his lips. Dinty shot more pictures. Then he took Abigail by herself, encouraging her, "That's right, darling. A big smile, like you'd give the cowboy."

"Okay," Jake said. "Break it up. The honeymoon has been recorded for posterity. Thanks a million, you charming people."

"We'll go to the house while you're changing, A.J.," Ben said. "Could I give our guests a glass of sherry?"

"By all means," Abigail said.

"I want a Martini," Dinty Moore said.

"Me, too," Gregg said.

"We don't have anything but sherry," Ben told them gravely.

The others took it very well. They smiled and nodded and pretended not to be dumbfounded.

The men drifted off. Abigail lingered near the pool.

When she returned to the house she found Ben in the library, smoking pensively.

"The captains and the kings have departed," he said. "They didn't seem to want any sherry. They said to give you their kindest regards."

"That's very nice of them," Abigail replied. "I have an errand in Beverly Hills, Ben. Can you behave yourself while I'm gone?"

"On one bottle of sherry?" Ben said bitterly. "What else can I do but behave?" Abigail turned to go upstairs. Her feet tangled on a corner of the rug, and she fell flat. Ben came over and lifted her.

"You must have picked the wrong path," he commented.

He was holding her in his arms, and she experienced a dreadful desire to kiss him. Her emotions must have shown through her face, for he released her, grinning faintly, and retreated a step. She felt the acid of tears beneath her eyelids.

"You'd better try to be a good girl too, Abby," he said.

"Cowboy," Abigail said, "you are going to live to regret that remark."

He laughed and went upstairs.

In Beverly Hills, Abigail went to Mr. Graves' office. She told him, "I want everything you have in the way of documentation on Ben. I'll inspect it at my leisure in my own office."

"Well," Mr. Graves said, "I don't know about that, Mrs. Castle. Do you have an authorisation from Mr. Castle?"

"Perhaps I'd better explain. We're—uh—living together. The marriage is not off."

"That makes me very happy."

"Happy," Abigail said, "but plainly not surprised."

Mr. Graves smiled slyly. "I gathered from our interview yesterday you weren't prepared to let your husband have his just deserts. But I have to observe the formalities. Would you mind my ringing Mr. Castle first?"

"No, indeed," Abigail said.

Mr. Graves dialled Ben's number. "Hello," he said. "This is E. G. Graves, Mr. Castle's business manager. May I speak to him?" He listened intently, eyebrows elevating. "He is not allowed to receive calls, you say? Is this Nacio? On whose orders? Mrs. Castle? I see."

He replaced the phone and studied Abigail. His tired eyes were infused with respect.

"At last you look surprised," she said.

"I am," Mr. Graves replied. "I'll get the records for you, Mrs. Castle."

**A** GIRL in an adjoining room opened a fireproof vault. Ben's papers were many and various, and Mr. Graves helped Abigail carry them to her office.

The investigation did not take as long as Abigail anticipated. Ben's affairs, though fairly diverse, were well in order and fully documented. He owed money right and left, but this could easily be taken care of from the seventy-five thousand he received every year by making three Western pictures for Allied-Apex.

Only the gambling debt owed to Harry Kallen was stunning. And then she made an astounding discovery. A moment later she was in Mr. Graves' office.

"Listen," she said, holding out a passbook, "if this is real, I owe a deep bow and a profound apology." With her other hand she exhibited a bundle of stock certificates held by a rubber band. "And if these are real, I ought to ask to kiss your hand."

"I figure Ben has sixty-six thousand dollars in cash and blue-chip securities that he doesn't know anything about," Mr. Graves said. "Does that agree with your addition, Mrs. Castle?"

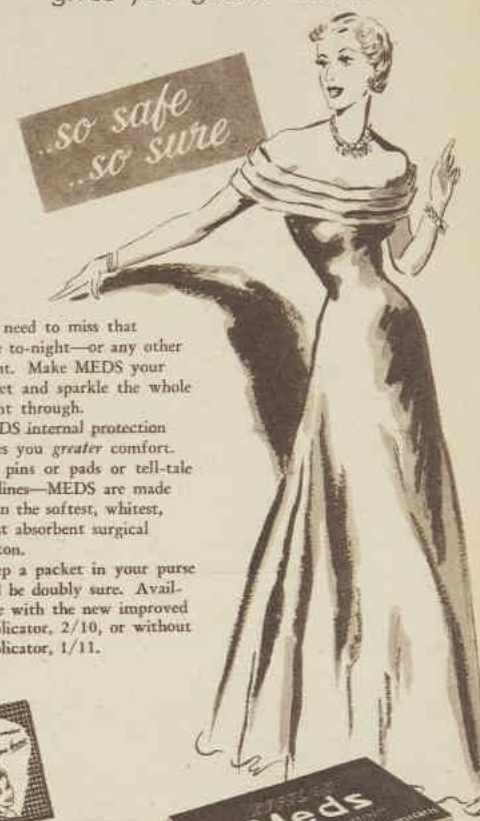
"Yes, it does, my good man," Abigail replied. "And those last words are spoken from the heart."

"Thank you," Mr. Graves said. "I realised early in our association what kind of man the cowboy was, and I resolved to try to save him from himself. Trying to lay by a bit for him involved presenting false statements and concealing assets—which I'm afraid is very unethical. But it was in a good cause."

"That it was, dear Mr. Graves," Abigail said heartily.

Please turn to page 66

**Meds** internal protection  
gives you greater freedom



No need to miss that date-to-night—or any other night. Make MEDS your secret and sparkle the whole night through. MEDS internal protection gives you greater comfort. No pins or pads or tell-tale outlines—MEDS are made from the softest, whitest, most absorbent surgical cotton.

Keep a packet in your purse and be doubly sure. Available with the new improved applicator, 2/10, or without applicator, 1/11.



Write to Johnson & Johnson, Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney, for this FREE Meds booklet—telling you all about safe internal protection.



MEDS—The Modest Tampon—a product of Johnson & Johnson  
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS

**NEW!...a cream deodorant**

which safely **STOPS**  
under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.



**ARRID** THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

**FIRST AID**  
for Muscular Aches



ALKA-SELTZER BRINGS PLEASANT RELIEF

The same safe analgesic that relieves headaches so quickly causes Alka-Seltzer to bring quick comfort from muscular aches and soreness. Drop one or two Alka-Seltzer tablets in a glass of water. Watch it sparkle, then drink it down. Here is reliable First Aid—pleasant to take, too. Keep package handy. Not a laxative.

GENUINE (IMPORTED)  
Tubes of 12 & 30 tablets  
At all Chemists  
and Stores



**Alka-Seltzer**



*Deep brushing  
is the secret of  
lovely hair*

**BEAUTY BRUSH**

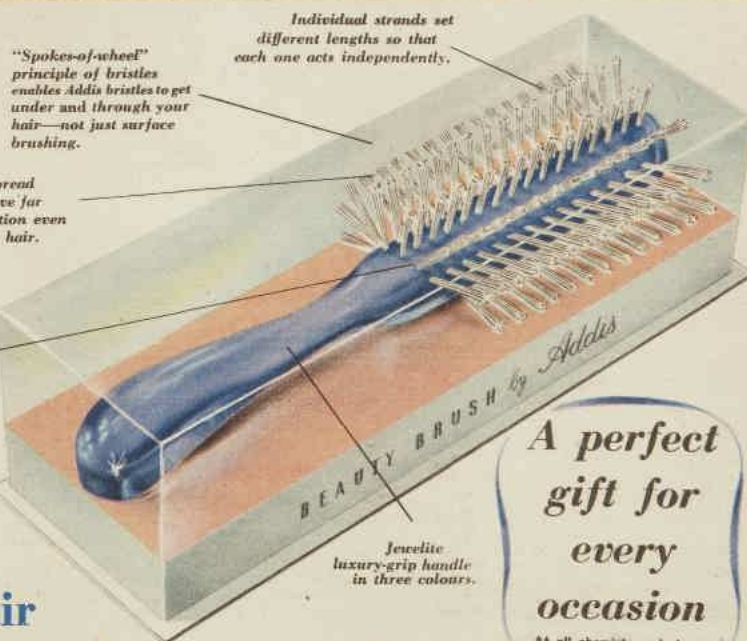
by *Addis*

**brushes deeper into your hair  
than any brush you've ever used.**

This brush will do more for your hair than any brush, massage, shampoo or beauty treatment you've ever used. Your hair springs to life. Lights always shine from it because every hair is reached . . . and its silken sheen is fully brought up by the

Addis Beauty Brush. No ordinary brush which provides only surface brushing can do this for you.

Just study the features pointed out by arrows above. You'll straightway know that this technique of brushing your hair must bring results.



*A perfect  
gift for  
every  
occasion*

At all chemists and stores



**BEAUTY BRUSHES**

by

*Addis*

Just think what a perfect gift this would be for every occasion

# The UNKNOWN DISCIPLE

PART  
THREE

By  
FRANCESCO  
PERRI

MARCUS ADONIAS, young son of Roman Commandant VALERIUS GRATUS and his Jewish favorite MICOL, is exiled from Rome to Judaea because of his love affair with VARILIA, youthful wife of his elderly relative, VALERIUS MESSALA.

Because of his youth, however, Marcus is to be given the chance to redeem himself. Arriving in Jerusalem with MEGAGLES, his tutor, and SIMON, his faithful Hebrew slave, he presents himself to the Roman Governor, PONTIUS PILATUS, who appoints him a cavalry commander, to serve under the Garrison Commander, SISENNIUS PANSIA.

His special assignment is to patrol the caravan routes, endeavoring to exterminate a troop of fanatical hill bandits and their leader, ELEAZAR.

Pilatus then takes Marcus up to the tower of the residence to meet CLAUDIA, his wife, who is watching the teeming crowds of Jews in the square below, who have flocked to Jerusalem for the celebration of the Passover.

Greeting Marcus, Claudia tells him privately, "I have had a letter about you from Varilia."

Note-read on:

CLAUDIA was a graceful little person, gentle and serious-looking. Over the pale, raspberry-colored linen tunic she was wearing a white mantle, embroidered with palm-leaves in silver thread. Her only ornament was the circlet of golden-cedars, like Varilia's, on her dark hair, which was parted in the centre over the forehead and fell in two smooth bands.

There had been much gossip about her in Rome; but now in Palestine she lived a lonely life devoted entirely to mysticism and meditation.

Shocked by the harshness with which her husband treated the Jews she did all she could to restrain him.

When Marcus saw that Claudia was wearing the symbol of initiation he felt at once that he had found a friend and an unexpected ally in that foreign and hostile country. Her first words had confirmed this feeling.

"I shall write to Varilia to-morrow," she went on, "and tell her about you. She loves you dearly, Marcus, and is suffering because of your absence."

"I love her, too, Claudia, and I hope that your husband, once I have faithfully carried out his orders, will be able to obtain a pardon for me from the Emperor, and permission to return to rejoin her."

But now everyone's attention was focused on what was happening below in the temple. From the immense courtyards rose a deafening clamor of shouts that mingled with the bleating of the sacrificial lambs. Then a clash of cymbals gave the signal for the ceremony to begin.

Neither Pontius Pilatus nor Pansia remained for long to witness the performance of the rites, which Pilatus dubbed bestial, so Claudia and Marcus were soon left alone.

"Claudia," asked Marcus, "you are an initiate, are you not?"

"Yes, Marcus! I, too, am an initiate, but since I have been in this

country I have the feeling it is not in Rome that the divine Dionysus will appear. It is here that the Lord of Joy will be born."

Her eyes had lit. Watching her, Marcus felt as though she was inspired as she went on talking.

"Do you know, Marcus," she said, "that a prophet called the Baptist, who haunts the banks of the Jordan, has for a year or more been announcing the imminence of his coming? 'The Kingdom of God is at hand, purify yourselves!'—that is what he cries! I am terrified at the idea of our Age coming to an end, and I feel that great events are nigh."

She turned away with a shudder, gathered her woollen cloak closely around her, for the night air already struck cold, and followed by Marcus left the terrace.

Once the Feast of Unleavened Bread was over, the pilgrims, after sunset on the Sabbath, began to disperse on their homeward journeys. Many, however, first paid a visit to the Jordan Valley to see the Baptist whose preaching had provided the chief sensation of that year's Passover.

Pilatus made ready to return to Caesarea-on-Sea with the reinforcements he had brought with him. But before leaving Jerusalem he conducted the investiture of Marcus Adonias with the toga virilis.

It was a purely military ceremony at the Antonia Tower, attended by a group of officers and the garrison commander, Pansia. The one note of elegance was provided by the presence of Claudia, who herself presented the toga.

Then, as Marcus by assuming the toga virilis became entitled to possession of the large sum of money deposited in his name by his father

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
BOOTHROYD



"Miriam, don't you know me?" Marcus cried, starting forward, as the woman surveyed him in some surprise.

with the banker Saramalla. Pilatus ordered that the old Sadducee be summoned to the Antonia Tower on the afternoon of that same day.

Saramalla was an accommodating sort of man, broadminded in matters of religion. So he visited Gentiles and received visits from them without any scruples on the score of contamination.

He arrived in a litter, like a Roman noble, and was at once shown in. He was a tall, bony old man, with beady black eyes, deep-set under heavy brows.

He bowed low to Pilatus, who introduced Marcus, explaining why he had summoned the banker.

For a while they discussed details of Marcus' inheritance. When all the business was settled, Pilatus decided to take the opportunity of Saramalla's presence to see if he could make use of the old man in connection with another matter, the proposed action against Eleazar's armed band of brigands.

"Listen, Saramalla," he said, "young Marcus Valerius Gratus has been allotted the task of destroying Eleazar's band, who, as you are aware, are a menace to all the roads between Judaea and Galilee. Have you any information you can give me that might facilitate that work?"

Saramalla saw the trap at once. He arched his eyebrows and his little eyes took on a humble expression.

Please turn to page 58

HAIR bewitchingly soft... thrillingly fragrant!

Lovely, alluring hair is so easy to have. Just wash with Colimated. It gives a new sheen, caressable softness and lingering fragrance to your hair.

Ask your Chemist or Store for

**Colimated** SHAMPOO

Distributed by CLINTON-WILLIAMS  
KEEPS HAIR FREE OF DANDRUFF, SO SOFT, SO MANAGEABLE

## How to be REGULAR

and build  
yourself  
UP  
—without  
medicines

Mr. G. Denning, of  
Hunter St., Sydney,  
writes: "My wife  
heard of Kellogg's  
All-Bran, she begged  
me to try it. I did  
and it brought me  
amazing relief  
from constipation.  
No more medicines  
for me."



### Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural Laxative, Health Food and Blood Tonic

Your health depends on what you eat—every day. Today's soft, mushy, over-cooked foods often lack the vital bulk your system needs for regular elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies smooth-acting bulk which helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle and natural elimination . . . no medicines needed.

#### Health Food

Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you more protective food elements than whole wheat itself! Kellogg's All-Bran is actually richer in iron than

spinach—and it is a natural source of Vitamins B<sub>1</sub> for the nerves, B<sub>2</sub> for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, and Niacin for the skin. It not only relieves constipation, but builds you up day by day at the same time.

#### Delicious This Way

Kellogg's All-Bran has a tasty toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran. Sold at all grocers.



**Kellogg's  
ALL-BRAN\***  
\*Registered Trade Mark

## Announcing the NEW Activated OLD DUTCH CLEANSER



LESS RUBBING —  
DISSOLVES GREASE INSTANTLY  
TRY IT TODAY!



CHASES DIRT

A.M. AUSTRALIA'S LEADING  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
Plenty of fiction, fact,  
sport, and pictures  
AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND  
BOOKSTALLS 1/-

Soft  
Safe  
Camelia  
SANITARY NAPKINS

SARAMALLA'S voice was humble, too, as, avoiding Pilatus' question, he proceeded to answer, "Sir, it is not for me to express any opinion as regards the orders of the Roman authorities. I have always found them just. This one is more than just, it is providential! It will make the caravan routes free and safe!"

"Of course it will," remarked Pilatus ironically, "but it will not help you in any way. I have noticed that your caravans are never molested. How do you explain that?"

Without the slightest hesitation Saramalla answered, "It's because they are afraid of me, sir!"

"Clever!" retorted Pilatus, "but scarcely convincing! On the other hand, it has been reported to me that you subsidise these people on behalf of the Zealots."

"Sir, those who told you that story insulted your intelligence. A business man like me, with so many interests, to subsidise robbers! Can you think it possible? I who for thirty years have been the most faithful servant of the Romans? If I can be of use in any way, you have but to give me orders."

"I shall take you at your word," said Pilatus. "I will give you an official mission. Since you say that Eleazar is afraid of you, I presume he will also be prepared to listen to you. Get into communication with him—advise him to disband his following and give himself up."

"I give you my word as a Roman that I shall spare him the cross. If he does not agree, tell him that the son of Valerius Gratus has been ordered to exterminate him and his whole band, and that operations will begin with the new moon."

"Sir," said Saramalla, "I have no relations with Eleazar or any of his men. If he fears me it is because he knows I am under your protection. But, since you require it of me, I shall do my best to get your orders conveyed to him by one of my own servants, and I shall add my own recommendations. If I receive any reply I shall let you know. May the Most High-god and keep you, O son of Eternal Rome!"

He bowed low, and left the room. As he went, he said to himself: "My Lord God, how subtle are Thy designs! The son of Gratus little knows who is serving in that band. When he finds out, what a shock it will be for him!"

Pilatus, alone with Pansa and Marcus, was giving them his final instructions. "A wily old fox, that Saramalla! The truth is that Eleazar has his own informers here in the city, chief men in the sect of the Zealots. Saramalla pays over his subsidies in that roundabout way. You'll have to keep your eyes open, Pansa!"

Then, turning to Marcus Adonias, he went on: "Remember that you are the son of Valerius Gratus and that you represent here not only a name standing high in that Roman nobility but also the majesty of Rome and the honor of her armies."

"Now, my boy, you know what you have to do. From to-day, under Pansa's orders, you take command of the cavalry. I have made its strength up to three hundred all ranks. They are all good fighters. With them you have to keep order on the caravan routes. In particular you have to root out Eleazar's crew and exterminate them."

"If you happen to get hold of that famous Jewish amazon who is said to be with them, send her to me at Caesarea and I'll have her crucified there in front of the port."

For a moment a heavy scowl distorted Pilatus' face. Then he continued his instructions:

"The brigands of Eleazar have their headquarters, as I mentioned before, at Arbela, in a difficult bit of mountainous country near the lake of Tiberias. You can begin to-

## The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 57

morrow. Take thirty men or so, go down as far as Bethabara on the Jordan and from there push a point up into the hills north of the Dead Sea.

"At Bethabara you'll find a wild-looking sort of hermit who preaches to the shepherds and pilgrims and subjects them to a kind of initiation, dipping them in the river. That's why they call him the Baptist. Among his followers are a number of Zealots, and these will lose no time in warning Eleazar that the music is about to strike up!"

"Be sure to take Tricongius with you, he's a most useful man. The rest we have already settled. You will report direct to Pansa, he knows what I want done, and I'm sure you will get on well together. So now, my sons, get to work! Salvete, and may Mars aid you!"

NEXT morning Marcus with his troop, lances at the rest, passed through the Gate of the Fishes and set off at a brisk trot for the valley of the Jordan. They numbered about thirty, Marcus in front, with Tricongius half a horse's length behind him. Behind them again was borne the standard, a silver hand, shining in the sun.

It was a stifling hot morning, with a few heavy cloudmasses whose edges were aflame with light.

Leaving the Mount of Olives on its left the troop turned south on to a track that fell steeply, as though into an abyss, between perpendicular walls of rock.

Marcus Adonias, meantime, was feeling very pleased with himself. For him, who despite his toga virilis was still a mere stripling, it seemed scarcely believable that he should find himself there at the head of a troop of cavalry, entrusted with a command and with a mission, showing himself off to this subject people and backed by all the emblems that asserted the authority of Rome.

Pilatus' words kept recurring to him like an exalting admonition. Then again, his own happiness, his own future, and Varilia's also,

might depend on his successful conduct of the operation. To that he must bend all his energies.

After six hours spent in negotiating that stony track the descent became less steep; they were nearing the Jordan and the air seemed cooler because of the great reed-beds that bordered the stream.

On reaching its banks they followed its course northwards until on the following morning, after crossing a wide belt of land thickly covered with tamarisk and turpentine-trees, they arrived at a bare open space.

"There's Bethabara!" said Tricongius, pointing to a group of huts huddled together on the river bank.

The stream itself was pale milk-and-water in color, and the desolation of the scene could scarcely be matched in any other part of the world.

When Marcus' men emerged at the trot and in a cloud of dust from the thickets, they heard a harsh excited voice cry out: "Woe be unto you, race of vipers! Already the axe is laid to the root of the tree, and every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down and cast into the fire!"

The voice was that of a youngish man of perhaps a little more than thirty years of age, but hairy all over and with an enormous head crowned by a tawny mane.

Above his waist he wore no clothing, only a leather strap over one shoulder from which hung a kind of loincloth of camel-skin that covered him from his belly to his knees.

In his emaciated face his eyes shone like burning coals. Before him a group of naked pilgrims, just out of the water, each by his little heap of clothes, stood gazing at him in affright.

Another group of travellers, belonging to a caravan that had halted near the huts of Bethabara, stood leaning on their sticks, watching to see what might happen.

Please turn to page 60



Dental Research Indicates You Can Help

## Prevent Tooth Decay With COLGATE Ammoniated Tooth Powder



3 Definite Benefits  
To Help Prevent  
Tooth Decay

1. Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder helps neutralize destructive mouth acids, combats by many dental authorities a leading cause of tooth decay.
2. It inhibits growth of acid-producing bacteria, Lactobacillus Acidophilus, in the mouth.
3. It helps dissolve and remove from teeth sugar film in which acid-producing bacteria thrive.

Colgate's New Dentifrice Gets Teeth Remarkably Clean . . . Has a Delightful Minty Flavour Children Love!

Your whole family will enjoy the new Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder. Its minty flavour tastes grand, refreshes the mouth and breath, its foamy cleansing action removes film — gets teeth so clean your tongue feels the difference. What's more, laboratory tests indicate it helps you avoid pain, worry and expense of needless tooth decay when used regularly, as directed!

#### GUARANTEED BY COLGATE

Try Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder. If you do not agree, it is the finest ammoniated dentifrice you ever used, we guarantee to refund your purchase price in full, plus postage. Just return the unused portion to Colgate-Palmolive P.O. Ltd., Box 2761, G.P.O., Sydney.

**COLGATE**  
Ammoniated Tooth Powder

With a Flavour the Whole Family Enjoy

BIG TIN  
ONLY 3/-

TPB/130

**CAPS OFF TO...**



**THE**  
*Spirit*  
**OF A GREAT  
BRITISH-AUSTRALIAN  
ENTERPRISE**



**THE COMMONWEALTH OIL REFINERIES LTD.**

*Proprietors:*  
**THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA  
and  
ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY LTD.**



**TAKE CARE ON ROADS — "Life is so Precious"**

# M

MARCUS reined up short, and Tricongius did the same, raising his lance as the signal to halt. "See, sir!" he said, "that wild sort of a man over there is John, called the Baptist because he dips his followers in the river to purify them whilst waiting for the Messiah to appear. This Messiah is supposed to be a son of David and a great warrior, who will be able to overthrow Rome."

He laughed scornfully. "What do you think of that?"

Marcus did not answer. His attention had been diverted to another figure that had come out of the clump of tamarisks. He was one of the common people, young, of medium height, and he carried a long stick of olive-wood, like a shepherd.

He wore a linen tunic, of the kind they weave on the loom in Palestine, without seams, and over his arm he carried a cloak of rough blue woollen material. Under the fluttering white keffiyeh his long curly hair, of a dark hazel color, fell below his shoulders, framing a long oval face with fine features and a small fair beard.

He passed in front of the troop, and it was as though a gust of wind preceded him; then, looking up at Marcus he stared at him so fixedly that the young man felt almost alarmed. Where could it have been that he had seen that face and that expression before?

The unknown man seemed to wish to speak to him. Marcus, for his part, was about to call out to him, but his horse, as if he had sighted something that frightened him, made a bound, started to rear, and then fell back shivering.

Marcus had some difficulty in keeping his seat, and was sorry to see the newcomer walk away towards the river. He would have liked to question him.

Never had he been so stirred on meeting anyone for the first time as he was now by the aspect of this young laboring man who, despite his modest clothing and his dusty sandals, had all the air of a prince in exile. Most disturbing of all was the conviction that he had recognised the man's face, or rather, perhaps, his expression.

It was a strange expression, in which the greatest gentleness blended with deep sorrow.

Then in a flash he remembered his dream in Livia's villa, and the young God crowned with purple foliage. He, too, had seemed to reflect in his handsome but sad countenance all the pains and griefs of the world. He remembered also that according to the old myth it was in this desert that Dionysus had lost his way.

As he watched the unknown man he thought with a shudder of the God of the divine Parosia.

Meantime the stranger had approached John and had saluted him. "Peace be with you, brother! Do you not recognise me?"

John's face, usually glum and forbidding, changed at once to an expression of surprised timidity. No pilgrim had ever before confronted him with a look so compelling and so self-assured, the look of one accustomed to command.

"Brother," he said, "I cannot recall having ever met you. Tell me, who are you, and what do you want?"

"Do you not know why I have come to you?"

"No. . . . I do not know!" answered John, more than ever overawed by the stranger's eyes.

"Have you not read Daniel?"

"I have read him. . . ."

"And do you not know that the Son of Man, when he first appeared to the prophet, put to him the same question that I have just put to you?"

John's sun-tanned bearded face turned deadly pale.

"My Lord," he said in dismay, "if you are the Son of Man, why come you to me? . . . Do you rather baptise me with the fire of the Spirit, and not strike this terror to my heart!"

The other only smiled.

"Let all be accomplished as it is written!" he said. "It is for you now to baptise the Son of Man, before he reveals Himself. He Who has taken on Himself all the sins of mankind shall Himself make confession, that all may be cleansed!"

# The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 58.

Sitting down in the sand he unstrapped his sandals, laid his keffiyeh and his clothing by the side of his stick, and with his arms crossed on his breast walked into the water, followed by John.

The sky had suddenly darkened, and above there hung an oppressive stormy atmosphere.

The two figures waded on until the water rose to their breasts. Then John laid his hands on the shoulders of the neophyte and dipped him below the surface. A moment later the head emerged, and the stranger,

## THIS IS THE PLASTIC AGE

AUSTRALIA'S vigorous and imaginative new plastics industry turns out nearly everything from bootsoles to bath-tubs, women's shoes to water pipes.

Thirty years ago Australia had only one plastics factory. It made, among other small gadgets, distributor timing heads for Model T. Fords. Today the Sydney telephone directory lists 148 plastics firms and the Melbourne directory 120.

You can now buy plastics for every room in the house.

You can even get transparent water pipes that last longer and weigh much less than metal pipes.

Read the romance of this fast-growing industry in A.M. for November, now on sale. A.M. is the national magazine for men and women.

raising his dripping face and arms, began to pray aloud.

"Father! Great and terrible God, Who are ever mindful of Thy promise and art ever benevolent towards them that love Thee—Father in Heaven, we have sinned. . . ."

Suddenly a tremendous clap of thunder rent the air and the entire cup-like valley seemed to rock with

the echoing roar from the surrounding hills.

Through a rent in the clouds a bright ray of sunlight fell on the water where John and the new initiate were standing. A great flight of pigeons, rising from the reeds, circled before whirling overhead in the direction of Jerusalem.

The troop of cavalry was for several minutes thrown into confusion, the terrified horses threatening to stampede back to the shelter of the tamarisks, as though they had sensed some dangerous wild animal.

The men had much difficulty in keeping their mounts under control, while the thunder continued to reverberate and the strange beam of light falling on the darkling stream invested the scene with an aspect of magic and unreality.

John was gazing with awe at the neophyte, from whose dripping face and hair the intense illumination was reflected as though from a mirror. Marcus, standing in his stirrups, watched them with the feeling that he was witnessing one of those rare events in which the Gods, manifesting themselves by means of natural phenomena, descend to play a part in the affairs of men.

Having finished his prayer, the concluding words of which were lost in the pealing echoes of the thunder, the initiate made his way to the bank, dried himself quickly, and donned his clothes.

Then he exchanged a few words with the Baptist, laid his hand on his shoulder, and set off alone towards a line of sand dunes that stood out gaunt and arid against the reddening sky.

"Follow him!" shouted Marcus, urging on his own horse. But after a few strides the animal stopped dead, reared up, and refused to go farther.

There was a sudden violent gust of wind and in a whirl of sand there appeared the silhouette of another man, standing on the highest point of the dune towards which the young initiate was walking. He looked like a Sabaeen herdsman, dark, tall, and angular of figure.

SEEN against the livid cloud, the Sabaeen's outline seemed magnified out of all proportion. On his head he wore a red keffiyeh, and his dark cloak, caught by the gusts, was flapping like a pair of great wings. Obviously he was waiting for the young man who was now mounting the slope of the dune. In fact, as the latter neared the top he went forward to meet him.

For a few moments the two figures, one white and luminous, the other black and sinister, stood in conversation, conspicuous on the sky-line and thrown into relief by the distant flashes of lightning. Then the howl of the wind rose to a shriek. A violent squall and a scurry of sand swept the dune.

A moment later the two men had disappeared.

"Forward!" shouted Marcus. "Forward! Follow those two men!" He had an irresistible desire to meet and question the unknown neophyte.

Starting at a gallop, this time the horses made no difficulty, it was only a matter of seconds before they reached the crest of the dune. But there was no trace of the two men. There was nothing save the wide expanse of ciner-colored desert sprinkled with large stones and black pebbles, as if hurled there in past ages from some volcano.

It was now past midday. The worst of the thunderstorm was passing away to the south, but the fierce desert wind was still blowing hard and driving before it clouds of sand and dust.

The few inhabitants of Bethabara had retired into their huts and remained there, alarmed by the arrival of Marcus and his men. Of the Baptist and his followers there was no sign. Interrogated by Tricongius, the leader of the caravan declared his determination to proceed no farther until the weather cleared.

After consultation with Tricongius, Marcus decided to do likewise. It would not be prudent to start on the long difficult return journey with tired horses and in such conditions.

The troopers, experienced and hardened campaigners, very quickly had everything arranged, with picket-lines and shelters set up for a night's camp.

Please turn to page 61

## I WENT TO LIVE IN TIMOR

WITH 5 SERVANTS TO DO MY HOUSEWORK. NOW I'M BACK IN SYDNEY I HAVE ONLY ONE - A PACKET OF RINSO - BUT MY WASH HAS NEVER LOOKED SO WHITE!

Its thicker, richer suds make

# Rinso best for everything

For whites, coloureds, dishes...

2 OUT OF 3 HOUSEWIVES USE RINSO WITH ITS THICKER, RICHER SUDS

These housewives have tried Rinso and seen for themselves that it really does get clothes whiter and brighter than brand-new . . . because of the new magic in Rinso's thicker, richer suds. According to a big survey just completed, no fewer than two out of three housewives use Rinso.

WASHING UP IS A PLEASURE NOW I USE RINSO! EVEN THE GREASY DISHES FROM A ROAST DINNER ARE NO TROUBLE AT ALL IN RINSO'S LOVELY THICK SUDS

Mrs. Janet Scott, Tarrago Street, Camp Hill, ST. BRISBANE, Q.L.D.

A BOON TO BUSY MOTHERS MY LITTLE GIRLS' DRESSES ARE ALWAYS IN THE TUB - BUT THE COLOURS COME UP SMILING, THANKS TO RINSO. I NEVER RECEIVED COMPLIMENTS ON MY WASHING TILL I STARTED USING RINSO

Mrs. M. Lear, 55 Lyle Street, BRUNSWICK, VICTORIA

### SCIENTIFIC PROOF:

It's a scientific fact that the better the suds the brighter the wash. Rinso gives up to 10% more suds than other products recommended for washing-up. That's why Rinso is best for whites, coloureds, dishes . . . everything.

AFTER WASHING-UP RINSO SUDS ARE STILL THICK AFTER SAME TIME OTHER SUDS ARE VERY FLAT



Buy 2 packets One for the laundry, one for the kitchen

Z.308.VW.65g

## PRESENTLY a

foraging party obtained some pigeons and a few emaciated fowls from the villagers to supplement the rations carried on the pack animals, and very soon these were in the pots bubbling over a little fire-oven constructed in a sheltered hollow.

The night was uneventful and by morning the wind had dropped. About the ninth hour Marcus at the head of his troop set out on the return journey and on the following day rode again into Jerusalem.

After dismissing his troop on the parade-ground of the Antonia Tower he proceeded to Pansa's quarters to make his report.

"So, then, you saw the famous Baptist?" remarked his superior.

"Yes, I saw him, and, what is more, I was lucky enough to witness his baptism of a new initiate. Truly, a strange country and strange people!" replied Marcus.

"My dear fellow, fanaticism is a normal and natural condition here. At first it used to impress me to a certain extent . . . now I pay no more attention to it, or them. What I am interested in is the women."

He added with a laugh, "Talking of that, after dinner I'll take you to call on one of our loveliest women, Miriam of Magdala. In her you will find a courtesan who, if she were in Rome, would put Lollia in the shade!"

The casual mention of these names that had been linked so closely with his own destinies plucked at Marcus' heartstrings. The image of Varilla rose before him. Where was she at that moment? What was she doing?

He reproached himself bitterly for having given so little thought to her during these last days of new and strange experiences. He would have liked to be alone, so that he might write her a long letter.

On the other hand, he was haunted by the face of that young initiate of the Baptist's, who had disappeared so mysteriously in the desert . . .

But Pansa was so cheery and was such a good companion that Marcus could not but listen to him with real pleasure.

During dinner, they talked about Rome, about Tiberius, and about the recent rioting following on the fiasco

## The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 60

of the Emperor's failure to return to the Urbs.

Then Pansa said half jestingly, half seriously: "Now tell me which of the Roman beauties was it that hit you so hard, at your age? Of course, my boy, I know you were sent here because of some trouble over a love-affair."

With the ingenuous innocence that was natural to him, Marcus felt a keen desire to confide in someone. His face lit up with suppressed emotions like a torch. "Yes! That is true," he said, "I love a woman with all my heart and soul, and she returns my love! She is Varilla, daughter of Quintilius Varus!"

"Ye Gods!" said Pansa with a laugh. "What a choice for a small boy!"

"You mustn't make a joke of it," pleaded Marcus. "Varilla's love and mine were born under divine auspices, they will be immortal. Don't you think, Pansa, that a transformation of the world is coming?"

Pansa glanced kindly and sympathetically at his young subordinate. "That's one of the things I leave entirely in the hands of the Gods," he replied. "Anyhow, if you mean a transformation of the world through the intervention of a Messiah, you'll be able to have a long talk about that with Miriam. Let us go and see her."

Miriam's abode was situated in rather a lonely spot outside the Gate of Ephraim. She lived there alone, with a small retinue of slaves.

She was regarded as "unclean" by the priesthood and by the great majority of the Jews, but she was much beloved by the poor, to whom she would give away anything she happened to have at hand, even her own jewellery.

When Pansa and Marcus arrived, two young slave-girls, whose skins were of the delicate golden-brown of ripe wheat, came to meet them and showed them into a room that was rather like a beehive, with no windows but only two lateral doors screened by brightly colored mats.

In accordance with Oriental cus-

tom there was scarcely any furniture, but there were many cushions on the floor.

Each of the young women had a little jar of perfume. Spreading some of it on the palms of their hands they proceeded to anoint the heads of the visitors.

"And what is your name?" asked Marcus of his attendant.

"I am called Musarion, sir," she replied, bestowing loving caresses on Marcus' curly hair. "I think that you, too, must be a newcomer to Jerusalem. You have not called on my mistress before."

"Yes," he answered, "I am quite a recent arrival."

Musarion went on: "You are as handsome as that son of Astorpe called Desire. My mistress will fall in love with you at once. Give me your hands that I may rub on them a few drops of this oil of verbenal!"

Marcus obeyed and the soft touches sent a disquieting thrill through his veins. Then, however, the two slaves withdrew.

AN instant later one of the door-screens was raised and a woman stepped into the room.

"Greeting, Sivernius Pansa!" she said, speaking in Greek. Her tone of voice was deep and warm. "And who is this handsome young man you have brought with you? Musarion tells me I am sure to fall in love with him!" She stopped in front of Marcus, holding out her hands to him and scanning him with her magnificent eyes.

The moment she appeared Marcus had leapt to his feet, pale, his heart beating tumultuously. It was she, Miriam of Magdala! He would have recognised her anywhere. She was smiling gently at him now.

"Why," she said, turning to Pansa, "he's still only a boy!" She had mistaken his evident motion for shyness and was patting his cheek encouragingly. "You are indeed as handsome as Adonias, the son of David!"

"Miriam, don't you know me? I recognised you at once!"

"You recognised me, my turtle-dove! And when have you seen me before?" she said in surprise.

"Think! My name is Adonias, like David's son, and you held me in your arms when I was a child!"

Miriam stepped back. Looking again at the young man, the obvious resemblance suddenly dawned upon her.

"Can it be? . . . I held you in my arms? . . . your name is Adonias? . . . Is it possible? . . . Tell me, are you my little baby-boy of Caesarea, my Marcus Adonias, son of Valerius Gratus?"

"Yes, Miriam, I am! And I recognised you the moment I saw you!"

Miriam uttered a cry of joy and threw her arms round Marcus' neck, weeping.

"My dear little son," she murmured through her tears, "so you are really my baby of Caesarea. But what a fine young man you are! Pansa, I thank you for all the happiness this means to me. You cannot imagine how I loved this boy when he was a small child."

Pansa had, of course, been utterly astonished by this explosion and by Miriam's tears. "You must not," he said, "give me any credit for this. I had no idea your two were in any way connected!"

"Yes! For five years this little boy was my child. His mother had disappeared. I had taken her place in Gratus' home and mothered the little fellow. How his real mother would rejoice to see him to-day! Poor Micol, who by circumcising him lost him!"

Timidly Marcus asked if Miriam could give him any news of his mother. But it seemed no one knew anything definite. After her disappearance a kind of legend sprang up about her.

Some said she had taken refuge in Elijah's cave on Mount Hermon, was living there in company with the stormy prophet of her people, and would return with him when the Messiah should appear. Others were positive she was dead.

LEAVING the subject of Micol for a moment, Miriam asked Marcus, "When did you leave Rome, and how is it that you are in Palestine?"

"A disappointment in love!" explained Pansa with a laugh, "he, too, has been prematurely bitten by the sharp tooth of Venus!"

"Poor little fellow!" said Miriam, "and no doubt you had dreamed of being happy! But love is like the sand in the hour-glass: One turns it to record the hour of bliss . . . but the sand flows away and the hour is past. Who can teach the secret of a love that never fades? Only One sent from Heaven can do it! And I await His coming!"

"I suppose you are speaking of the Messiah?" asked Pansa. "Are you, too, Miriam, one of those who await the invincible warrior who shall rout the Romans?"

"It is true, Pansa, that I await the Messiah. But not a warrior Messiah. What use would his coming be, if it were merely to confirm the Law of Cain. No! In this world those who are poor and unfortunate greatly outnumber those who are rich and strong. But the poor and unfortunate are just as much as the others the concern of God. It is for them the Messiah will come!"

"Do you know, Miriam," said Marcus, "yesterday I was down at the Jordan. I saw John, the new prophet, and I saw him baptise a trophite, whose face I cannot forget. I fancy he must have been a young Galilean. His face was so beautiful, yet so sad, that I thought I was looking at Dionysus himself."

"After the baptism he disappeared into the desert, and although I rode after him I never found any trace. Who can say where he may be now, in that ghastly desert by the Dead Sea?"

All three remained silent, as though straining their ears to catch some desert.

The desert wind had sprung up again. A squall-like vibrant voice from the invisible tore over the house of Miriam of Magdala, and over all Jerusalem.

Please turn to page 62



"Why are your teeth so much **Whiter** today?"

"Because I changed to **New PEPSODENT with Irium**"

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

PEPSODENT REMOVES DULLING FILM —  
WILL GIVE YOU, TOO, THE WHITEST TEETH

Why! Because only Pepsodent contains Irium — the wonder ingredient that combats film. Film builds constantly on everyone's teeth. Film clouds natural whiteness, glues acid to teeth, assists decay. Rout dulling film with Pepsodent. Pepsodent, with Irium, removes film quickly, efficiently, pleasantly — reveals the true whiteness of your teeth!



You'll love  
Pepsodent's delicious,  
fresh, minty flavour!

**PEPSODENT** gives the **WHITEST** teeth

# The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 61

IN the next few days, Marcus was very busy. After taking counsel with Megacles, he decided to leave his quarters in the Antonia Tower and establish himself, with his servants, in his mother's old house in the Upper Town.

Pansa would have preferred that he remain with him in the official Governor's Residence, which was certainly more comfortable; but Marcus was not willing to accept this. He wanted to be free to devote himself, when not on military duty, to the urgent task of tracing his mother.

The urge to find her, an urge that at first had been timid, as though ashamed of itself, had become imperative and tormenting ever since Marcus' visit to Miriam. It became even stronger once he found himself in the house where he was born.

Since the day Micol had fled from it the house had remained untenanted in the care of an old door-keeper. Nobody wished to live in a house where a High Priest of the Temple had been assaulted.

Within everything remained untouched and exactly as it had stood at the moment of the dramatic scene between Micol and Valerius Gratus. Smothered in dust, it all seemed so old, blasted as though by a curse.

Yet in every dark corner, in every tiny sound, in every creak of wood-work, Marcus felt he recognised something holy, something in the nature of an unseen divinity that had waited there for him all those years, waited to reveal itself and to become familiar with him.

Simon, who also was much affected, spoke to him of the past as they moved from room to room.

"See, sir, it was here that you were brought into the world. Here, by that window, your mother took you in her arms and with tears in her eyes raised you up to Heaven,

calling upon the God of the High Places.

"There is the cradle of sycamore-wood that I bought for you from a young workman of Nazareth. Cut on one of its sides was the name of the youth who sold it to me."

The cradle, in which were a small coverlet of swainsdown and some linen cloths, lay in a dusty corner half hidden under spiders' webs. Marcus Adonias examined it and on one of the sides found the inscription, perfectly legible, IESUA.

"That door there," continued Simon, "is the one by which your father entered. When he found that you had been circumcised he drew his sword, roaring like a lion. And it was by that other door that your mother fled, carrying you in her arms, with the victors after her.

"Just to think, sir, that she has never seen you since that day! And now you are a man, and the Most High has willed that you return to the Kingdom of Israel!"

Marcus tried to speak, but a lump in his throat prevented him. The Fate that had presided over his birth still lay heavy upon him; nevertheless he felt that the circumstances leading to this return to his birthplace had been providential.

Something new, something definitive, was in store for him, something that would give his life a fresh significance. At all costs he would pursue the search for his mother.

Next morning Marcus made all arrangements for having the house put in order. He entrusted Megacles with the direction of the necessary work and the old man lost no time in setting about the task.

Marcus then went to call on Saramalla, hoping the shrewd old banker might be able to assist him in communicating with Varilla and also in the search for his mother.

It transpired, however, that Saramalla had been on the point of communicating with him.

"I have here a letter from Eleazar," he said. "He is ready to treat."

"Good!" replied Marcus. "That is indeed important! But where? And when?"

"It will be for you, sir, to fix a time in concert with Pansa, and, if needs be, with the Governor, Pilatus. As to the place, Eleazar has decided that himself, but it is not far away. He makes, too, one condition, which is that you yourself should deal in person with a delegate of his whom he will send to meet you."

"I shall have to talk this over with Pansa," said Marcus. "Meanwhile, I am very glad to have your report. I am in hopes that it will not be very difficult for me to persuade Eleazar's delegate that it will be in his chief's own interest to give himself up."

AFTER that, Marcus went on to speak of the two projects which had brought him there that morning.

When he came to the question of his mother, he said: "I feel certain she is alive, and is somewhere in this country. You must help me in my search. Spend whatever is necessary, but let her know I am here in Jerusalem and most anxious to be reunited to her."

For a few moments Saramalla remained silent.

"I shall carry out your orders, sir," he said at length, "but I feel sure that if you mention the matter to the delegate sent to meet you by Eleazar you will get a good deal of

information about your mother. Eleazar's men live in the mountains. Very possibly they will have come across her, if so be that she, too, lives there."

On leaving Saramalla's house Marcus went at once to the Antonia Tower to communicate the purport of Eleazar's letter to Pansa.

Pansa proposed to refer the matter to Pilatus at Caesarea. He himself thought that it would not be right to entrust the negotiations to an officer so young and inexperienced as Marcus Adonias. But Marcus demurred. Let the agreed conditions be submitted to Pilatus for his approval.

He, Marcus, felt he was quite capable of imposing conditions advantageous to Rome and her prestige. There was another reason, the principal reason, why he wished to handle these matters himself. His own future and Varilla's depended on his success in suppressing Eleazar's brigandage.

Pilatus had promised that if he achieved that task he would secure for him the Emperor's pardon and permission to return to Rome.

So, using Saramalla as intermediary, Marcus made his own arrangements for the meeting with Eleazar's delegate.

The meeting was to take place at a spot named Rachel's Tomb, not far from the edge of the desert. It was here that according to tradition Jacob's favorite wife had died in giving birth to the last of her children.

Marcus Adonias was to come with not more than fifty men, whom he would leave at a predetermined distance from the meeting place. Eleazar's delegate would do likewise, and the two negotiators would proceed to a point half-way between the escorts.

WITH these details duly agreed upon, Marcus, on the appointed day, rode out from the Joppa Gate at the head of two troops of his men and headed towards the hills where, amongst olive groves and pasture fields, stood the little village of Bethlehem Ephrata. With him was the invaluable Tricongius.

They reached the little village, then following a track that skirted a large stone-quarry, whose flanks were honeycombed with caverns, they turned left, traversed an olive grove, and found themselves on a piece of bare open ground sprinkled with those black pebbles that always betoken the proximity of the desert.

Familiar with the topography after his long service in Judaea, Tricongius was able to point out to Marcus the spot selected for the rendezvous.

From where they stood they could see another low hill, beyond which was rocky ground covered with brushwood and wild olive. It was on this hillock that Jacob had erected the memorial to Rachel.

Now that he was actually on the spot itself, the fact that it was the place where, so long before, a child had lost its mother, Marcus was aware of mounting uneasiness.

Why choose that particular place? He had a strange feeling that some special significance attached to the choice, and he was anxious as to what it might be.

He gave Tricongius his orders: "You will dismount and remain here under cover of the olive grove. I shall ride on to the top of the hillock so that I can be seen from a good distance."

"Sir," said Tricongius, "you must not go alone! You cannot trust these Hebrews!"

Please turn to page 63

## At last I'm free to look after my little family — thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids



### Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you are suffering, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and start a course of this famous treatment to-day.

### How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

A large proportion of drugs and medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are greatly reduced. In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help to drive out the poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Hot Flushes, Loss of Energy, Rheumatic Aches, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Lumbago and similar ailments.

### Start a course to-day of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and let Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, that loss of energy, those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful vigour.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a tried and proven family treatment for the painful rheumatic ailments that cripple thousands of otherwise healthy people every year. You can get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids  
6/6 and 3/6 Everywhere

If you are suffering, this human story will interest you—

"The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment.

"Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful, wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on... for the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family. Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness."



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment for cleansing your body of the poisons that cripple you.

NEW SOUTH WALES

**SAVE MONEY!  
BUY THE NEW  
LARGE SIZE**



Large Size: 80 Pills 2/6  
Standard Size: 40 Pills 1/6

Many thousands of letters received bear witness to relief from constipation, biliousness, digestive, stomach, and liver disorders by using

**Dr. MORSE'S  
INDIAN ROOT  
PILLS**

**Banish  
ACNE**

and

**EMBARRASSING  
SKIN BLEMISHES**

**REJUVENATE YOUR  
COMPLEXION WITH**

**dermasan**

A newly-discovered 3-phase skin treatment which restores cell catalytic activity, banishes acne, gives immunity from recurrence and ensures a flawless, healthy complexion.

DERMASAN is a research product of proven efficacy. It is the result of many years' research into the causes and treatment of acne. It is a complete treatment which gives positive results in a remarkably short time.

THE COMPLETE DERMASAN TREATMENT COSTS . . . 18/6

Available from Chemists only.

D281-56

**Simple Way To Lift  
Corns Right Out**

**No Excuse for Cutting Corns.**

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips. Only a few drops of Frosol-ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get from any chemist, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful, safe remover stops pain quickly, does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frosol-ice is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

## The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 62

MARCUS said, decidedly, "I mean to go alone. We cannot let these people think we are afraid of them. But you and four of the best Galatians can remain mounted and keep watch from that little salient of trees. Then at the slightest sign of an alarm you can rejoin me."

"Sir," said Tricongius with the ruffled mien of every subordinate who finds his wise advice disdained by a superior, "I shall of course obey. But permit me to say again—it is not prudent."

Without even waiting for Tricongius to finish, Marcus had started off at a trot and very soon he reached the crest of the little hill.

A path crossed the small plateau, and by its side was a heap of stones roughly shaped to form a truncated pyramid on a square base. On top of this was a broad brown flagstone.

"This must be Rachel's Tomb," said Marcus to himself as he rode over to examine it.

Someone on horseback appeared from among the trees and was silhouetted against a patch of clear blue sky. As the figure drew nearer Marcus saw that on its head was not the usual keffiyeh—floating in the wind—but a mass of dark hair. The rider was a woman. She carried a bow slung over her shoulder.

Striving to dominate his excitement, Marcus thought—"Eleazar must have sent his Amazon, the most cruel and vindictive of all his gang!"

He was about to move forward to meet her, when she forestalled him by breaking into a trot. When some twelve paces away she reined up, stared fixedly at the young man and leaped lightly from the saddle.

Uneasy and mistrustful, Marcus had remained mounted. As the woman, leading her horse, with her bow over her shoulder, showed signs of approaching nearer, he rapped out an order: "Drop that bow!"

She stopped, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Drop that bow!" he repeated. "What are you crying for? And who are you?"

"Adonias! O son of mine!" and she stretched out her arms to him. Marcus leaped from his horse.

"Who are you? Why do you call me son?"

She said, through her tears: "Has no one ever spoken to you of Micol, daughter of Phabi?"

"Micol of Phabi is my mother," said Marcus in a voice choking with emotion. "She is my mother, and I have been searching for her!"

The woman threw her bow to the ground, dropped the reins of her horse, and flew to him with wide-open arms, crying, "Adonias, my child!"

Mother and son embraced in a silence broken only by Micol's passionate sobbing. Then she lifted the helmet from his head, laid it on the ground, pressed his face between her hands, turning it this way and that to examine it from all angles, and covering it with kisses.

"Adonias! My own Adonias!" she kept murmuring.

Marcus himself was deeply moved, but almost equally puzzled.

"Mother," he said, "ever since I arrived in this country my one object has been to find you. But tell me—how is it you are here? Did you come of yourself to meet me, or are you here to parley on behalf of Eleazar?"

"I have come," replied Micol, "to take back my son and consecrate him again to my God, that God to whom I once consecrated him by blood. You are no Roman. You are mine! You must follow me!"

"Whether must I follow you, Mother?" asked Marcus.

"To the mountains! To the mountains where I live and fight for the freedom of the people of Israel and for their God! The Messiah may arrive at any moment. It may be a matter of days, perhaps only of

hours, till He is among us and grasps the sword of Mattathias! My son must fight at my side, not in the ranks of our enemies!"

Marcus felt his blood run cold. "Mother," he said, putting his arms round her neck, "you must not talk nonsense like those Hebrew brothers of yours! This warrior that you are expecting to wage war on Rome is all folly! Within the walls of Rome dwell all the Gods, and Roman might is unconquerable! He who will come to save the world and to establish the Reign of Joy for his followers is no warrior, but the divine Dionysus, who was torn in pieces by the Titans. I am one of his disciples, and I wait for him."

"It is you that must come with me! Here I represent the majesty of the mighty City and the strength of a conquering race. I do not know where you have been living until now, or what your relations may be with Eleazar's band. Pontius Pilatus had information that there was a woman with them, an Amazon, and that she was the most cruel of them all. Even if you are that Amazon, I promise pardon for you and for all those with you."

Micol abruptly broke away and pointing to the memorial erected by Jacob, said: "See, on that spot where stands the heap of stones, Rachel died in giving birth to a son. I tell you that she was more fortunate than I! At least she never lived to see her son become an enemy and a worshipper of foreign Gods . . ." Again she began to weep passionately.

"Mother," said Marcus, "have pity on me! I love a woman who loves me, and I could not live without her. All my hopes of winning her depend upon the way I do my duty as a soldier . . ."

ON hearing that another woman, a foreign woman, had come into her son's life, Micol started as though bitten by a serpent. She stooped, picked up her bow, and raised her arms towards the mountains in a gesture of despair.

"O thou Most High God, thou hast already punished me for having loved an unbeliever, and now thou hast punished me anew!"

She turned again to Marcus and embraced him, gazing into his face as though to imprint his features on her memory. Then she ran to her horse, vaulted into the saddle, and galloped off towards the rocky ridge from which she had first appeared. A moment later she had vanished. Marcus stood gazing after her helplessly, his brain numb, until he was roused from his stupor by the sound of a horse's hooves. It was Tricongius.

"Pardon, sir, for disobeying orders," he said. "But I was afraid something might have happened to you!"

"Thanks, Tricongius! You're a good soldier, and I shall not forget to mention you to Pansa. Now I want you to take command and return to Jerusalem."

"And what about yourself, sir?"

"I'm staying here. The parley with Eleazar's man is not finished yet—I have to wait for further proposals."

Tricongius' tough face hardened. "I cannot leave you here alone, sir. I will remain nearby with the men."

"I am giving you an order, Tricongius," said Marcus severely.

"At least, sir, repeat that order before the men, and tell me what I am to report to the Tribune Sisenius Pansa." He picked up Marcus' helmet and caught his horse.

Marcus donned his helmet, and rode back with his troop-leader to the olive grove. There, before them all, he repeated his order and formally handed over command to Tricongius.

Please turn to page 64

**YOU GET MORE**

**for your MONEY**



**WHEN YOU BUY**

**THE NEW Tape Wringmaster**

Yes, indeed . . . MORE in wringing ease . . . MORE in streamlined good looks . . . MORE in first-class craftsmanship . . . MORE of everything that matters.

Just look at these big-value Wringmaster features: Positive Pressure Control ensures "just right" treatment of every item. Stainless steel fold-up trays give you the WHOLE trough to work in. "Mated" rollers mean gentle, thorough wringing. "Toe-in" clamps fit every type of trough. Sealed-off bearings eliminate fear of grass stains. Water drain is adjustable. Handle tucks out of danger's way. No dust collecting grooves and corners. Smooth contours and stain-resistant finish keeps your Wringmaster spotless! Engineered and Guaranteed by POPE PRODUCTS LIMITED All States . . . WW82-3

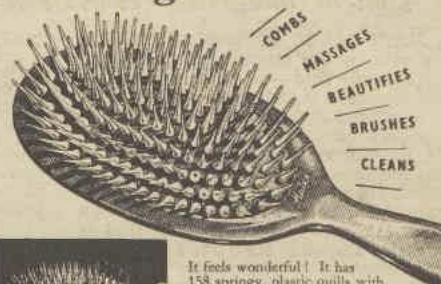
**5 YEAR  
GUARANTEE**

**THE ONLY WRINGER THAT GIVES  
YOU THIS PROTECTION!!**

**OBTAINABLE  
ALL STORES**

**HALEX COMBING BRUSH**

**The World's Most  
Exciting Hairbrush!**



1. Quills are widely spaced—pneumatic quill-pad takes out the wash in 2 seconds.



2. Quills and pad tone with plastic handle—delicate blue, pink, green, moire and other shades.

It feels wonderful! It has 158 springy, plastic quills with rounded ends—air-cushioned—like 158 tiny fingers that reach down through your hair and tingle your scalp! A few strokes glorify your hair—revive lank hair—make waves deeper—correct dandruff—untangle tangles without tugging. For new hair loveliness, get your Halex Combing Brush today!

**Halex** Registered Trade mark of HALEX LTD.  
THE MARK OF BETTER BRUSHWARE

At your store or chemist—ask for Halex hair, bath and nail brushes and saw-tooth combs.

Australian Representatives:  
D. C. Barrington Pty. Ltd., 328 Windsor St., Melbourne  
Barrington Hyde Pty. Ltd., 331 Pitt St., Sydney.

144-12

**MADE IN ENGLAND BY HALEX LTD.**

# M

MARCUS remained where he was until his troop had all passed out of sight beyond the houses and cabins of Bethlehem. Then he turned his horse and galloped away in the direction of the valley of the Terebinth.

He had no idea where he was going. His thoughts and mind were in such a turmoil that all he was aware of was a sense of tranquillity and refreshment in thus facing aimlessly across country, facing the hot wind that blew in from the desert.

For how long, and how far, he rode he never knew. Only when his mount, blown and sweating profusely, began to slacken of its own accord, did he take note of his surroundings, and found he was in the desert. Before him and as far as he could see opened a vista of dune beyond dune, like the maw of some gigantic monster. Overhead the broiling sun shone pitilessly.

What was he to do? In his present state of mind he was unable to come to any decision.

Meanwhile, his horse, no longer guided, its rider being oblivious of his surroundings, edged away to the westward towards the rocky escarpment overlooking the belt of dunes that borders the Dead Sea.

Marcus dismounted. His tongue was dry as leather, his eyes were bloodshot and burning, his cuirass and accoutrements seemed to be red-hot. He took them off, laid them with his helmet on the ground, sat down on a stone.

Evening drew near. The awful thirst, the heat, the dreadful silence, and an exhaustion even more mental than physical combined to throw him into a kind of coma, soon merging into an uneasy sleep filled with nightmares.

He was alone in a desert, a horrible sea of arid clinders pulverised by the wind. The dust penetrated into his nostrils and throat, choking him.

Then suddenly, a shadow covered this sea, the shadow of a cloud . . . it was no longer a sea, but a green prairie with spouting fountains like majestic palm-trees.

Under their swaying branches was sailing, how it was not clear, a ship. It was Thamus' ship, the one with

the figurehead of Naout, the Cow. He, Marcus, was on deck, looking out. A woman came to him and offered him a lovely pomegranate.

Tormented by thirst he tore open the pomegranate, gathered the ruby-red seeds in the palm of one hand, and greedily thrust them into his mouth. Ugh! They were hard and bitter, like shingle from the seashore.

He opened his mouth to shout, to call for help, but all that came from his throat was the hoarse sinister wail of the beggars and lepers—Sedakahl! Sedakahl! . . .

Now he was himself a beggar, and a swarm of lepers was all around him, a horrible array of phantoms whose faces seemed to be whitened with chalk. They clung to him and tugged at his clothing.

He tried to run away, leaving the torn rags of his tunic in their grasp. He was naked again, as he had been on the night of his initiation, naked and running in the streets of Rome.

Ah! now he was in that little dirty thoroughfare in the Subura. In the stillness of the night he could hear the splashing water—it came from the monumental fountain dedicated to the sweet singer of Thrace. Here the water bubbled in a wide basin of pink porphyry in the centre of which stood the statue of Orpheus, lyre in hand.

"O divine Master!" he began, approaching the basin with arms outstretched. But see! the statue moved! Orpheus was stepping down and coming towards him . . . he was walking on the water . . .

But it was not Orpheus, it was the young God of his dream in Livia's villa . . . or was it the unknown working-man whose baptism he had witnessed from the bank of the Jordan?

The figure had the beautiful sad face and the crown of purple berries of the one, the nut-brown hair and the unspeakably expressive eyes of the other. It came nearer and called him by name—"Marcus Adonias!"

The call seemed so real that the vision faded. But then the call was repeated—"Marcus Adonias!"

## The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 63

He tried to open his eyes, but it was so sweet and restful just to lie there. He wanted above all to sleep.

Again he heard the voice—"Marcus Adonias!" This time it was quite clear, and his horse too was snorting and shuffling. Half-awake, he endeavored to sit up. Someone was indeed standing there by him. It was a youngish man, in a white tunic and keffiyeh, and he had addressed him by name.

Marcus was greatly startled. He recognised the man at once—it was the mysterious initiate who had been baptised by John in the Jordan.

His cheeks were hollow as though after a long fast, but the gentleness of his face and the expression of his eyes remained unchanged.

### N

OW the initiate was bending over him, holding out his hands. Marcus struggled to his feet, tottering, and in a hoarse whisper, which was all that his parched throat could emit, asked: "Who are you? How do you know my name?"

"I do know it!" replied the other with a quiet smile, "and I know, too, that you are thirsty! Follow me and I will get you something to drink."

Marcus was too exhausted and bewildered even to repeat his question. He managed to lace on his cuirass, donned his helmet, untethered his horse, passed the reins over its head, and stumbled after the stranger, who led the way up a little track that climbed the flank of the gully.

Night was now closing over the desert.

In the gathering darkness the white tunic and keffiyeh of the stranger seemed to radiate a feeble glimmer. Following him in silence, Marcus lost his feeling of lassitude and was unconscious of the effort involved in climbing. His horse, so restless before, was now docile as a dog.

At a turn in the track the stranger stopped. From the face of the bare rock, which bore no sign of vegetation, a slender stream of water issued.

"Drink!" said the unknown guide, "and let your horse drink, too!" Whilst the animal plunged its muzzle deep, Marcus beside it drank greedily from the water as it fell.

As soon as he was able to frame the words, he turned to the stranger and said: "I thank you, O man of Judaea! I thank you for snatching me from death. Did I not see you, a few weeks ago, down there on the river? Are you not a disciple of the Baptist?"

"If you knew who I am," replied the stranger calmly, "you would come to me for consolation, for I am here to console the afflicted."

Without another word he resumed the ascent of the steep track. Marcus forbore any further questioning and followed him in silence.

Presently, on rounding a turn of the track, they came suddenly to a cave in the face of the rock and the stranger halted. At the mouth of the cave, sitting on a flat boulder, was the long, lean figure of a man.

It was the Sabaeen whom Marcus had seen with the unknown neophyte after the Jordan baptism, and who had disappeared with him among the sand-dunes.

"Is this man one of your companions?" he asked his guide.

The latter turned round. In the dark shadow his face shone with a strange luminosity.

"Yes! He is the companion of my solitude."

The mysterious Sabaeen made no movement. He looked askance at Marcus, who imagined he detected a sinister glare in his deep-set eyes.

"Sit down, Marcus Adonias. Tonight you shall be my guest and the guest of the desert."

Marcus felt very ill at ease. "Since I am your guest, O man of Judaea," he said, "tell me how I must address you."

"You may call me Brother . . . Are you not a man? Well, I am the Son of Man!"

The Sabaeen here interrupted, speaking vehemently in harsh tones: "Why have you called me Brother when you are not brothers? You're a Jew and he's a Roman. Enemies; that's what you are, not brothers!"

RAISING his hand, the initiate pointed to the firmament above.

"See," he said, "how the skies spread so graciously over all the earth! Do they make any distinction between Jew and Roman? The Father that is in Heaven sees only the man whom He created in His own image. In the new Kingdom all men will call themselves brothers."

Marcus was listening entranced.

He said: "You speak of a God in the fashion of the Greek philosophers, and that God, from what you say, must love all his creatures. Now we in Rome have many Gods, but none of them seems to love us!"

"And you, my friend, what Gods do you love?"

"Well, I cannot say I love any of them. I am afraid of some!"

"The Heavenly Father desires above all else to be loved, because He Himself loves, and in His Kingdom the law that rules all will be Love."

There was a little silence. Marcus felt his sympathy with the unknown Jew growing so rapidly that now he felt an urge to confide in him.

"Rabbi," he said, "I am heavy at heart, for I am in a great quandary. I am ordered by Caesar's Procurator to destroy Eleazar's band of brigands. But to-day I have learnt that amongst the members of that band is my own mother, Micol, daughter of Phabi. What should I do—carry out my orders, or be traitor to my duty?"

"I know of your trouble," replied the other quietly. "Obey your Chief, and trust in the Heavenly Father. Leave the rest to Him."

As he said this, the Sabaeen leapt of his feet, gathered his cloak around him and ran up a narrow track leading to the highest of the cliffs overlooking the Dead Sea.

On reaching the summit he stopped at the edge.

Then a gust of wind blew his cloak wide open and the man flung himself down the steep reverse slope with a noise like a falling boulder.

To be continued

## Does INDIGESTION worry you?—don't let it!

Take pleasant-tasting RENNIES and forget it!

Read why Digestif Rennies' action in relieving the pain of indigestion comes nearest to Nature's own.

THE MAIN CAUSE OF INDIGESTION is excess acid in the stomach. Actually the stomach needs acid—hydrochloric acid—for the process of digestion, and its presence there is normal and natural. But when the acid grows excessive, as the result of rushed meals, unbalanced diet, worry, or nervous strain, the tender stomach lining becomes inflamed. Then follow the painful symptoms of indigestion. To correct this condition an effective anti-acid is needed—and that is just what Digestif Rennies provides. Rennies contain five carefully balanced ingredients which correct the "hyper-acidity," but do not upset the process of digestion.

WHY RENNIES ACT NATURALLY. Recently a series of tests confirmed that the anti-acid action of Digestif Rennies closely reproduces Nature's own action. Rennies are small tablets which are sucked like sweets. Their anti-acids are carried to your stomach gently and naturally in your saliva. Rennies imitate Nature's regular trickle, and release their anti-acids into the stomach just when required. They do not prevent digestion. They prevent only pain.



Rennies drip anti-acids into your stomach in your own saliva. They don't stop your digestive processes—only your pain.



Remedies that rush into your stomach may over-alkalise, and so stop your digestive processes.

A remedy that is swallowed direct into the stomach with water is not always wholly effective. Flooding the stomach with anti-acids in this way does not simply keep the stomach acid at its right proportion for digestion, but often neutralises it completely—thus halting the entire process of digestion.

Suck Rennies and eat what you like!



Indigestion sufferers now recognise Rennies to be the most effective remedy for stomach pains. In Rennies, modern methods bring lasting relief. As one grateful user described it: "RENNIES give you back your stomach." And Rennies are so easy and pleasant to take, wherever you may be, there is no need ever to suffer the pain and discomfort of indigestion again. A couple of Rennies sucked after meals will help you to forget your fear of stomach troubles.

It's easy to carry Rennies with you in handbag or pocket — each tablet is separately wrapped.

DIGESTIF RENNIES

1/3 and 4/- packet at Chemists and Stores

DR. 1.38.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 25, 1950

Keep your hubby happy with Digestif Rennies



The most frequent cause of irritability in a man is indigestion. When his stomach feels upset, the world looks sour! The answer is Rennies—the pleasant-tasting tablets that relieve indigestion in seconds!

Here's

# FASCO

Australia's brightest name  
in coloured fabrics . . .



FOR UNIFORMS—Strong FASCO all-purpose fabric is ideal wear for the modern girl at hockey, basketball—and when working, too!



FOR BEACH WEAR—For playing and lazing in the sun, gay colour-fast FASCO makes up easily into shorts, slacks, sun suits.



FOR SPORTS SHIRTS—Cool, cotton-crisp sports shirts of FASCO are popular alike with men and boys.



FOR HOUSE WEAR—Business-like but attractive—that's the busy housewife in her frock, overall or apron made of colourful FASCO.



FOR KIDDIES' WEAR—Youngsters' pants, coats, rompers and playings of durable FASCO will last year-in and year-out.



FOR FURNISHINGS—Curtains, table cloths, chair covers—there's no end to the uses for economical FASCO ALL-PURPOSE FABRIC.

You will find FASCO all-purpose fabric makes up easily—wears well—and retains its crisp freshness of colour and finish through laundering after laundering. FASCO is another Actil Guaranteed Quality Product. . . . At all leading stores.



SCIENTIFICALLY  
TESTED FOR  
STRENGTH &  
DURABILITY

AN "ACTIL" GUARANTEED PRODUCT  
GUARANTEED FAST COLOURS  
WIDEST COLOUR RANGE  
36" FINISHED WIDTH  
100% PURE COTTON  
HARD WEARING

MAKERS OF SHEETS (Linen Finish and Super Twill) • PILLOW CASES • TERRY NURSERY SQUARES

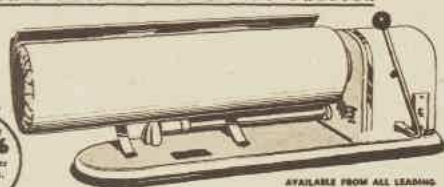
Australian Cotton Textile Industries Limited, ACTIL AVENUE, WOODVILLE, S.A.

**Ironing shirts.  
HARD work?**

**NOT WHEN YOU  
IRON my EASY WAY!**

Of all my electric household appliances, I think nothing saves me so much time, labour and trouble as my Dandee Ironer and Presser. I used to dread the weary drag of ironing day. Piles of shirts for my husband and son, frocks for my young daughter and myself—underwear and household laundry for all of us. Oh, dear! Worst of all were those shirts, pyjama coats and trousers. Now, thank goodness, I've got my Dandee. With it I finish ironing earlier, give everything a professional look, and sit down from the beginning to the end of the job. I just couldn't go back to the slow, hot, back-breaking, stand-up, pound-and-push task of old-fashioned hand-ironing.

**De Luxe Dandee**  
ELECTRIC ROTARY IRONER AND PRESSER



**\$44/5/6**  
Slightly higher in S.A., W.A. and Tas.

AVAILABLE FROM ALL LEADING  
APPLIANCE STORES IN ALL STATES.

Manufactured by  
**COLDSPOT REFRIGERATORS PTY. LTD.**  
The only manufacturers of rotary ironers in Australia.  
346 Stoney Creek Road, Hurstville, Sydney, N.S.W. LU1504

**Jeldi**  
THE BETTER CHENILLE

**Classic Beauty**  
IN BEDSPREADS AND GOWNS

JELDI MANUFACTURING PTY. LIMITED • SYDNEY  
The first to make Chenille in Australia

## Legal Bride

Continued from page 55

MR. GRAVES went on, "I admit that I was tempted to settle the Kallen debt; from the aspect of strict honesty I suppose I should have. However, two factors entered into my decision not to disclose the hidden assets. One was you. The other also came from having my ear to the ground."

"Yes?" Abigail said.

Mr. Graves said: "In my position I hear things. Mr. Kallen is involved in building an expensive hotel at Las Vegas, as you may have learned. The cost has run far beyond original expectations, and is taxing his and other men's resources. I have heard it said that Mr. Kallen is in an extremely tight position financially. In addition, I have heard that Mr. Kallen has resorted to a little dirty work to increase the revenue from the Pastime Club."

"The night Ben played," Mr. Graves added, "he had drunk far too much. He won for a while. I am informed, and then Mr. Kallen took over the table personally. The dice seemed to have been changed—a prerogative of the house. After that Ben lost."

Abigail's eyes were growing bigger. "Now," Mr. Graves said, "I foresaw the futility of having Ben Welsh and cry 'foul'—even if he would have agreed, which I doubt. Bad publicity didn't worry me a lot; Hollywood celebrities have survived worse scrapes than that. I doubt if Kallen would ever have resorted to that tactic. But I am entirely sure he would have taken care of Ben in some manner."

"Poor Ben," Abigail said.

"Since I had you as a workable project," Mr. Graves said, "I decided to keep the secret of the sixty-six thousand. I could always disclose it when you failed, and in the meantime its use would simply encourage Ben to commit fresh excesses. Fortunately, you achieved the desired results."

Abigail said warmly, "Mr. Graves, you are a splendid fellow. The secret of Ben's hidden hoard must not go beyond these walls. Otherwise, my hold on him will be lost."

"Besides that," Mr. Graves said, "the longer we take in paying off Kallen, the more something is likely to happen to him, thus voiding the debt. I have a hunch he may have an accident."

"Oh, I hope not!" Abigail said. "He was so generous with me, and nice about my father."

She shook hands with the business manager and left.

Back at the house, she climbed the stairs and entered her own room, aware of a rise in confidence.

It occurred to her that the cowboy might appreciate a little femininity, and she changed into a long, full skirt, a sweater she had always felt was a little too tight, and oversize ballet slippers inherited from Alice. Examining her reflection in the mirror, she was pleased at the alteration in her appearance; conceivably, Ben might be too.

She went out and knocked on his door. Going inside, she found him stretched out on his bed.

"I'm not happy here, A.J.," he said. "I've been a good boy since noon, and it makes me sick."

"Don't get nasty," Abigail said.

"I'm not," Ben said, and sat up and smiled gaily. "A.J., you've done me a world of good, and it was certainly high time I pulled myself together."

"What?" Abigail said.

Ben went on. "As I lay here today upon my bed of pain, I had some long, long thoughts. I said to myself, 'Cowboy, why should you accept so much ungraciously from a little woman who asks nothing for herself?'"

"Ben," Abigail said, "you've seen the light."

"Please," Ben said. "No compliments. I'm only a humble toiler

in the vineyards." He got up from the bed. "I presume we don't have a new cook?"

"No," Abigail replied, "and I don't think I'll hire another on account of the expense. We'll have Harmony stay occasionally to fix dinner, but otherwise I will—"

"Absolutely not," Ben interrupted. "Why should you get dishpan hands when you have a grateful, repentant man in the house? I'll cook our dinner to-night."

"Huh?" Abigail said.

"Unfortunately," Ben said, "I can only cook outside, due to my early training. But that's all right. I'll build a charcoal fire in the barbecue and prepare you the best chuck-wagon food you ever laid a lip over. Afterward, we'll sit around a big blaze in the parlor and I'll play my guitar and sing to you. How does that sound to you, little gal?"

"Swell," Abigail said.

They went below and into the kitchen. Ben found steaks in the freeze box and got a fire going in the barbecue adjoining the terrace.

He went and busied himself at the barbecue and presently served the meal on the terrace, not neglecting to provide glasses and ice water.

Later they toasted marshmallows on the embers of the barbecue and drank bitter, black coffee brewed in a tin pot.

"The wolves are comin' out," Ben said then. "We'd better get inside the stockade."

In the parlor, he arranged a chair in front of the fireplace for Abigail, and squatted on his heels at her feet, tightening the strings of his guitar. He gave her a huge, slow, overwhelming smile that was brighter than the burning wood.

"You look mighty pretty to-night, little gal," he said. "I will now play and sing for you."

**T**AKING his guitar,

Ben sang two melancholy cowboy ballads in a strong, syrupy baritone. Abigail closed her eyes. He sang two soft and haunting Mexican love songs, in Spanish. Then he somehow got silently off his heels and kissed her.

"Little gal," Ben said, "I've been holdin' my feelings in as long as I can. It's time I spoke right out in meetin'. Can you bring yourself to listen to me?"

"I can," Abigail said dreamily.

"I won't bore you with the details," Ben said, "but I see happy times ahead for us, full of simple kindness and companionship."

"Anything you say," Abigail told him. "Nothing matters except that I'm in your arms. Ben, do you realise how I've hoped you'd want me?"

She opened her eyes suddenly to discover that her loving husband was white as a ghost. She knew instantly and too late his advances had only been a stratagem.

"I can't do this," Ben said. "It's awful. It's like shooting sitting birds. You're only a defenceless child."

"Go away, cowboy," Abigail said. "I reckon I'd better, little gal."

Ben said, and left her.

Abigail sat down weakly in the nearest chair. After some minutes, she got up and plodded towards her room in the loose ballet slippers.

She passed Ben, outward bound, on the stairs. He was attired in a cowboy jacket and tall hat, and still bloodless. They barely glanced at each other.

In her room, Abigail remained for a long time deep in miserable thought. At length she reached a decision. Packing all her things again she loaded them into her car, and drove off finally and resolutely for home.

To be continued



**As fragrant as a  
gay romance?**

with Vemo\* Deodorant  
Powder, of course!

She's enchantingly lovely—she stays ever cool and so very dainty—she knows the secret of new Vemo! For personal protection that lasts and lasts, new Vemo is the perfect deodorant powder.

\*A POWDER IS DAINTIER...  
EASIER TO USE...  
MORE ECONOMICAL.



For regular  
good health—

**SAN-  
BRAN**

Add two spoonfuls of SAN-BRAN to your morning cereal and you add sparkling-eyed health to your diet. Specially milled from wheat, it provides gentle-acting food bulk... is perfectly safe... and contains important mineral elements. Deliciously toasted and flavoured with malt, it's a firm favourite with children, too! From all grocers.

MADE BY

**Sanitarium**

IT MUST BE GOOD

582-8134

**\* ONLY**  
**POLAROID**  **DAY GLASSES**  
**AND SUNSHIELDS**  
**REVEAL THE VIEW WITHOUT THE GLARE**



Only **\*Polaroid** Day Glasses and Sunshields absorb glare  
 by the scientific miracle of Light Polarisation . . . .



\*Polaroid "66" Sunshield.



\*Polaroid "77" Sunshield.



\*Polaroid "55" Sunshield.



\*Polaroid "50" Sunshield.



\*Polaroid "53B" Day Glasses.



\*Polaroid "33" Day Glasses,  
 also in Child's "23 Junior" Size.



\*Polaroid "88" Clip-over Sunshield.



\*Polaroid "31" Clip-over.

When you're wearing \*Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields your eyes view the scene through a miracle \*Polaroid film that absorbs harmful glare, allowing only true light and colour through to your eyes. You see everything without glare or distortion . . . there's no dim-out or dulling . . . every detail, every colour is revealed with vivid clarity. \*Polaroid Day Glasses or Sunshields are optically correct . . . they're safe for your eyes.

Remember, no other sun glasses or sunshields have the unique Light \*Polarisation qualities of \*Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields, so, for your own protection, be sure you ask for and obtain only \*Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields.

*best under the Sun !*

**\* POLAROID**   
**DAY GLASSES AND SUNSHIELDS**

SOLD BY: OPTICIANS, CHEMISTS, SPORTS AND GENERAL STORES, AND THE  
 AUTOMOTIVE TRADE

Australian Agents: A. J. Dawson Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

\*Registered trademark of Polaroid Corporation, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.  
 Patented in Australia and other countries.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST  
 WHEN BUYING YOUR

**\*Polaroid**  
 DAY GLASSES AND SUNSHIELDS

1. Take two  
 \*Polaroid Day  
 Glasses or Sun-  
 shields, and hold  
 them together—the  
 view is unimpaired.



2. Turn one of  
 them slowly and  
 the view, where  
 they cross becomes  
 dimmer.



3. When they are  
 at right angles the  
 view is blocked out.



NOTE: Only \*Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields give you this effect—never buy a pair of \*Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields without first making this test, your guarantee of safety and satisfaction.

Doctors Prove the Palmolive plan  
brings 2 out of 3 women

*Lovelier skin in 14 days!*



**You too,  
can look for these  
improvements in  
only 14 days!**

THE PALMOLIVE PLAN  
BRINGS YOU  
Brighter, clearer skin -  
Finer texture - Better  
tone - Fewer blemishes -  
Less oiliness - Smoother  
skin - Fresher, clearer  
colour

HERE'S THE PLAN THE DOCTORS PROVE

Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then for 60 seconds, massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect.



REGULAR SIZE 5d. BATH SIZE 7d.

P2/120

**QUICK-EZE**

give QUICK RELIEF from

**HEART-BURN**

**AFTER-MEAL PAIN, INDIGESTION  
EXCESS STOMACH ACID, DYSPEPSIA**

The searing, sour distress called "heart-burn" is another sign of disturbed digestion. Regard it as a warning symptom and stop it with Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets. One or two Quick-Eze dissolved slowly in the mouth will put you right in seconds and help prevent a recurrence.



Easy to Take . . . Inconspicuous



HANDY FOR PURSE!

A packet of Quick-Eze carries handily in pocket or handbag; takes up no more room than pen or lipstick. And no mixing or water needed. Just pop one into your mouth as needed.

Prepared to

Approved Pharmaceutical Standards

Quick-Eze is a medicine containing highly effective, quick-acting medicaments, but packed as pleasant-tasting lollies to make them easier and more convenient to take. Quick-Eze are prepared and packed to British Pharmacopoeia Codex Standards.

Be always on guard  
to stop Digestive pains

Don't suffer needlessly. Keep a packet of Quick-Eze always handy wherever you go. One or two of these rapid-acting antacid tablets can save you hours of suffering. You can buy them anywhere.



**QUICK-EZE 6<sup>PER</sup> PKT.**  
for INDIGESTION

## The End of Town

Continued from page 9

MARG wasn't really listening to Jim. "Besides that," she said, as if he hadn't spoken, "Pete sells things so much cheaper."

Jim stared at her. "Well, then, naturally people buy from him. We should, too. I have to cut corners. Business isn't good. If this Pete is a better merchandiser we'd better swing over. It sounds to me as if we're on the wrong team."

"Oh, no, we're not," she said slowly, "I'm sure we're not. He's just cutting prices to drive Nick away. And he ought to sell cheaper, the way he races in and out and doesn't even take time to smile. Nick's never too busy to tell me about Greece and how the mountains looked and the way he met his wife."

Jim nodded sympathetically but he made his voice brusque. "That doesn't sell any spinach, though. What he needs isn't a lawyer, it's a time-study man."

Marg smiled brightly the next evening at supper; Jim decided Pete must have left town completely. He settled back in his chair to enjoy the peace of his home.

"Oh, look!" Marg said. "Gladys is sitting up!"

Jim regarded the dog with the expression of a scientist meeting a new and not altogether desirable species. "With all the grace," he said, "of a bundle of hay."

"She can't help looking like that," Rusty said loyally. "You'd look like that too if you . . ."

"All right," Jim said firmly. "I concede that she cannot help looking like that."

"And she can't help wanting to walk on the grass," Jimmie said. "I told Mrs. Jenkins that. And I told Pete he was stingy not to give Gladys some grapes. He looked real mean at us, and Mrs. Jenkins said she'd phone the police if it happened again."

Jim looked searchingly at his wife, who had found a sudden interest in her salad. "This is a new development?" She nodded. "When," he demanded, "is the owner of the beast returning?"

"Any day now," Marg said hastily, "unless her aunt takes a turn for the worse."

"I shall pray nightly," Jim assured her, "for the dear's speedy recovery."

He smiled, and dinner resumed its equable tenor until Rusty piped up. "Anyway, we told Mrs. Davies, the way you said, about the worms in the peaches. That'll fix Pete for being so stingy with his old grapes."

Deliberately Jim shoved his plate from him and faced Marg. "What is this?"

Marg opened her mouth to answer, but Jimmie cut in enthusiastically. "Mumme told me and Rusty we could tell Mrs. Davies that she bet Pete had his own worm farm because his peaches pretty near crawl."

Marg smiled hopefully. "She believes anything she's told and passes it on—fast."

Jim brought one outraged fist down on the table. "That's slander! The man could sue you. And I wouldn't blame him one bit. You positively must not say one more word against Pete." He looked straight into the eyes of each member of his family, including Gladys. "Do you hear? I won't have it." He shook his head wearily. "If you must indulge in rumormongering why not spread the word that I'm the smartest lawyer in town?"

"I've already told that to everybody I know," Marg said.

Jim looked ever so slightly mollified. "And you won't say one more word about that vegetable man?"

Marg shook her head, and the children solemnly crossed their hearts. "Not one." They made it sound like a sacred promise.

But it was a sacredness Jim suspected by noon the next day. The

neighborhood displayed the relaxed friendliness of Saturday.

Marg and Mrs. Davies were chatting. As he walked up the front path he regarded the chatting pair in his yard uneasily. Marg had promised, and yet . . .

"No, we're talking about flowers," Marg said, as if she could read his mind. She held up a bunch of zinnias. "Want to put these in the vase in the dining-room?"

Jim accepted the flowers, reassured as much by Mrs. Davies' vacant smile as by Marg's words. The woman, he told himself, could not have been hearing anything exciting about wormy peaches. With a nod to her he started into the house.

The door opened as he approached it, and Rusty stuck his head out. "I gave it to her," Rusty said.

"That's nice," Marg said and continued to point out flowers to Mrs. Davies. "Oh," she turned to Jim, "will you help me with something after a bit?"

Jim nodded and went inside. The day was falling into the comfortable Saturday routine. He thrust the zinnias into the designated vase and plunged into the solace of his work-room.

Outside, Marg, still chatting casually with her neighbor, eyed a red truck coming down the street. "The new vegetable man," she said. "I wonder if he sells grapes. Gladys just loves them."

She bailed the truck and smiled unconcernedly at the busy little man who leaped out to take her order. Hardly interrupting her conversation with Mrs. Davies, she called to the boys to bring her purse.

When they came out as if on signal, with Gladys waddling in the rear, she held the bunch of grapes temptingly low for the dog. If she noticed, as the truck drove off, that the boys stood expectantly, their eyes riveted on the slowly masticating dog, she gave no sign. "Your petunias are lovely this year," she said to Mrs. Davies, "and I . . ."

It was then that Jimmy screamed. Mouth wide in horror he pointed straight at the ground where Gladys slumped inertly. "She's dead!" he yelled. "Look! Look!"

BENDING over the limp form, Marg gasped. "Isn't that strange? He was just eating these grapes and— Here!" She thrust the half-eaten bunch at Mrs. Davies. "Hold these, will you?"

Mrs. Davies reached out a hand, then jerked it back as if a blowtorch were pointed straight at her wrist. She and Marg exchanged a look more eloquent than any words. While they stood looking toward the disappearing red truck with silent accusations, Jimmie ran into the house and came out with Patty.

She took one look at Gladys and filled the neighborhood with wails. "He's dead," Patty wept. "Gladys is dead."

"Oh, dear," Marg said. "Here, Rusty, hold these—or maybe—"

She looked again at Mrs. Davies. "Don't let him touch them!" Mrs. Davies urged. "Throw them away. Go and wash your hands!" She departed as if the very air around the grapes might be tainted.

Marg watched the terrified retreat, then picked Gladys up. Slowly she mounted the front steps, but, once inside the house, she moved as if personally responsible for a threatening circus.

"All right," she said, "where's Nick's orange box? Now, boys, you know what to do." She snatched the flowers out of the vase in the dining-room and stuck them into Patty's hands. "Jim," she called, "will you come and bring a spade?"

Please turn to page 69

FOR FIT

AND  
STYLE



INSIST ON

**NILE**  
SINGLET'S • SLEEPS  
AND TRUNKS



For active men there is no more snug-fitting underwear than NILE. There's a perfect fit for every figure. Fashioned from the finest Egyptian yarn. Nile underwear stands up to constant laundering . . . gives lasting satisfaction.

A PIONEER PRODUCT

MADE BY  
THE MAKERS  
OF NILE  
HANDKERCHIEFS

NILA-38

**TIRED FEET?**

Hot, tired feet need this treatment:—

A Cuticura Soap bath and Cuticura Ointment application. Try it and enjoy real foot comfort. Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Takum Powder—the famous trio.



532

**Cuticura**  
OINTMENT

Stay as sweet as you are with  
**Staisweet**  
The Deodorant you can trust  
**Staisweet**

# The End of Town

Continued from page 68

AT the call Jim focused his attention on the noise. He became aware of scuffling sounds, Patty's crying, and the slamming of a door. Grabbing up the spade he hurried around, let himself out the front door, and froze. A solemn procession was making its way down the front path.

Leading the way, Marg was a symbol of dignified grief. Then came Jimmie and Rusty, Nick's wooden crate carried between them. Over the top rested a black cloth, and out the rear slit of the box hung Gladys' limp tail. Patty trailed after the boys, clutching the flowers and wailing that Gladys was dead.

"What hap—" he yelled. But Marg, at the door of the car, turned to face him. She shook her head gently, indicating the inappropriateness of shouting at such a time. The boys finished sliding the box into the back seat and they, too, turned to watch him. Jim became aware of neighbors' eyes. A man who recognised a moment for all it held, he shouldered the spade, marched to the car, slid behind the wheel, drove off.

"Go right," Marge murmured. As soon as the car rounded the corner she turned to Patty. "Don't cry, dear," she said. "Gladys isn't dead. He's just sleeping. He's just—"

Then she and the boys began to laugh.

Jim nearly lost control of the car. "What do you mean, not dead?"

"Amy came home," Marg explained through her laughter. "She wanted Gladys. So I said we'd bring him—"

"And I gave her the stuff to put her to sleep," Rusty said.

"The sedative," Marg said. Jim tried to look straight at Marg. "But why the procession? Why this—"

"And then Mummie got the grapes from Pete," Jimmie chortled, "and Gladys ate them."

"And, boy, Pete came just in time," Rusty said. "Gladys was getting awfully sleepy."

"Yes," Jimmie said, "she just ate a few grapes and flop! And Mrs. Davies—"

Jim brought the car to an abrupt halt. "What," his stern voice extinguished all the chortles, "what have you done?"

Marg told him. "But I didn't say a word," she insisted, "just the way you said. I didn't say a word—except about flowers. I went on and on about her garden, holding her there till Pete came." She began to laugh again. "Oh, I wish you could have seen her face and the way she got out of our yard."

"But that's—"

Then Jim could hold his stern-husband-and-parent pose no longer. "That's wonderful," he choked. He pulled the car over to the kerb and leaned forward over the wheel, laughing till tears streamed down his cheeks. He bent his head down to rest on Marg's shoulder and pounded his knee silently. "It's worth it!" he said. "It's worth it. He'll sue me, but it's worth it!" After a minute he looked up and wiped his eyes. "I haven't felt this good in months," he said. "There's life in the old boy yet." He winked at Marg. "You tell old hands-across-the-sea that I'll figure out something for him. Tell him that I'll take the case again."

Marg smiled. "I never told him you'd dropped it."

Saturday's laughter clung to the house throughout the next week. Jim found himself joining the boys in gales of nonsensical merriment, and Marg's smile never had looked so wide.

When she met him at the door Thursday night, though, the grin set a new record. "Everything's all worked out!" she exulted. "You won't have to do anything else. Pete's gone. Come on." She took his hand. "Nick's in the kitchen, waiting to tell you."

Nick bowed back and assumed the centre of the floor. Looking from one to the other he squared his shoulders, and his short body appeared to add inches. "That Pete," he said triumphantly. "We fix him, you and me. He's gone. He learned the lesson. He come to my house and he say, 'I go away. I no come back. Everybody there like Nick. That's your end of town.'"

Beaming, he flung out his hands. "So now I'm alone, just me, Nick. And that Mrs. Jenkins, she glad to have me come now but she starts turning up her nose at all the good stuff. So to-day I just tell her. 'One little bunch of carrots,' I say, 'is that a meal? You should see Mrs. Thornton's soup. With fourteen vegetables she cooks it. And a magnificent bone. A wonderful soup. Beautiful!'"

"And to-morrow," Nick concluded, "I bring you a watermelon that makes the other look like a strawberry." He winked at Marg. "And I bring you new box for the oranges. Something happen to old one, huh?" And laughing hugely he made his exit.

NERVOUSLY, Marg moved to Jim's side. "Well, it's nice that Pete moved along," she said, in the voice of someone who searches for something pleasant to say.

"Yes," Jim sat down at the kitchen table. "You might as well know," he said, "though Nick is happier without knowing. I imagine, that it wasn't just the dog's funeral or Nick's great popularity that persuaded Pete to move. I made a deal with the manager of the Clemmore and the Rushton flats to let Pete peddle there. He'll do fine there. No competition. And they won't call his manner brusque, just efficient."

He waved his hands to indicate a solution. "Pete took to the idea right away. And Nick can stay right here and continue to support his relatives—and offend Mrs. Jenkins."

"I'm sorry," Marg said, "I'm sure he didn't mean—"

"Oh, that's all right," Jim said. "With or without the Jenkins' we won't starve. There's always the fourteen-vegetable soup." He headed for the front of the house.

Marg stirred the soup and went to sit on the back porch and think. The kitchen fan was filling the neighborhood with a rich aroma; it was very hard to think about anything but soup. As she sat there, mulling over their private problems, a middle-aged man, slight and shy looking, walked into the yard.

"I smelt the soup," he said, without preamble, "and had to come in."

Marg looked at him with concern. He was wearing only a shirt and trousers—no coat—and his face was thin.

"Are you hungry?" she asked. "I'm starved," the man said. "Oh!" She jumped up. "Sit down. Wait right here." She raced into the kitchen and ladled soup into a mixing bowl.

The man reached eagerly for the tray. "Real home-made vegetable soup!" he exclaimed. "I knew this was the place." He began eating with obvious relish.

"You know," the man said, "I haven't eaten anything this good since I left the farm." He looked off into the distance. "Haven't really had a decent home-cooked meal in twenty years."

"Oh!" Marg sat down on the steps beside him. "That's a shame. Let's see—" She tried to think of what could be done for a poor, almost elderly man. Yard work, maybe. But before she could suggest it Jim came around the house.

"Have you seen my—" He stopped abruptly. "Oh, good evening, Mr. Jenkins."

"Mr. Jenkins!" Marg gasped. Soup in a mixing bowl. Slabs of bread and butter. "You said you were starving," she accused him.

His eyes twinkled. "I was. When that vegetable man—Nick whatever his name is—when he said you were making soup with fourteen vegetables in it it made me so hollow my stomach stuck to my spine. My wife—well," he waved that aside. "Some people do one thing well; some do others. Mrs. Jenkins is a very fine golfer, I'm told."

"Oh," Marg said, trying to associate this man with his much younger, thoroughly enamelled wife.

"I stood it as long as I could," Mr. Jenkins continued, "then I walked down the street till I picked up that smell. And here I am. I spooned up some more soup. 'You must be a very smart man,' he said to Jim, 'to have a wife who can cook like this. Or maybe her cooking makes you smart. That's what Nick says.'"

"Oh no," Marg said earnestly, "Jim's just naturally smart. Why, you should hear how he saved Nick's business for him."

She recounted the whole story, giving Jim credit for Gladys' funeral procession, the new vegetable route, everything.

Mr. Jenkins laughed so hard the soup splashed like ocean waves. "You did, eh?" he demanded.

Jim smiled ruefully. "Well, no," he said. "The grapes were Marg's idea."

"Good," Mr. Jenkins said, "glad to hear that. The grapes—well—" He smiled. "That was a little on the shifty side. Excusable maybe in a pretty woman who can make good soup, but undesirable in a lawyer." He looked shrewdly from Marg to Jim. "You are a lawyer, aren't you?"

Jim resisted the impulse to run in and fetch his diploma. "I am."

Mr. Jenkins tipped the bowl to catch the last drops of soup. "I always think it's nice to patronise friends. It's a satisfying practice—like having the neighbors over for dinner."

Jim waited a decent interval—fully half a second—before leaping at the opening. "We'd love to have you over," he looked at Marg's beaming face, and an undercurrent of laughter swept his voice. "Come to-morrow," he invited. "I'm expecting a watermelon from an important client."

(Copyright)

# KIWI WHITE CLEANERS GIVE EXTRA WHITENESS TO YOUR SHOES

When you use a Kiwi cleaner for your shoes or accessories you gain the extra whiteness that only Kiwi can give . . . Extra protection for the whitened surface . . . and a longer-lasting whiteness that does not powder or flake off.

The three Kiwi White Cleaners suit your budget as well as your shoes for you use them sparingly for best results . . . Cleaners that are excellent for smooth or matt surfaces alike . . . Cleaners that will not dry and cake in their containers—keeping their smooth, moist consistency to the last squeeze in the tube, the last drop in the bottle, or the last smear in the jar.



KIWI New Process WHITE IN TUBES

KIWI LIQUID WHITE IN NON-SPILL BOTTLES



KIWI SHOE SOAP IN SCREW-TOP JARS

When it comes to white cleaners insist on one of

## THE KIWI THREE

Complete cleaning directions with each tube, bottle, or jar

YOUR BUY IS RIGHT . . . IF IT'S KIWI WHITE



## ANDREX

Cleansing Tissues

- ☆ For removing cosmetics
- ☆ Use as a handkerchief
- ☆ Gentle on babies soft skin

From all Chemists.

and 101 other uses.

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





## A Royal Family of domestic appliances



This regal English Electric Ritemp refrigerator is a luxurious model with storage capacity of near-7 cubic ft. It is built and insulated for long life. No attention to the hermetically-sealed refrigerator unit is required—not even oiling. Operating and maintenance costs are practically negligible.

### if you want the best you'll choose **ENGLISH ELECTRIC RITEMP**

Fifty years of leading the world in the development of heavy electrical equipment have given The English Electric Co. Ltd. an unrivalled position in the manufacture of domestic appliances of only the highest quality. It is fitting that much of the electric power which gives life to the many thousands of the beautiful Ritemp electrical servants in Australian homes is generated by English Electric heavy power generating equipment.



Available from all authorised English Electric retailers. If your local store cannot supply contact the distributor in your State:—

**THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC CO. LTD.**  
51 Pitt St., Sydney and at Adelaide, F. H. Fearon & Sons Pty. Ltd., Newcastle. Export and Import Development (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Brisbane. A. P. Sutherland, Melbourne. H. M. Bamford & Sons Pty. Ltd., Hobart. Flower, Davies & Johnson Ltd., Perth.

Page 70



Any kitchen-proud housewife will instantly fall in love with this sturdy streamline electric cooker. Finished in two-tone cream vitreous enamel, it's tops in appearance and tops for ease of cleaning, too, with no dirt-collecting crevices or sharp edges. Perfect cooking is made easy, you just set it and forget it.



Electricity authorities have congratulated the manufacturers on the ruggedness of this modern design English Electric Ritemp mixer. In tests which included heating hour after hour continuously in heavy sand the motor simply refused to overheat or break down. There is no comparable mixer for the thousand kitchen tasks of mixing, beating and blending.



You have a friend and servant for life in the Ritemp washing machine which washes every article from delicate georgettes to heavy blankets with infinite care and thoroughness. Built to last on sound engineering principles, it incorporates features which put it foremost in its field.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 25, 1950

## Parents can be handicap to gifted child

The story is sometimes told of the woman guest who asked her hostess' small son if there were any fairies in the paddock near the house.

"I don't know," he replied politely, "but there are plenty of edible fungi."

**R**EACTIONS to such infant precocity differ according to viewpoint and relationship.

The guest, calling him bumptious, may find her fingers itching to give him a good spank on the right spot. The less intellectually mature children in his own age group mostly avoid him as being "queer."

The parents of such a gifted child could be pardoned for being proud.

They might needle him into studying hard. They could certainly envision a future for him bright with the ribbons of academic honors.

This is where parents can make a mistake.

Authorities say that the greatest handicap the gifted child can have is over-ambitious parents. All he needs is the intelligent handling necessary to the bringing-up of all children — and the all-important chance to follow his particular bent.

Educators use this term, "a gifted child," to describe a child "with so high a measure of competency that he is able to learn more than the prescribed curriculum within the prescribed time under prescribed conditions."

He can occur in any family, and far from being sickly or frail—"his brain has taken all his strength," our grannies used to say—he is usually bigger than other children of his age.

Gifted children run pretty much to a pattern. John Stuart Mill, 19th century philosopher and economist, could not remember having learned Greek, but he knew it when he was three. Historian Thomas Babington Macaulay mastered ancient languages at pre-school age. Like most other outstanding historical figures who were precocious children, they had private tutors to keep them working at the level of their superior abilities.

More recently it used to be assumed that the gifted child, left alone, would make his own way successfully, and needed few, if any, special facilities for study.

Nowadays, however, few people claim that the gifted child can foster his gifts unaided. The N.S.W. Education Department, for instance, has weighed in on his behalf with "opportunity" classes where selected teachers take bright children through an enriched and extended curriculum.

Results of these classes have been uniformly good. But the gifted child's future success in life as well as in a chosen career depends not

only on his brains but on his good adjustment and ability to get on with people.

The responsibility ultimately devolves on his parents.

One of the opportunity class graduates, now a successful radio writer, said that a boy in his class graduated straight into a reform school. This boy came from a wretched home.

The father habitually went home drunk and beat the mother. The boy—the only clever child of several—turned his talents to such rackets as "milking" telephone boxes for pennies. Since reform school he has gathered a long criminal record.

The radio writer added: "In my own case, I grew up to reproaches for being lazy and neglectful because I wasn't good at sums, and the things I was good at.

"My parents bewildered me. They swung between treating me as an idiot and a genius. When my teachers used to praise my abilities in English and my 'original mind,' my father used to groan.

"It's only now when I'm earning more money than he does that he thinks there must be something to me after all. Even there we differ, because I don't believe earning-power is any criterion of success."

Mrs. G. D. Osborne, mother of Milton Osborne, one of the Quiz Kids known to radio audiences, endorses the opinion of educators that highly intelligent children should be guided and not forced, and that they are harder to bring up than others.

Mrs. Osborne says: "They resent smacks at an age when most children accept them as a normal hazard. They keep you mentally on your toes all the time. Maturing so early, they don't seem to have any childhood at all.

"On the other hand, they grasp and accept in a quite adult way good reasons for doing or not doing things. And they have such great mental reserves that they can amuse themselves alone with books or hob-



CHEEK-TO-CHEEK attitude of Joy Nichols when farewelling her mother in London exemplifies affection between members of the Nichols family. Mr. and Mrs. Nichols' advice on bringing up talented children is: "Love them."

bies without drawing on a parent's time."

The child prodigy in music or art, or the youngster with another special talent, may or may not have a high intelligence quotient.

Joy Nichols, phenomenally successful Australian stage and radio star, would laugh at any suggestion of her being "a brain." Yet she and her brother George were radio artists when they were six.

Their mother, Mrs. Freda Nichols, taught them elocution, and their father encouraged them with an appraisal of each performance.

Mr. and Mrs. Nichols have a simple recipe for equipping children for living as well as for a career.

"Affection solves all problems," said Mr. Nichols. "Our two elder boys are happily married, and so is Joy. All four of our children are happy people."

"The letters Joy writes home from London assure us that she's the same natural girl, despite her fame and big earnings, as when she was a kid running round Leichhardt."

"Any child, gifted or not, gets along well in life surrounded with as much affection as ours."

Parents of the duds at the bottom of the class, who cannot get the hang of arithmetic and spelling, need not worry unduly that their youngsters will not be successes.

The mediocre students often have a greater success in life—with happy marriages, large families, and beautiful houses—while some of their brilliant schoolfellows, far from being the world's leaders, become mediocrities.

*Fashion begins with Vantona's new...*



**Magnificent new designs! Glorious new colours! Luxurious new-type heavy fabrics!**

VANTONA are setting the fashion with their new Court de Luxe bedcovers, a fashion of beauty and luxury that is unique!

The glorious new colours, the wonderful new-type heavy weave that gives the Court de Luxe a luxurious weight, the traditional designs based on classical inspirations that never age, all these combine to make the Court de Luxe a bedcover of unsurpassed magnificence and beauty! How smoothly, too, it drapes day after day, giving an air of charm to your room, a regal elegance that the years cannot dim!

Here indeed is English craftsmanship at its highest, craftsmanship unmatched the world over!

Choose your Court de Luxe from 6 different designs, each in any of the following colours—ROYAL, REBEKA, BURGUNDY OR OYSTER.

Illustrated is the  
Jacquard design.  
Price from  
25/- to 39 gns.



**VANTONA**  
*Court*  
**BEDCOVERS**

VANTONA TEXTILES LIMITED • MANCHESTER • ENGLAND

VA15A.WWBE2

*Fresher-tasting  
creamier!  
smoother!*



**Sanitarium**  
**PEANUT BUTTER\***

—milled FRESH, while the peanuts are still hot from the ovens!

No wonder SANITARUM Peanut Butter\* is Australia's favourite sandwich spread! Milled FRESH, while the peanuts are still hot from the ovens—this creamier, tastier filling keeps the same rich, fresh-roasted peanut flavour—the same natural, body-building food values—as the day it was made! Ask for SANITARUM Peanut Butter at your grocers TO-DAY!



\*Known as Peanut Paste in some States.

*One of the Natural Foods!*

754-8375

## THE FAMILY SCRAPBOOK

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

**M**RS. ROBERTS was feeling hurt. Billy didn't seem to appreciate all she did for him. Recently she had been washing twice a week so that he could have a clean shirt every day.

"Here I am," she complained, "working my fingers to the bone for you and you don't even want to stay with me. I'm just a household drudge. Why don't you appreciate what your mother does for you?"

Fifteen-year-old Billy was all mixed up. He felt guilty that he wanted to be out with the rest of the kids, angry because his mother made him feel he was a "heel."

No one can really appreciate another's "working my fingers to the bone" attitude, for this is too heavy an obligation. It's far more healthy for growing youngsters to have to do their share of jobs around the house than to be made feel they must always be proving their gratitude to sacrificing parents.



THIS PARENT provoked ingratitude.

## Kraft Southern Salad Bowl

—A BARGAIN IN NUTRITION.

Kraft Cheddar is rich in high quality proteins, vitamins A, B<sub>2</sub>, and D, plus the valuable milk minerals calcium and phosphorus. Saves you money too—no rind, no waste . . . it's a bargain in nutrition.



## Kraft Southern Salad Bowl

6 firm tomatoes; 3 pears (6 tinned halves will do); orange; carrot; 1 cup cooked peas; 8 ozs. Kraft Cheddar; lettuce; radishes; pepper; salt; Kraft Mayonnaise.

Cut tomatoes down, but not quite through, to form petals. Halve pears (if fresh, scoop out cores), slice orange. Grate carrot, add peas, blend these two ingredients together with Kraft Mayonnaise, place in lettuce cups. Dice cheese, place in lettuce cups. Arrange orange slices around pears and tomato "flowers." Garnish with radish curls. Serve very cold. Enough for six. Try Kraft's delicious, New, Improved Mayonnaise with the *true* mayonnaise flavour—and you'll never, never bother with home-made dressings again.

## NOW! ELIZABETH COOKE'S NEW 32-PAGE RECIPE BOOK!

Just send 6d. in stamps to:  
Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd.,  
Box 1673N, G.P.O., Melbourne, Vic.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS) WW-25/11

## "Kraft Cheddar with fruit and vegetables? They're wonderful together!"

declares Elizabeth Cooke, famous Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.



"Salads need the solid nourishment of Kraft Cheddar," says Elizabeth Cooke, "because it adds more proteins and calories than meat, contains eleven times more calcium than cream, with rich quantities of phosphorus, and the vitamins A, B<sub>2</sub> and D. Kraft Cheddar is a *bargain* in nutrition."

Blend your flavours. Try this refreshing, energising combination of garden greens, fruit, and smooth Kraft Cheddar. Chances are it will become the family's favourite. Kraft Cheddar *balances* your salads, turning them into body-building main dish

meals, good to look at—and *delicious* to eat.

Economical. There's no wasteful rind on Kraft Cheddar—you get full value in every packet. And Kraft Cheddar stays moist, fresh and flavoursome to the last slice in its hygienic foil pack. Pasteurised for your protection, is it any wonder Kraft Cheddar is such a grand bargain in nutrition? Sold everywhere in the 8 oz. packet or the economical 5 lb. loaf. Look for the famous blue packet.

Make sure their school lunches do them good—always include one or two Kraft Cheddar sandwiches.



**KRAFT CHEDDAR**  
tastes better because it's **BLENDED** better



# Cake for CHRISTMAS

● With Christmas less than a month away, it is time to think about filling the cake tins and cookie jars so that callers will not find you unprepared.

**R**ICH fruit cakes may be made now. If kept they improve. The rich flavor develops and the cake is less likely to crumble when cut.

Lighter type cakes do not keep so well and should be made no more than two weeks before cutting.

Icing should be left until a day or two before cake is to be cut.

Sponges, cut into squares or left whole and decorated with fruit, nuts, or cream, help to provide variety. Home-made cookies are always popular. Some types may be mixed in advance, stored in the refrigerator, and cut and baked as required.

All spoon measurements are level.

## CHERRY FRUIT CAKE WITH CHERRY FROSTING

Half pound butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons rum or brandy, 4 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. glace or drained cherries,

4oz. sultanas, 4oz. seeded raisins (or use  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sultanas), 4oz. crystallised pineapple, 10oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar with vanilla and lemon rind until soft, white, and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Fold in fruit and rum or brandy, then sifted dry ingredients, alternately with milk. Turn into 7in. round or square tin lined with 1 layer greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1 to 1½ hours. Allow to cool in tin. Wrap until day before cutting, then coat with cherry frosting. May be made two weeks before cutting.

**Cherry Frosting:** One and a half cups sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 2 egg-whites, 1 teaspoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, 4oz. chopped cherries.

Place sugar, water, and egg-whites into a basin. Beat over boiling water for 12 to 15 minutes until mixture is

thick enough to hold its shape and until sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat, continue beating until frosting is very thick, add flavorings. Fold in cherries and spread thickly over cake. Leave surface rough. Decorate with extra cherries and green leaves.

## RICH CHRISTMAS CAKE

Two and a half pounds mixed fruit (or  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sultanas,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. currants),  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. drained cherries,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. shredded peel, 4 tablespoons rum or brandy,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon marmalade, 1 teaspoon caramel or Parisian essence, 4 eggs, 10oz. plain flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon spice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg.

Place fruit (washed, stemmed, and thoroughly dried) into a basin with cherries and peel. Add rum or brandy, mix well, stand overnight. Cream butter thoroughly with sugar, lemon and orange rind, and vanilla. When very soft and white, add marmalade and caramel, then unbeaten eggs one at a

time, beating well after each one is added. Mix thoroughly, then fold in prepared fruit alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Mix evenly and well. Turn in 8in. square or round cake tin, lined with three layers of brown and one layer of white paper. Place in lower half of very moderate oven (325deg. F. gas, or in centre of electric oven heated to 375deg. F.). Keep oven temperature as steady as possible and bake cake 4 to 4½ hours. Do not open oven door for at least 1½ hours. Leave cake in tin until cold, wrap in clean paper, then in large towel, until required. This cake improves with keeping and is best made two or three weeks before cutting.

## GOLDEN GLOW CAKE

Three eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup arrowroot (or cornflour), pinch salt, 2 teaspoons cocoa, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon butter, 4 tablespoons boiling milk, whipped cream, split toasted almonds, apricot puree.

Continued on page 74



**LIGHT CHERRY FRUIT CAKE** (made about two weeks before Christmas and decorated the day before it is cut) is delicious served with icy-cold fruit drinks when friends drop in to wish you "Merry Christmas." Golden glow cake and butterscotch cookies are two tempting items for festive season parties.

**It's going to be a "HANSEN" SUMMER**

Yes, indeed, a Hansen summer, when you'll have always at hand for quick serving dainty, healthful, appetising summer desserts.

**HANSEN'S JUNKET**  
Plain and fruit flavoured

No jaded appetites—young or old—when Hansen's Junket is on the menu—with pie or fruit or jelly, or in so many other ways. Serve it plain; and, for variety, in one of the delicious fruit flavours—raspberry, strawberry, cherry, almond, pineapple. Sure to set—sure to please—economical, too.

**HANSEN'S FREEZING MIX**

When you say "I'll make some Ice Cream" your promise will be kept if you use Hansen's Freezing Mix. Just add milk, freeze, and in no time you'll have ready nine generous serves of smooth, creamy, healthful Ice Cream at next to nothing in cost. Ask definitely for Hansen's in vanilla or strawberry flavour.

**9 serves of ice cream with HANSEN'S FREEZING MIX**



**Put roses in their cheeks!**

**...serve them Eggs!**

- eggs are **twice** as rich in body-building protein as other foods!
- eggs contain **all** the known vitamins, except vitamin C!
- eggs contain **every** essential mineral, including blood-enriching iron!

Eggs are more than a food children enjoy... they are also a valuable article of diet that provides them with vital food elements essential to sturdy growth and development. For example, eggs contain vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, D, E, F, G, H, K, and B<sub>12</sub>... all of which are vital to health. In addition, the high protein and mineral content of eggs is in a form that is readily assimilated by the system. Further, the high iron content is especially suitable for the formation of haemoglobin... the element that gives your children rosy cheeks...

To prolong freshness store in a cool place.

**Order Extra EGGS this week!**

THIS ADVERTISEMENT AUTHORIZED BY THE EGG PRODUCERS COUNCIL



## Cake wins cash prize of £5

DATE and banana cake — a winner for tea-table, lunch-box, or picnic basket.

**D**ATES, banana, and a hint of lemon give a tantalising flavor to the delicious cake that wins the main prize this week.

The other easy-to-prepare dishes that also win cash prizes for enterprising readers have tempting appearance and appetite appeal that will make them firm favorites.

Spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

### DATE AND BANANA CAKE

Four ounces butter or other shortening, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 3oz. chopped dates, 1 banana, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 6oz. self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter or shortening with sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in dates, lemon juice, and well-mashed banana. Sift flour several times, fold lightly into creamed mixture. Lastly add milk and continue folding until evenly mixed. Fill into well-greased 6in. square or round cake-tin, and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 50 to 60 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, ice with lemon icing, and decorate with walnuts.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. J. Ward, 183 Aberdeen St., Scarborough, W.A.

### SAVORY APPLE RICE

Three cooking apples, 1 cup water, 1 cup cooked rice, 4 bacon rashers, 4oz. shredded cheese, 1 teaspoon butter, salt, pepper, 1 cup milk.

## Cake for Christmas

Continued from page 73

**S**EPARATE whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites to a stiff froth and gradually add sugar. Beat until sugar is dissolved, add egg-yolks and golden syrup and mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then boiling milk and melted butter. Turn into greased lamington tin (shallow tin about 9in. square). Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake cooler, allow to become cold. Cut into squares, pipe with whipped cream around edges, fill centres with apricot puree, and decorate with split toasted almonds.

**Apricot Puree:** Soak 1lb. dried apricots overnight in 1 cup cold water. Cook gently (in the water in which they were soaked) until quite soft. Rub through coarse strainer and add 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, and 1 full tablespoon orange marmalade. Chill thoroughly before using.

Peel, core, and slice apples. Add water, cook gently in lidded pan until tender. Remove rind from bacon, saute until crisp. Arrange bacon, apples, and cheese in greased oven-proof dish, separating layers with rice. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, dot with butter. Pour in milk, place lid on and cook in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 minutes. Serve piping hot with green vegetables.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. M. McGibbon, Torquay, Qld.

### SUNGLOW PUDDING

One packet orange jelly crystals, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup orange juice (or use 1 cup orange juice and 1 cup cold water), 2 oranges (seeds and pith removed, and cut into small pieces), 8 white marshmallows.

Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water, add orange juice, and chill. When slightly thickened, fold in oranges and quartered marshmallows. Fill into wetted mould and chill until firm. Unmould, serve with sweetened whipped cream or marshmallow fluff.

To prepare marshmallow fluff, stiffly beat 1 egg-white and gradually add 2 tablespoons sugar and pinch salt. Fold in 1 cup marshmallows, cut into small pieces, and flavor with vanilla essence. Beat with rotary beater until well mixed. Chill for 1 to 2 hours before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Bradbury, Lot 10, Soldiers' Rd., Jannali, N.S.W.

### COCONUT BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES

Half cup butter or other shortening, 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 1/2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1/2 cup coconut.

Beat butter until softened, gradually add sugar, vanilla, and lemon rind. Continue beating until creamy. Add egg, mix well. Work in sifted dry ingredients and coconut. Shape dough into rolls about 2in. in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper (not greaseproof), and place in refrigerator overnight. Cut into wafer-thin slices with a sharp knife. Place on greased oven trays, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) approximately 10 minutes. Remove from oven, brush with milk, sprinkle with sugar and return to oven for 2 or 3 minutes. Cool on trays, store in airtight tins when cold.



## COLUMBINES

—the richest caramels of all!

Fond of caramel? Like it to be extra rich and creamy? Then ask for "Columbines"—made by Mac Robertson. Each "Columbine" is a delicious, energizing and wholesome sweet, rich in glucose, and every piece is wrapped for your protection. Made with milk, creamy butter and pure cane sugar, they give you and your family caramel at its best.

Made by

**MacRobertson**

The Great Name in Confectionery

COR

# So easy to make your Xmas Cake!

## ...just Melt'n'Mix with Copha

says *Betty King*  
popular Home Economist



### Follow this recipe for the **"CAKE OF THE YEAR"**

CHRISTMAS! Almost here again! Time to be thinking about Christmas Cakes! Time, too, to discover just how easy Copha's Melt'n'Mix method can make your cake making. So simple... add melted Copha to the ingredients and mix. Forget about laborious creaming of sugar and shortening. One mixing bowl does the trick. Try this grand Melt'n'Mix Christmas Cake... you'll wonder how anything so easy could taste so wonderful. Remember, too, all your favourite cakes can be made this same easy way.

8 ozs. Copha, 6 Eggs	2 ozs. chopped nuts
8 ozs. Brown Sugar	2 ozs. sliced cherries
1 tablespoon Milk	1 lb. Sultanas
12 ozs. Plain Flour	1 lb. Currants
2 ozs. self-raising Flour	1 lb. sliced peel
1 level teaspoon Nutmeg	1 level teaspoon Cinnamon
1 level teaspoon Parisian Essence	

Have ready one round paper-lined 9" tin or two 7" round tins and your fruit washed and dried. Place the Copha in a saucepan. Put all the ingredients (except fruit, nuts, half the plain flour and the 2-ozs. of self-raising) in a mixing bowl.

Now Melt! Melt Copha over gentle heat. It should be barely warm—not hot. When melted pour it over the contents of the mixing bowl. The batter should be warm for easy beating... test with the tip of your finger if you are doubtful.

And Mix! Beat for five minutes. Stir in the fruit and nuts, then add the remaining plain flour and the 2-ozs. self-raising. Mix well.

Now you're ready for baking. Pour mixture into tin or tins and bake approximately 2½-3 hours. The temperature should be strictly moderate (300°F. gas) and should be decreased as the cake cooks. When cool, ice just the way you like it.

If you intend to pipe decorations be sure to allow the foundation icing to be quite dry and firm, but when using brightly coloured jellies or cachous place them in position while the icing is still soft. In tracing a design accurately on a cake, first draw your design on thin paper. Place this on the cake, and with a pin point work the design on the firm icing. You will be able to pipe over these guiding lines with no trouble.

100  
more grand recipes  
in the Copha Cook Book

Melt'n'Mix cakes, Pastry, Savoury spreads. Copha is the perfect shortening for all cooking purposes—and for the famous party specials that need no cooking at all. The recipes in the Copha Cook Book will win you compliments galore—so clear and simple, too.

**Copha for all  
shortening purposes**



Ask your grocer  
how to get  
your copy

The one and only  
Copha—sold only in  
this packet

# Cool because—

England de-lustres Super Merriespun especially for our hot summer climate. As a result Super Merriespun keeps a beautifully smooth surface... absolutely free of all fuzz... even after repeated washings.

It is because Super Merriespun always feels so smooth against your skin that it always feels so cool to wear.

In all sorts of patterns. All sorts of colours. Sold by the yard in stores everywhere.



## Super Merriespun

(A Cepea Fabric)

**Guaranteed Fast**  
**Guaranteed Crease-Resisting**  
**Guaranteed Washable**



Also ask to see **Mayfield**—the super-smart mercerised cotton in brilliant patterns for play clothes, beach clothes and holiday wear. Mayfield is sold by the yard at all leading stores throughout Australia.

Also in frocks by "Rosecroft" and "Suncharmer".



VIEW from garden of Mr. and Mrs. Ron Armitage's home at Beauty Point, Sydney. Entrance is at side of house.

## Letting in the view

The task, plus the expense, of modernising an old, badly planned house is beyond the scope of many people.

TO others with imagination and a spirit of adventure—and the ability to use their hands as well as their brains—a conversion scheme presents no problem. It just pays happy dividends.

As an instance, take the case of Mr. and Mrs. Ron Armitage.

Just as they were on the point of building a house they heard that an old "water-frontage" at Beauty Point, Sydney, was for sale.

It's arresting feature was the magnificent views of Middle Harbor and its foreshores. Apart from this, the house had wonderful possibilities.

After a quick analysis, the Armitages were convinced that if they moved a partition or two, rejuvenated the kitchen, put a glass wall in the sunroom in order to capitalise on the view, they could live happily ever after.

So they bought the house.

In the conversion scheme, the Armitages were able to adapt some of the ideas they had had in mind for a new home, such as storage walls, cupboards, and a smart cocktail bar.

The large sun-verandah, which commands such a glorious view and is the focal point of the home, was the first alteration they undertook. Floor to ceiling plate-glass windows were introduced around the entire room, with a sliding centre panel which can be pushed back to allow of almost outdoor living.

Walls and woodwork were painted palest green, a rug of deeper green covers the polished floor, while cotton window-drapes are of Australian design in black, green, and white.

They have furnished every room with color and charm, and to-day their home radiates a serene, cool atmosphere in keeping with the beauty of its setting.



SUNROOM (above). Mexican-style windows at either end carry French peasant pottery and miniature plants that give a picturesque air. Kitchen (below) has deep leaf-green walls, cream ceiling, cherry-red floor. Cupboards of polished maple have cream lacquered trims.





VIEW OF MIDDLE HARBOR through sunroom, outside walls of which are panelled in glass. Mr. and Mrs. Armitage are relaxing in the chairs. Here they entertain a wide circle of friends in a serene, tropical-like setting.



MRS. ARMITAGE'S PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM. Walls and woodwork are French grey, ceiling white with a border of pale blue. The scheme is also repeated in the brickwork of fireplace. A low divan with cinnamon and cream fabric cover, matching drapes at window, and grey sheepskin floor-rugs contribute to lovely restful air of the room. Notice Mrs. Armitage's graceful treatment of small, old-fashioned windows flanking fireplace.



LIVING-ROOM (divided from sunroom by wide glass doors) provides glimpses of the outside scene. Chairs are angled to the view. Chartreuse and burgundy are lively color contrasts with modern-styled oak furniture. Ivy trailing from wall-light brackets is new idea.

## Child safety

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

DURING the past two years child safety campaigns have been launched in America and New Zealand.

The slogan of the campaigns was "Help Your Child To Safety."

In a special booklet parents were asked questions such as:

Do you make safety a co-operative undertaking in your family?

Knowing children are great imitators do you practise safety yourself at all times?

Do you help your child to learn the correct way of doing things?

Have you taken steps to make your home as safe as possible?

Helpful hints on "Safeguarding the Toddler" can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped, addressed envelope is sent with the request.

# CLEAR WHITE LIGHT

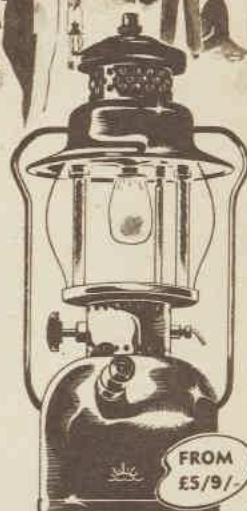
for your home and holiday!



**Coleman**

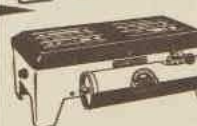
brings added cheer to your home, and a new enjoyment of your evening leisure. It's the ideal flood-light for those night-time jobs in the garage or workshop . . . a "luxury" light that gives greater pleasure to your caravan or camping holiday. As easy to light as a candle, Coleman's 300 candle-power light costs only a penny an hour - it burns 96% free air! Unconditionally guaranteed to give more efficient, dependable service than any other lantern!

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY GIFT



## Better Cooking!

with **Coleman**



**NO GAS METER—NO POWER POINT!**

Your self-contained COLEMAN prepares tasty meals quickly anywhere, any time. The clean blue flame burns 96% free air . . . that's economy and efficiency!

COLEMAN saves so much time and costs less, when preparing tempting meals in the kitchen or caravan - camp tent or boat galley.

There's a COLEMAN for every cooking need - "INSTANT-LITE" or "QUICK-LITE" in two burner and one burner models.

SEE YOUR STORE TODAY

**Coleman**

AVAILABLE AT ALL DEPARTMENT, HARDWARE AND SPORTS STORES

Coleman Quick-Lite Co. of Aust. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne and Sydney. Representatives in all States.

COLEMAN SERVICE AND SPARES AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE



# Orchid Culture

● Of the 15,000 or more species of orchids known to botanists only 100 or so are grown to any extent throughout the world, and of these the cymbidium is probably the most popular.

**S**TARTING originally with species (natural original types), Sydney and Newcastle orchid fanciers began to import hybrids from England and America. In a few years they discovered that the coastal climate was highly suitable to the rapid development of the cymbidium.

To-day many of these men have collections that run from 5000 to 30,000 potted plants,

while some of them are raising local hybrids from seed and achieving remarkable results. Some men have given up remunerative professions to adopt orchid culture as a livelihood and are building up fortunes.

An ex-accountant, Mr. Roy Deane, of Greenacres Orchid Farm, Valley Heights, N.S.W., has the biggest collection in Australia—all cymbidiums. In addition to selling thousands of potted plants in Australia, he exports to America during the off-season in that country.

Others also have enormous collections in their Sydney nurseries. The increased supply of these lovely plants has stimulated a brisk demand from flower lovers throughout the Commonwealth.

The culture of these plants offers no difficulty to the man or woman with a little capital and more than ordinary patience.

Cymbidiums need a well-protected bushhouse, a cool or mildly heated glasshouse or conservatory, or a glassed-in verandah that is well ventilated. Other requirements are a number of pots of varying size, tubs, or concrete troughs, plenty of broken roofing tiles, broken flower-pots, broken brick, old, well-boiled bones, and lumps of charcoal or small stones.

The holes in all containers should be made a trifle larger than when they come from the pottery yards to enable the water to flow freely through the compost and drainage material. If this is not done the roots will rot and plants will die.

Composts depend very largely on the district in which the orchids are grown. They vary considerably. Generally, however, it can be said that orchids flourish best in mixtures of oak leaves that have decayed well, bushleaves of most kinds (provided they have rotted and broken up), siftings from fern fibre, sand, old tan bark, charcoal, and hard, lumpy cow manure.

Many orchid growers have discarded the use of sand in their composts, and others decry the use

of cow manure because it holds too much water during long, wet periods. Some men have used red-brown to red loams with a fair amount of success with cymbidiums, but such soils should never exceed one-third of the whole mixture.

Cow manure, if used, should be at least two years old or more. From this it will be correctly deduced that Australians are still experimenting with the composts, which, after all, are largely based on experience in Great Britain, allowing for local variations caused by climatic differences.

## Careful potting

IT has to be remembered, too, that British orchid growers raise all their plants under glass and that we largely produce our best plants in well-protected bushhouses that are not heated at all.

It can be said, however, that for early blooms a cool or mildly heated glasshouse is needed, but is not necessary in the warmer parts of the country where winter temperatures are mild.

Potting has to be done carefully and usually consists of putting in the drainage material first, then covering it with coarse tanbark to

prevent choking, and placing the well-circled roots on top. The mixed compost is then carefully scattered in and around the roots and gradually but carefully firmed to hold the pseudo bulbs with their top-heavy foliage upright.

The compost should be moistened before being used but should not be sodden. Let it dry out a bit before potting up new plants or re-potting old, established plants. Blood and bone can be used with the mixture when cymbidiums are being re-potted, but the quantity used should not exceed two ounces to an eight-inch pot.

Most gardeners use hardwood benches raised about two feet from the ground for cymbidiums, with a concrete floor beneath. Concrete posts which stand in tins of water are largely used to-day in the bigger orchid houses to prevent slugs, snails, slaters, and other pests from reaching the plants.

Collections of cymbidiums can be obtained fairly cheaply to-day and may vary from the cheap species such as cymbidium lowianum, eburneum, grandiflorum, and giganteum, to the wonderful waxy hybrids known as Weston birts, which are fairly expensive.

—Our Home Gardener.



CERES, hybrid cymbidium with 300 blooms, grown by Mr. Roy Deane. It will bring 300 dollars (£135) in U.S.A.



CORNUCOPIA GREENACRES, valued at £200, one of the 30,000 orchid plants grown by Mr. Roy Deane.



ORCHIDS are sent overseas by air in boxes. Each plant-stem is placed in a rubber balloon filled with water to keep it in perfect condition during the long trip.



MR. DEANE'S SON GEOFFREY with the finest orchid in Australia—"Girrahween Enid," which is valued at more than £1000.

# Fashion PATTERNS

## Pattern for Beginners

F6216.—Beginner's pattern for baby's frock. Size, infants. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material with 2yds. ½in. wide lace edging. Price, 1/6.

F6217.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and ¾ yd. 36in. contrasting fabric. Price, 2/3.

F6218.—Three-piece lingerie set. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½ yds. 36in. material with 6yds. beading, 4½ yds. lace insertion, and 12yds. lace edging. Price, 3/6.

F6219.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 2½ yds. 1in. wide braid. Price, 2/3.



F6216



F6221.—Playsuit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/3.

F6220.—Girl's sun-frock. Sizes 27in., 31in., 34in., and 36in. lengths, for 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/9.

SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post. Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 4916, G.P.O., Perth. Box 288A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 408P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle. Box 604, Auckland. Box 66D, G.P.O., Hobart.



# Modess E-L-A-S-T-I-C adjustable BELT

Light as a sea breeze and as gentle. Sure and safe with both tabs sewn to prevent the elastic from rolling. Adjustable for the perfect fit that prevents chafing. A true companion to Modess.



\* As certain as safe Modess

Johnson & Johnson MAKERS OF MODESS AND MEDS  
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS



## CHECK YOUR MEDICINE CHEST NOW!

Minor accidents are happening in every home every day — Junior grazes his knee, Dad cuts his finger — maybe you get a burn. Are you prepared for such emergencies? At least you should always have these essential first aid dressings on hand:—



- ★ ZO ADHESIVE PLASTER
- ★ ELASTIKON E-L-A-S-T-I-C ADHESIVE PLASTER
- ★ BAND-AID ADHESIVE BANDAGES
- ★ RED CHAIN COTTON
- ★ RED CHAIN BANDAGES
- ★ JOHNSON'S COTTON BALLS
- ★ JOHNSON'S BURN CREAM

Johnson & Johnson  
PTY. LTD. SYDNEY

The most trusted name in surgical dressings  
IFSO



*It's  
delicious!*



**GOOD TEA IS CHEAP !**

You get 7 large cups of delicious  
Tea for one penny when you  
buy Bushells, the better Tea.  
**FROM ALL GROCERS**

BUY A PACKET - TO-DAY  
**Bushells**